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

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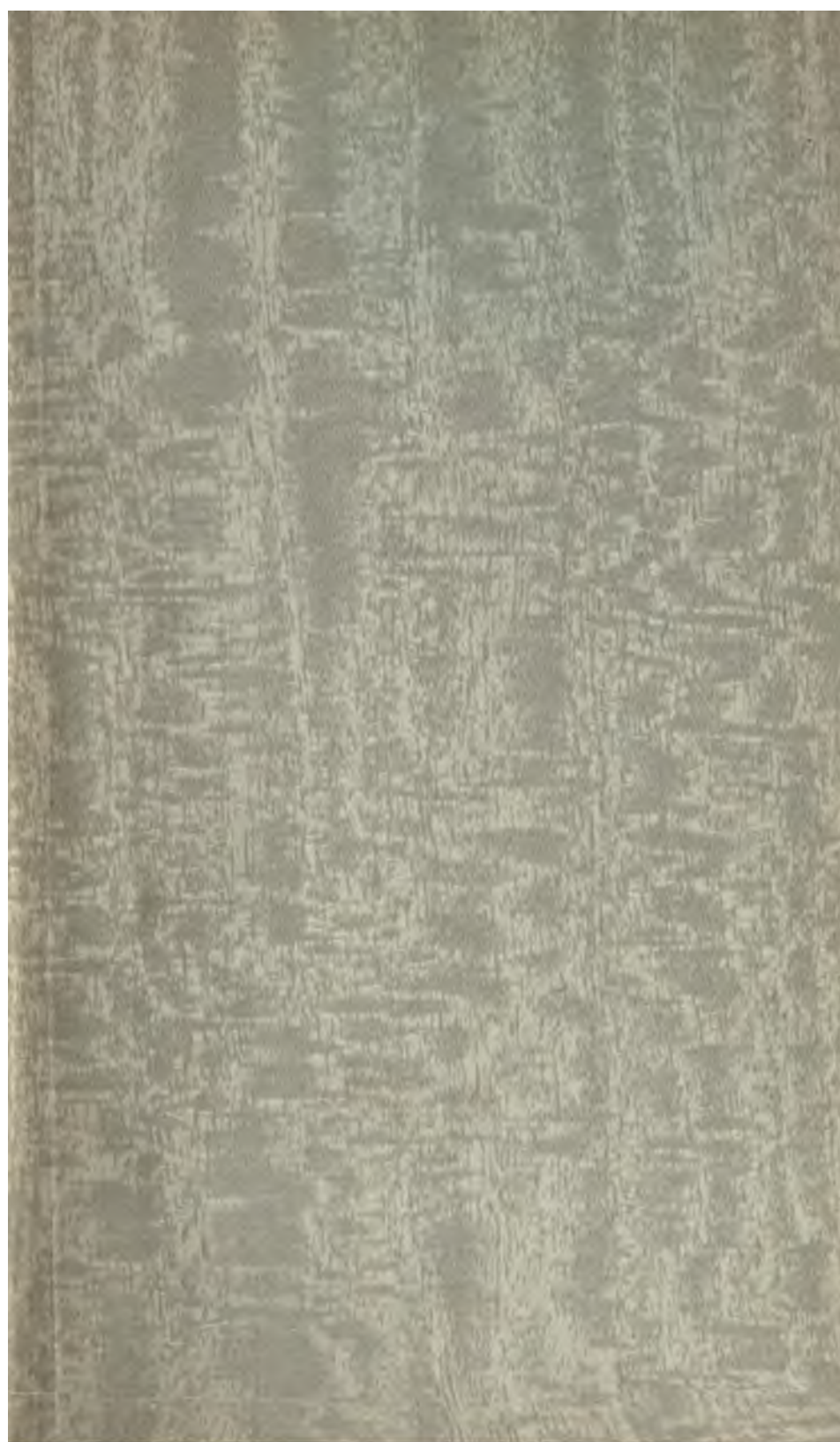


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IMPERIAL VIENNA

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GRAND STAIRCASE, IMPERIAL GALLERY OF ART,
WITH CANOVA'S THESEUS GROUP

IMPERIAL VIENNA

AN ACCOUNT OF ITS HISTORY
TRADITIONS AND ARTS BY
A. S. LEVETUS / ILLUSTRATED
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PREFACE

VIENNA, with her up-to-date improvements, her system of electric tramways, her metropolitan railways, and other modern means of transit, can hold her own with the great cities of the world. She possesses other interests too, for much of the old mediæval charm still hovers over the city, and it is exactly this which gives her an air of sanctity. This, coupled with her romantic history, has always had peculiar attractions to me even before I set foot on her threshold. Hence this book. But in the course of writing it, so many difficulties beset me—there were so many works to read, so much to see and examine—that it was hard to judge what to keep and what to reject, for not even in German has any one book been written which deals with Vienna throughout her different stages of development to the present day. This, then, is my apology for the putting forth of this work, which in no ways must be looked upon as exhausting the subject.

Among the many books I have read, the following have afforded me useful information and given me valuable hints for further study:—

“Die alten Strassen und Plätze, Wien's,” by W. Kisch.

“Die oesterreichisch—ungarische Monarchie in Wort und Bild.”

“Wien,” and other publications of the Municipality of Vienna.

“Franz Josef und Seine Zeit.”

"Die Französischen Invasionen, 1805, 1809," by Kar August Schimmer.

"Der Herzog von Reichstadt," by Eduard Wertheimer.

"Oesterreichische Kunst des XIX Jahrhunderts," by L. Hevesi.

"Haydn," by Leopold Schmidt.

"Beethoven," by Theodor von Frimmel.

"Schubert," by Richard Heuberger.

In conclusion, I offer my humble thanks to His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, for his gracious kindness in granting my request to visit the Hofburg and other palaces, in company with Herr Puchinger, for the purpose of making observations and sketches. I also take the opportunity of thanking those members of the Imperial family who likewise acceded to my wishes: the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the Archduke Otto, the Archduchess Maria Josefa, the Archduchess Marie Valerie, the Archduchess Isabella, and Princess Hohenberg. My thanks are also due to his Majesty's Obersthofmeister, Fürst Liechtenstein; His Majesty King Edward's Ambassador to the Vienna Court, Sir Francis Plunkett; and Regierungsrath Dr. Glossy.

To those friends who have given me much valuable help and information, Herr Ludwig Hevesi, Professor Eduard von Wertheimer, and Frau Ilona Pataki, I hereby acknowledge my debt of gratitude.

A. S. LEVETUS.

CONTENTS

PREFACE	PAGE V
CHAP.	
I. ST. STEPHAN'S	I
II. OLD VIENNA — GRABEN — AM HOF — FREYUNG — SCHOTTEN MONASTERY — HERRENGASSE — MINO- RETTENPLATZ — MINORETEN CHURCH	18
III. CAPUCHIN CRYPT — THE LAST HOME OF THE HABS- BURGS — CAPUCHIN CHURCH — THE NEUER-MARKT — RAFAEL DONNER — DOROTHEUM — THE PRO- TESTANT CHURCHES — ST. MICHAEL'S — ST. AUGUS- TINE'S — ANECDOTES	37
V. THE HOHER MARKT — RUPRECHT'S CHURCH — MARIA AM GESTADE — SALVATOR CHURCH — WIPPLINGER- STRASSE — OLD RATHHAUS — MINISTERIUM DES INNEREN (HOME OFFICE)	53
V. ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE — ROTHENTHURMSTRASSE — GRIECHENGASSE — GREEK CHURCH — FLEISCHMARKT — UNIVERSITÄTS PLATZ — THE OLD UNIVERSITY — DOMINICAN MONASTERY	70
VI. THE HOFBURG	79
VII. MARIA THERESIA — JOSEF II. — FRANCIS II. OF GER- MANY, FIRST OF AUSTRIA	98
VIII. NAPOLEON IN VIENNA	109
IX. THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT	125
X. THE EMPEROR-KING	142
XI. COURT CEREMONIES AND PAGEANTS, SOLEMN AND FESTIVE	154

CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
XII. COURT FESTIVITIES	166
XIII. IMPERIAL PALACES	171
XIV. PALACES	196
XV. ARCHITECTURE	213
XVI. THE BEGINNINGS OF ART	233
-XVII. ART, SCULPTURE, AND PAINTING UNDER FRANZ JOSEF	248
-XVIII. THE UPHEAVAL IN ART	259
XIX. IMPERIAL GALLERY, CITY MUSEUM, AND PRIVATE COLLECTIONS	272
XX. MUSIC—EARLY HISTORY—FERDINAND III.—LEOPOLD I. —JOSEF I.—CHARLES VI.—HAYDN—MOZART—BEET- HOVEN, ABT VOGLER, SCHUBERT, SCHUMANN, WAGNER, ETC	282
-XXI. BRAHMS, JOHANN STRAUSS, IGNAZ BRÜLL, AND OTHERS	303
XXII. THE THEATRE	315
XXIII. LITERATURE	330
XXIV. SCHOOLS	343
XXV. UNIVERSITIES AND HIGHER EDUCATION	350
XXVI. HOSPITALS AND INSTITUTIONS	355
XXVII. SOCIETY LIFE IN VIENNA	364
XXVIII. ABOUT DANCING AND BALLS	383
XXIX. PEOPLE'S LIFE IN VIENNA	399

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
GRAND STAIRCASE, IMPERIAL GALLERY OF ART WITH CANOVA'S THESEUS GROUP	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE KAHLENBERG	2
ST. STEPHAN'S DOM, STEPHANSPLATZ	<i>to face</i> 2
INTERIOR OF ST. STEPHAN'S	5
DRAGON, THE EMBLEM OF EVIL	7
GIANT GATE, ST. STEPHAN'S DOM	<i>to face</i> 8
THE LION, GUARDIAN OF THE HOLY CHURCH	9
INTERIOR OF ST. STEPHAN'S CATHEDRAL	<i>to face</i> 10
GRABEN, WITH THE PEST-COLUMN	19
ST. PETER'S CHURCH, WITH ST. STEPHAN'S CATHEDRAL IN THE DISTANCE	23
AM HOF, WITH RADETZKY MONUMENT AND MARKET	27
OLD VIENNA COURTYARD	<i>to face</i> 30
SCHOTTENCHURCH FROM THE FREYUNG	32
TOWER, MINORITE CHURCH	<i>to face</i> 34
CAPUCHIN CHURCH, THE LAST HOME OF THE HABSBURGS	39
DONNER FOUNTAIN, AM NEUEN MARKT	<i>to face</i> 42
COURT AND CITY PARISH CHURCH, ST. MICHAEL'S	<i>to face</i> 44
OLD GOTHIC TOWER (ST. MICHAEL'S)	45
ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH }	48
SACRISTY, ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH }	<i>to face</i>
MONUMENT TO THE ARCHDUCHESS CHRISTINE	49
THE URNS IN LORETTO CHAPEL (ST. AUGUSTINE'S)	<i>to face</i> 50
HOHERMARKT, WITH MEMORIAL ERECTED BY LEOPOLD I.	<i>to face</i> 54
SALVATOR PORTAL, SALVATOR GASSE	<i>to face</i> 56
ST. RUPRECHT'S, THE OLDEST CHURCH IN VIENNA	57

	PAGE
DONNER FOUNTAIN, OLD RATHHAUS, WIPPLINGERSTRASSE	} <i>to face</i> 60
FAÇADE, HOME OFFICE, JUDENPLATZ	
ST. MARIA AM GESTADE	61
GRAND STAIRCASE, HOME OFFICE, WIPPLINGERSTRASSE	<i>to face</i> 64
PORTAL, OLD "RATHHAUS," WIPPLINGERSTRASSE	65
PART OF STAIRCASE, HOME OFFICE	} <i>to face</i> 68
WÄCHTERGASSE, OLD VIENNA	
GRIECHENGASSE, FROM THE FLEISCHMARKT	71
GREEK CHURCH	} <i>to face</i> 74
SCHÖNLATERNGASSE	
OLD ARCHES, UNIVERSITY PLACE	
FRONT VIEW, DOMINICAN CHURCH	} <i>to face</i> 76
SPINNERIN AM KREUZ	
IMPERIAL PALACE, WITH NEW WING TO THE RIGHT	81
BRIDGE CONNECTING THE OLD BALLHAUS WITH THE HOFBURG	85
SWISS GATE, IMPERIAL PALACE	88
ENTRANCE TO THE HOFBURG FROM THE MICHAELER PLATZ	<i>to face</i> 88
RELIEVING THE WATCH IN THE HOFBURG — THE BURG MUSIC	91
"POWER AT SEA," FOUNTAIN AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HOFBURG (MICHAELER PLATZ).	94
RITTERSAAL, HOFBURG	<i>to face</i> 94
MARIA THERESIA'S BED	95
ROCOCO CHAMBER, HETZENDORF PALACE	} <i>to face</i> 96
MINIATURE CABINET IN THE HOFBURG	
JOSEF II. OBSERVATORY	<i>to face</i> 98
OLD CHURCH, GRINZING	<i>to face</i> 100
OLD COURTYARD, DOBLING	<i>to face</i> 102
OLD VIENNA HOUSE.	<i>to face</i> 104
OLD WALL, ST. SEVERINUS CHAPEL, HEILIGENSTADT	<i>to face</i> 106

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

xi

	PAGE
DUKE OF REICHSTADT'S ROOM, SCHÖNBRUNN	127
CROWN PRINCE RUDOLF'S BRIDGE OVER THE DANUBE	<i>to face</i> 144
PART OF THE RINGSTRASSE, FRANZ JOSEF'S QUAI, AND CITY RAILWAY	<i>to face</i> 150
STEPHANIE BRIDGE OVER THE DANUBE CHANNEL } SCHOTTEN RING }	<i>to face</i> 152
PROCESSION, CORPUS CHRISTI DAY	<i>to face</i> 162
SCHÖNBRUNN	<i>to face</i> 172
GLORINETTE, SCHÖNBRUNN	175
A SCHÖNBRUNN GARDEN	179
MINIATURE CABINET, SCHÖNBRUNN	183
BELVEDERE PALACE	186
AUGARTEN PALACE } ALBRECHT'S PALACE }	<i>to face</i> 186
SCHWARZENBERG PALACE—THE TERRACE	187
IMPERIAL HERMES VILLA.	<i>to face</i> 190
CORNER IN THE ALBRECHT'S PALACE	191
SCHLOSS LAINZ TERRACE, HERMES VILLA	<i>to face</i> 194
PORTAL OF THE PALLAVICINI PALACE, JOSEFS- PLATZ	<i>to face</i> 196
OLD PORTAL	<i>to face</i> 198
OLD PORTAL, WECHTENSTEIN PALACE	<i>to face</i> 200
OLD PORTAL	201
SCHWARZENBERG PALACE	<i>to face</i> 204
LIBRARY IN COUNT LANCKORONSKI'S PALACE } AUERSPERG PALACE }	<i>to face</i> 206
FINANZ MINISTERIUM, FORMERLY PALACE OF PRINCE EUGEN OF SAVOY }	<i>to face</i> 208
RUSSIAN CHURCH	
PORTAL, FINANZ MINISTERIUM	209
CHANCEL, BRITISH EMBASSY CHURCH	<i>to face</i> 212
OPERA RING } IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY }	<i>to face</i> 214

	PAGE
FRANZ JOSEF'S QUAI	215
RATHHAUS (GUILDHALL)	
BALLROOM, RATHHAUS	} . . . <i>to face</i> 218
RATHHAUS BALLROOM, BY NIGHT	}
VOTIVE CHURCH	219
IMPERIAL THEATRE	
EMPEROR'S STAIRCASE, HOFBURG THEATRE	} . <i>to face</i> 222
FRANZ JOSEF FOUNDATION, ON THE SITE OF THE OLD RING	
THEATRE	223
HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT	
IMPERIAL MUSEUM OF ART AND MARIA THERESIA	} <i>to face</i> 226
MONUMENT	}
EMPEROR'S STATION ON THE CITY RAILWAY	
IMPERIAL OPERA HOUSE	
KARL'S PLATZ STATION TO THE LEFT. IN THE	} <i>to face</i> 228
BACKGROUND THE KARL'S CHURCH	}
WORKMEN'S DWELLINGS	
ST. LAZARETH'S	} <i>to face</i> 230
MARIA VOM SIEGE (FÜNFHAUS)	}
KARL'S CHURCH	231
THESEUS TEMPLE, PEOPLE'S GARDEN	237
"SECESSION"	261
NASCHMARKT-WOMAN	263
LIECHTENSTEIN PALACE AND PICTURE-GALLERY.	<i>to face</i> 278
HOUSE WHERE HAYDN DIED	289
MOZART'S SPINET	293
BEETHOVEN'S HOUSE IN HEILIGENSTADT	294
ENTRANCE TO BEETHOVEN'S LAST HOME	<i>to face</i> 294
COUNTRY VILLA, HIETZING	
ROOM IN WHICH BEETHOVEN DIED	} . . . <i>to face</i> 296
MUSICIANS' CORNER, CENTRAL CEMETERY—BEETHOVEN,	
HAYDN, MOZART	298
GARDEN, WITH WINDOW OF ROOM IN WHICH SCHUBERT	
WAS BORN, NUSSDORFERSTRASSE	<i>to face</i> 298

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

xiii

	PAGE
BRAHM'S BEDROOM AND STUDY, KARLSGASSE	<i>to face</i> 304
CHAIR PRESENTED TO BRAHMS BY THE GESELLSCHAFT DER MUSIKFREUNDE	<i>to face</i> 306
GERMAN PEOPLE'S THEATRE	<i>to face</i> 324
IMPERIAL OPERA-HOUSE, KÄRTNERSTRASSE	326
JUBILEE THEATRE	328
ROOM IN THE CITY MUSEUM (STADT MUSEUM)	336
GRILLPARZER MONUMENT IN THE VOLKSGARTEN	<i>to face</i> 338
VIEW IN THE PRATER	369
GRAND ALLÉE, PRATER	373
PEOPLE'S COFFEE-HOUSE, STADT PARK	379
WASHERWOMAN	<i>to face</i> 394
FIACRE DRIVER	395
CAVALRY OFFICER	<i>to face</i> 400
COMMISSIONAIRES WAITING FOR A JOB	401
A STREET SCENE IN AN ELECTRIC CAR }	<i>to face</i> 404
PEOPLE'S PRATER	405
POLICEMAN FLOWER GIRL }	<i>to face</i> 408
"AFTER THE GREEN SLEEP"	409
BAKER BOYS STREET VENDORS }	<i>to face</i> 412
CHESTNUT MAN	413



IMPERIAL VIENNA

CHAPTER I

ST. STEPHAN'S

It was about the year 1142 that the Babenberger duke, Heinrich Jasomirgott, left the strong castle of Leopoldsburg on the Kahlenberg chain, which Leopold the Saint had erected for himself and his beautiful wife Agnes—her of the veil, for whose sake he built the monastery still existing at Klosterneuburg down the other side of the mountain. It was a strategic stroke, too, for the duke must have felt that he would be better protected from his enemies the Huns, Avars, and the Mayars there in the old Roman Vindobona, lying between the flanks of the Alps, and still enclosed by those fortifications made by the Romans when they occupied the city, as an additional protection. Vindobona, Faviana or Wieden, was then a very small place, shut in on all sides by walls, with small narrow streets the better to protect the inhabitants from the winds and storms of nature and enemy. Here Jasomirgott built himself a burg or castle, and here without the city walls he found a little church, built by some one unknown. This Jasomirgott took it upon himself to enlarge and dedicate to the martyr St. Stephan.¹ In 1147 it was consecrated by Reginbert, Bishop of Passau.

¹ According to some authorities Jasomirgott's predecessor first enlarged the building, but it may have been the little church which was consecrated by the Bishop of Passau in 1137.

Such was the beginning of St. Stephan's, now one of the most famous of cathedrals which at once forms the centre of ancient and modern Vienna, for shortly afterwards the first extension of the city was made, and the dome taken within her walls. This cathedral has shared the fate of other great buildings, and in the course of centuries has gone through many vicissitudes of storm and fire. The original Roman architecture has developed into the Gothic, and her tall spires rise proudly to greet the heavens. Of the St. Stephan's of



THE KAHLENBERG

Jasomirgott there are no records to tell us, but we *do* know that more than a hundred years later, in 1258, and again in 1275, parts of the cathedral were destroyed by fire; but the main or west façade with the Riesenthor (Giant Gate), as the people call it, and the two Pagan towers flanking it, though their Gothic crowns are of a later date, still remain to tell of her venerable age.

Once begun, the work of enlargement went steadily forward, Duke Albrecht being so zealous in his work that at Easter time, 1340, his part of the building was consecrated. But Rudolf, IV., though he carried on the work of his predecessors, yet made great changes in the



ST. STEFAN'S DOME, STEFANSPLATZ

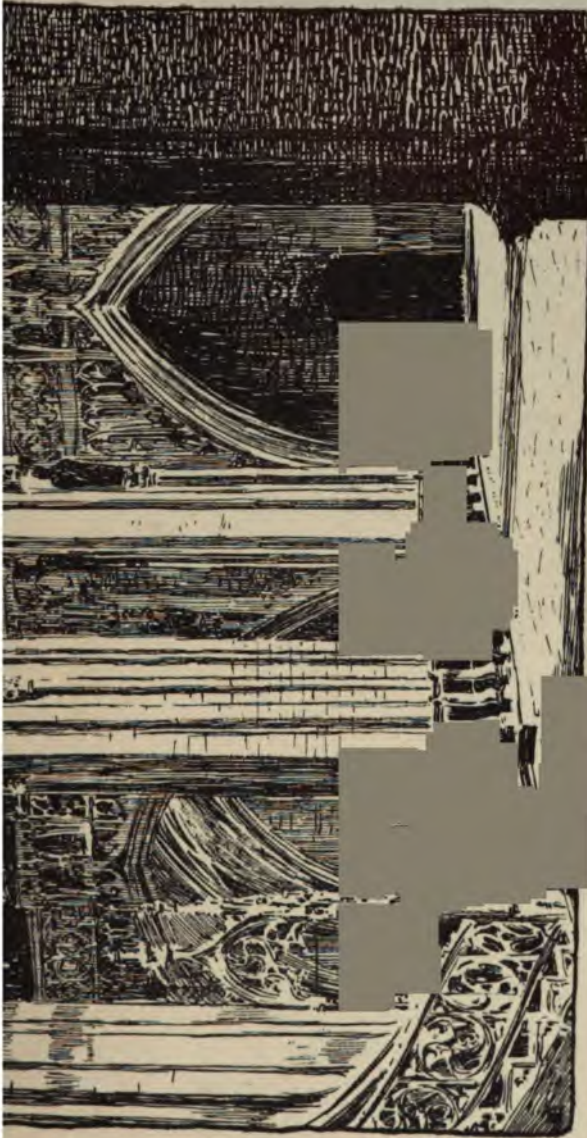
structure. It is to him that its present Gothic form is due, and it was he who laid the foundation-stone of the nave in 1359; but he unfortunately died in 1365 at the early age of twenty-six.

His successors each helped with might and main, and the end of the fourteenth century saw the aisles finished; but it was only at the end of the next century, and after the nave had been reconstructed, that the building was completely roofed in, and the high steeple crowned. The second one was to have equalled it in height, but for some reason or other, due to the exigencies of the time, it was never completed. However, legend finds a cause, for we are told that the builder, Hans Buchsbaum, an honest and capable man, fell in love with Mary, the beautiful daughter of his master, Hans von Brachadicz, who promised his consent on condition that the second tower should be finished and crowned by the end of the year. In desperation at the impossibility of fulfilling these hard conditions, he turned his steps towards the cathedral, when he suddenly heard somebody calling him by name, and asking the cause of his sorrow. Of course it was the Devil himself who promised help, on consideration that during the building of the steeple Hans should never utter the name of Christ, the Virgin, nor any saint, neither should he enter any church for the purpose of prayer. Hans consented to these conditions, but not without many qualms. In the meantime the building grew apace. One evening, late, Hans went to see that all was in order, climbed the scaffolding, when he suddenly saw an apparition, and believing it to be that of his beloved Mary, he forgot his compact, and called her by name. At the same moment the Devil seized him and flung him to earth before the eyes of the terrified spectators, and from that day to this nobody has ever attempted to continue the work of building the second steeple.

Three hundred years was the cathedral in building and from her commencement to this very day she has played her part in history. She has seen the Babenbergs come and go; she has seen the Bohemian King Ottokar on the throne of Austria, and his defeat by Rudolf von Habsburg, the founder of the present dynasty. Twice she has heard the Turks beating at the walls of the city, and felt the shots of the infidel; and in her tower she sheltered Rüdiger, Count von Starhemberg, commander of the city in 1683, while with strained eyes he watched those distant Kahlenberg mountains for that help which was to save the city from the Mahomedans. Lastly, it was the rockets from her tower which told the good news that John Sobieski, King of Poland, and the Duke of Lothringen were coming to the rescue—the rescue which for ever put an end to the hopes of the Turks, so completely were they defeated. Twice has the old cathedral seen the foe within the city walls; she, too, has watched their departure, and Napoleon's iron horsemen riding past her doors, along the Kärntnerstrasse and out of the Kärntner Thor (gate), to meet a water grave in the bed of the Danube on the day of Aspern.

There, in former times, were given the Passion plays, a Pope has preached within her walls, solemn celebrations have taken place, and the *Te Deum* has been heard in times of joy and in times of sorrow.

A new Vienna has risen up around her, her Gothic acre has been taken from her, and in its place houses and shops have appeared, and the omnibuses run past her and from her very doors. Still, enough remains to take us back to the past. The street-sellers offer their wares from baskets, as in olden times they did from the stalls and booths which formerly surrounded the dome; the grand old Riesenthor still opens for the Corpus Christi celebrations and processions, and her tall steeple still soars upward dominating the city and watching over it.

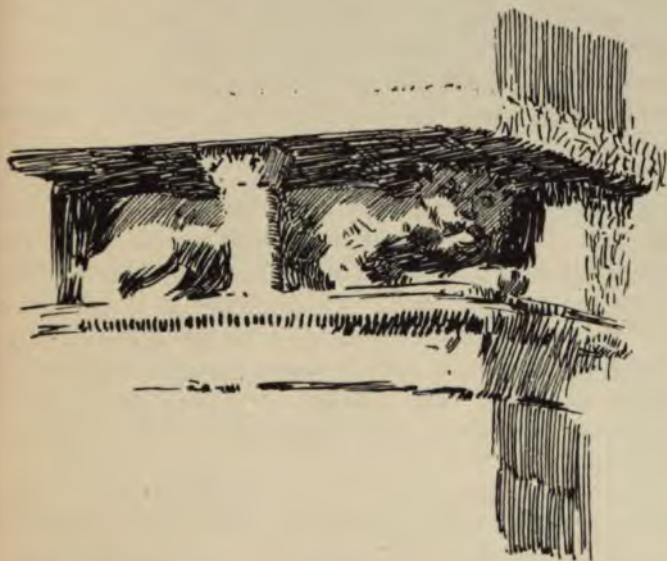


INTERIOR OF ST. STEPHAN'S

ST. STEPHAN'S: THE RIESENTHOR 7

Who the first builders of St. Stephan's were is uncertain, but we know that Octavian Volkner or Folkner, of Cracow, called by Jasomirgott for the work, built the Riesenthor and the Pagan towers, and from that day to this the list of her architects is a complete and glorious one.

This Riesenthor, then, is the oldest part of the

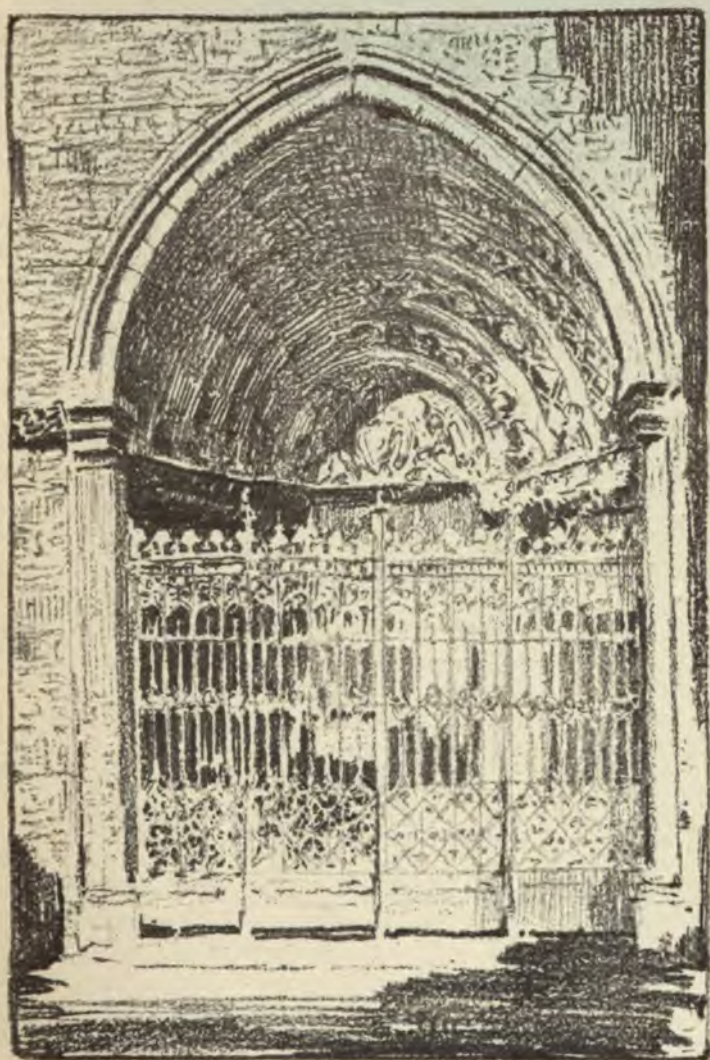


cathedral. We know little more of that time, but the records of the city tell us that in 1258, and again in 1275, parts of the city and the dome were destroyed by fire. To what extent the Riesenthor suffered is not known, but at any rate the porch is still as of old. It is pure Roman, and in this forms a great contrast to the Gothic architecture of the rest of the building. The pillars are richly ornamented with sculptural tracery—some in pairs, one on either side of the door of the

entrance to the dome, others being all of different designs. The motives are multifarious, and every detail is carried out with great exactness, and yet with ease. The capitals have figural ornamentals, all very finely executed. The outer façade has niches in which are placed various sculptural animals, and everything tells of the Roman period except the Gothic arch over the entrance, which is a cause of much discussion to architects, some, among them the famous Friedrich Schmidt, asserting that it is built over an old Roman one, others maintaining that the Roman one was destroyed by the fire of 1275 and replaced by the present Gothic structure.

The semicircular arch over the entrance portal is filled in with a relief of very fine late Roman allegorical sculpture. It represents Christ seated on a stool, His right hand raised, His left one clasping a book. The conception is very fine. The raiment is raised above the left knee, falling in rich folds to the ground, while the right foot is also bare to view. Angels support the nimbus on either side. They, too, have heavy flowing garments such as one rarely sees in early Roman sculpture.

There is a symbolical piece of plastic art on the profile façade of the cathedral, one which also relates to us a chapter of mediæval history. It represents an angry lion, to the left of him two doves, and to the right a young Jew wearing the conical hat—the badge of Judaism. The lion is the guardian of the Holy Church, watching that no unbelievers enter the sacred shrine, the doves are symbolical of simplicity and meekness, while the young Jew signifies hatred to his race. This work cannot possibly have been executed before 1267, for in that year a synod met at St. Stephan's, and among other orders it enacted that "Jews should be henceforth obliged to wear conical hats to distinguish them from



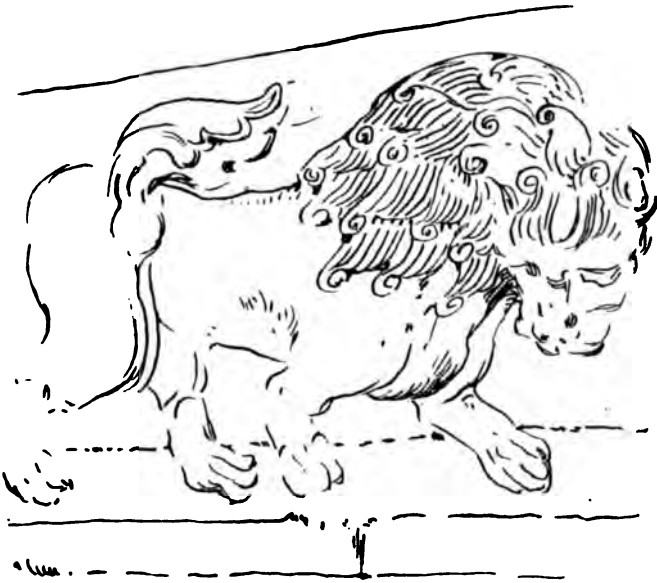
GIANT GATE, ST. STEFAN'S DOME



ST. STEPHAN'S: THE PROFILE FAÇADE 9

the Christians," that is a hundred years later than they were forced to wear them in Germany, and just before Edward I. banished the race from England. It is most probable that the personification of this decree in sculpture was made shortly after its enactment.

There are many other pieces of sculpture too, dragons interlaced and struggling with one another,



THE LION, GUARDIAN OF THE HOLY CHURCH

sirens with claw-feet, and many other mythological animals such as were common to the sculpture and literature of the Middle Ages.

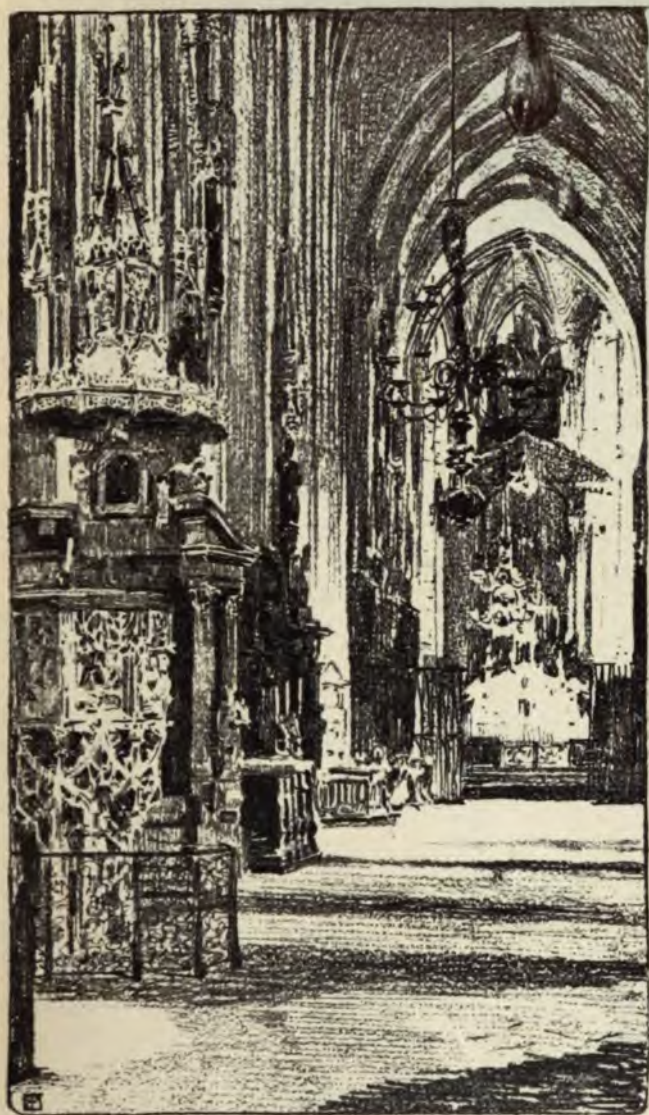
There is a beautiful piece of early sixteenth-century sculpture on the same façade. It is to the memory of Jorg Siegenfelder, a master saddler, evidently a man of great note in the Vienna of his time. There is nothing monumental about it, for its size is about five feet by four, but the artistic value is great. It is descriptive of

the last parting of Mary from her beloved Son. His right hand clasps hers, and with His left He wipes a tear from His eye, His face turned aside that the Holy Mother may not see it. She, overcome by emotion, is almost falling to the ground, while two women, their countenances expressive of deep sympathy, support her drooping figure. A third woman stands, hands pressed close together, in the porch. Behind Him are three apostles, St. Peter, St. John, and another. The work is so beautifully and minutely carried out, and with such deep love and veneration for the subject, and yet with so much simplicity and delicacy, that the artist, an unknown one, has left behind him a fine example of the plastic art in the Vienna of his time.

There are many other tablets and monuments and gravestones, most of them fallen into decay during the course of centuries, or destroyed by the inclemency of the weather or by war.

Farther along the north wall, in a niche, is one of the finest existing bronze figures of Christ nailed to the cross. Dissolution has taken place, the soul has gone home, and over all is an atmosphere of peace and content, the features are beautiful, no trace of the tension of the agony is to be seen, the finely modelled limbs are rigid in the stiffness of death, which, however, seem to relax as one gazes at it—it is Rest after the Struggle. It is a pity that the name of the artist is lost, and that we know of no other work by the same hand.

The finest piece of sculpture on the north wall represents the Saviour on the way to Golgotha drooping under the weight of the cross, which He is straining with might and main to move; behind Him and assisting Him is Simon the Cyrenian. Following him are the High Priests, their countenances wearing various expressions, some of pity, others of contempt, and again some absolutely indifferent, horses richly caparisoned,



INTERIOR ST. STEPHAN'S CATHEDRAL

with riders in complete armour, and women waiting in sad and solemn awe. Such a multitudinous and varying crowd, and such a richness of ideas, is rare, and it gives a true picture of the dress and thoughts of the century which saw its creation. Nothing is omitted. Above is a landscape, rock grown, with trees, forests, and hills, and a crowd waiting to receive Him at the place of crucifixion. Unfortunately much of this valuable work is lost for ever, for time and seasons have dealt hardly with it, but enough remains to tell the sculptor's intentions, and how faithfully he carried them out. It is a most realistic piece of work.

Next to this is a pulpit erected in the eighteenth century on the spot where Johannes Kapistra used to preach. He was sent as Ambassador by the Pope to preach a crusade against the Turks, and was also appointed Grand Inquisitor against the Hussites. In 1451 he returned to Vienna, and his sermons soon became so celebrated that there was no place for his congregation within the walls of the church, so he preached in the open air. It is said he spoke with the holy banner in one hand and the crucifix in the other, and that in spite of his sixty-five years and his being but a mass of skin and bone, a word from his lips, a glance from his eye, or a movement of his body held thousands spellbound; and although he uttered sentence after sentence in Latin, which, as they fell from his lips, were translated into German by a priest standing by, so great was his fame that people came from far and near to hear him.

But by far the oldest of the grave-monuments is that of Otto Neidhart Fuchs, who died in 1334. He was the friend and counsellor of Duke Otto der Fröhliche (merry), and was known as the peasants' enemy on account of a bloody struggle he had with them over the Violet festivals. These festivals, however, will be

see 16400

dealt with in another chapter. This monument represents the counsellor full length. It has much sculptural value, but like so many others has suffered from the wear and tear of centuries and the inclemencies of the weather.

The beautiful mosaic roof of the cathedral dates from the nineteenth century, the colours being green, brown, and white.

The grand stained-glass windows over the high altar have a curious history. Some parts of them are of the finest Venetian glass and workmanship of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, other parts date from the sixties of the nineteenth century. During the many vicissitudes that befel the cathedral these old windows were broken to pieces, and afterwards put haphazard together by some unknown hand. Later they were placed for better security in the city museum till the sixties of the last century, when Professor Carl Geyling undertook the stupendous task of restoring them. The pieces having been separated from one another, he managed by having other pieces stained to fit in the places where the sequence of the pictures failed, to give them as near as possible the original form. His work is so successful that only experts could distinguish the old from the new. The other stained-glass windows are also by Professor Geyling.

There are many valuable art treasures within the cathedral, but hardly any remain dating from the Middle Ages.

Of the pictures, that over the black Polish marble high altar, "The Stoning of St. Stephan," is by Tobias Boch, a Swiss painter, and dates from 1640. It is painted on metal plates, and except from the two side stained-glass windows, no light can fall upon it, so it is generally buried in darkness. The colours, too, are very sad, so that it can never be seen to advantage.

Another altar-piece is by Sandrart. It pictures the Crucifixion. On either side of the Lord are the thieves, and around Him St. John, the Virgin, Mary Magdalena, and other persons. It is finely conceived, and the colouring is very rich. The Saviour seems to stand out from among the other personages, they in dark garb forming a kind of relief.

Of the other pictures, the miraculous one of the Virgin, known as Maria von Pötsch, is the most interesting, not only from the fact that most valuable jewels—votive offerings worth several thousand florins—have recently been stolen from it, but chiefly on account of its legend. It was painted in 1676 by an Hungarian painter whose name is not told. The artist wanted more money than the farmer who had ordered it would pay. He therefore sold it to the Greek Catholics at Pötsch, who placed it in their church. For twenty years it hung peacefully there, till one Sunday, in November 1696, an Hungarian peasant noticed that tears were flowing from the eyes of the Madonna. Watch was set; the weeping continued three days and three nights, then left off for two days, only to begin again on the third. Then there was a pause for eleven days, followed by eleven days of weeping till the Day of Conception, December 8. The fame of this picture spread far and near. Many curious persons came bringing with them silk and fine linen for the reception of the tears, which they afterwards carried home as sacred relics. At last the story reached the ears of the Imperial general, Count von Corbelli, and the Markgraf Cusani, and they, with a number of officers and men, also came to witness the miracle, as did also some Mahomedan prisoners and Hungarian Protestants of noble family. The count, seeing a tear falling from the Madonna's eye, caught it on a white napkin, and showed it to the awe-stricken onlookers, all, even the unbelievers and Protestants,

being convinced of the miracle. Only a Calvinistic preacher was doubtful, saying it was contrived by some artificial mechanism in the wall. The picture was taken down and the wall examined, and the Calvinist's assertion proved false, for the tears continued flowing while the examination was going on. The onlookers fell upon their knees, kissing and adoring the Madonna, whereupon the weeping ceased. A military watch was next set upon the picture, and the soldiers stated that it wept all night, and soon after followed a victory over the Turks. The news was brought to the Emperor, Charles VI, also the fact that Mahomedans and Protestants at the sight of it became converted to Catholicism. He had it brought to Vienna and placed in the old Favorita, now the Augarten Palace; from there it was taken to St. Augustine's Church, then to St. Stephan's, and afterwards to the chief churches in the city, and finally it was placed in the cathedral, where it has been ever since.

Another picture near the Sacristy is by Martin Altomonte, a pupil of the Roman master, Bracizo. This was painted towards the end of the seventeenth century.

Of the grave-monuments within the cathedral, that of Prince Eugene of Savoy, the Austrian hero of the War of the Spanish Succession, is of interest. He died in 1736, and is buried near the famous West Portal.

The finest sarcophagus is that of Kaiser Friedrich IV, who died in 1493, this being the work of several sculptors, among them, Nicolas Sarch of Strassburg and Peter

full armour of the fifteenth century. Above him is a baldachin supported by ornamental pillars. Among the many shields are five each bearing one of the vowels illustrative of the Emperor's favourite saying, *Austria Erit in Orbe Ultima*—"Austria will live for ever." All round are the coats of arms of the various countries forming part of the Austrian Empire, many since lost or engulfed in new provinces. This was the same Friedrich III. of Germany (IV. of Austria) who received the Imperial Crown from the Pope,¹ he confirming in his turn the title of Archduke to the House of Austria, and granting the family many rights, thus raising it above all other princely houses except that of the Electors. It was this Friedrich, too, who, aiming at Bohemia and Hungary, was obliged to recognise their kings, and was finally defeated by Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, who kept possession of Austria till his death in 1490, when Friedrich again became master. It was he, too, who outwitted Louis XI. by marrying his son to Anne of Burgundy when the French king wished to secure her hand for the Dauphin. This marriage, Hallam says, "was ordained to retard the growth of France and to bias the fate of Europe during three hundred years."

At the foot of this sarcophagus is the stone tablet to the memory of three citizen heroes—Vorlauf, the Burgomaster, and Rampersdorffer and Rokh, who fought for their boy king, Albrecht V., against the usurper Leopold the Arrogant. These men were executed in the Swine's Market, then without St. Augustine's Church—the place of degradation. A beautiful story is told of Vorlauf, whose name signifies leader. The executioner wishing to begin with the oldest of them, Vorlauf said, "I have been your leader in life and I will be so in death."

¹ The last but one to be crowned by His Holiness.

An interesting monument is that consecrated to the memory of the martyr, Koloman, who is said to have had his legs sawed off on this spot. He was an Irish prince, and came to Vienna on his way to the Holy Grave at Jerusalem. But his strange dress and tongue made people believe him a spy. After the mutilation he got as far as Stockerau, where he met a terrible death at the hands of the multitude. That was in 1010. It was only when his servant appeared on the scene to seek his master that the Viennese learnt who Koloman was, and he was afterwards honoured as a saint by Duke Rudolph, who in 1361 had the stone raised here, and beneath it placed relics, Peter, Bishop of Chur, consecrating it.

Another monument, the work of Raphael Donner, is to the memory of the Bishop, Sigmund, Count von Kollonitz, who not only looked after the sick and wounded during the Turkish siege, but took the orphans of those who fell, fed and clothed them, and had them taught on the Comenius system, and by his self-sacrifice and purity won a name for himself in the annals of history.

The monument to Rüdiger, Count Starhemberg, erected in 1896, is emblematic of the times in which the hero lived. He is on horseback, Bishop Kollonitz stands to the left with a little child on his left arm and leading another with his right hand. On the other side is Liebenberg, the devoted and self-sacrificing Burgo-master, and behind King Sobieski, the Dukes of Bavaria and Lorraine, who brought the long hoped-for help. The monument is of red granite and Laas marble, and is the work of Professor Hellmer.

The aspect from the top of the tower is magnificent. From its height one can see all the great battlefields—Wagram, Aspern, Lobau, Essling, and all those places on the Marchfeld which have played so important a part

ST. STEPHAN'S: VIEW FROM TOWER 17

in history, the Kahlenberg chain, and right over into Hungary as far as the Little Carpathians which shut out further view, and on the other side as far as the Moravian Mountains. Whichever way one looks one is greeted by mountain and valley, while in the distance the stately Danube heaves his majestic breast and broadens his powerful arms.

CHAPTER II

OLD VIENNA—GRABEN—AM HOF—FREYUNG—SCHOTTEN
MONASTERY — HERRENGASSE — MINORETENPLATZ —
MINORETEN CHURCH

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION set no foot in the Vienna of his time ; he was lying low in the little village of Erdberg, now a part of the city, when, in 1192, he had the misfortune to be taken prisoner by Duke Leopold V. Then the Graben, now one of the most fashionable and frequented streets, was really a moat, as its name implies ; but under the next duke it was filled in, and from that time till to-day the Graben has been a favourite lounging spot for the Viennese.

It is only in the outward form that the street has changed, the old houses have disappeared and modern ones sprung up on their ashes ; the small shops have become large ones. The little lemonade-stalls along the streets have vanished, and cafés and kiosks taken their places, where the Viennese take coffee and ices ; and tea has even become fashionable instead of lemonade. Except on Corpus Christi day there is nothing to remind one of the brilliant processions which took place there in bygone centuries. It was here that the nobility used to be carried in their Sedan chairs, and remain chatting away the time till midnight, when they were conveyed home.

The centre of the Graben is formed by the column to the Trinity, erected as a thanksgiving for the escape of the city from the terrible plague which devastated it in 1679. The original one was of wood, and it was only in 1687 that the foundation of the present column



GRABEN, WITH THE PEST-COLUMN

was laid by Kaiser Leopold I. The column is a triangular pyramid. The figures of the Holy Trinity are deeply tinged with gold ; they are surrounded by angels swaying in the clouds above ; there are numerous symbolical figures at the foot. Among them is the plague, in the form of a woman in the agony of death, an angel hovering over her. Kneeling in prayer is the Emperor Leopold I., who also wrote the inscription on the monument. The architect was Octavian Burnacini, two of the figures on the postament being by Fischer von Erlach, who was at first a sculptor. Public prayer used to be held here, the Emperor Charles VI., father of Maria Theresia, being the last monarch to offer up his devotions publicly, but the custom is still kept up on Corpus Christi day.

Just at the corner of the Graben and Kärntnerstrasse is the Stock im Eisen (the iron stump), which is supposed to be the last tree remaining of the Vienna forest, once covering the spot where the city now stands. It was an old custom for locksmiths, after having completed their apprenticeship, and before leaving the city to enter on their *Wanderjahr*, to drive a nail into the trunk of the tree, so that in the course of time it became quite studded with them.

Many stories are told as to the origin of this custom, one relating how Louis the Saint, son of Charlemagne, wishing to have a hunting-box built in the Vienna forests, people came from far and wide to help in the work of clearing. However, a blacksmith's apprentice, being badly treated by his master, ran away, unfortunately and unconsciously taking with him a valuable nail which was to have been used in the building, and he, fearing to be thought a thief, conceived the idea of hammering it into the tree which was at the extreme boundary of the forest. In the course of centuries the forest disappeared, only this particular tree remaining, and the

burgomaster and corporation wishing to preserve it had it cut down, clamped by an iron band, and fastened by a lock which no one could undo. But who was to contrive such a mechanism? This was about the period that his Satanic majesty was whiling away his time in this capital, after having prevailed on Dr. Faust to sign his compact, and naturally he was on the look-out for other victims. Now in Vienna there was another locksmith's apprentice, who, being sent out on an errand, remained playing outside the city gates till too late; they were locked, and the poor boy had not the wherewithal in kreuzers to pay for their being opened to admit him. Then the Devil came to the rescue in the form of a "little red man," who gave him the money, and promised he should become a first-class workman if he never missed going to church on Sundays, but, failing to keep this agreement, he was to become forfeit to the Evil One.

The careless boy agreed, and so returned safely to his master, who, of course, forgot to scold him. The next day the "little red man" appeared in the workshop and ordered an iron band with an impregnable lock, which, however, nobody could make but the apprentice. The tree was then clamped with it and locked, and for his work the apprentice received back his articles and went on his *Wanderjahr*. On returning a year and a day later, he found the community in an uproar because the "little red man" had taken the key with him and they wanted to unlock the band. The youth went to work to make another one, but every time he made the beard and put it in the fire the Devil turned it the wrong way; at last, seeing him in the flames, he put the key in the fire upside down and it came out right. Then the lock was undone with great ceremony by the burgomaster and corporation, a nail was knocked in the tree, and the lock was again made fast, but somehow or other the key vanished in the air. As for the young



ST. PETER'S CHURCH, WITH ST. STEPHAN'S CATHEDRAL
IN THE DISTANCE

man, he always went to church regularly and prayed most devoutly; but one fine Sunday when he stayed too long in the ale-house, and arrived just as the priest had said the last "Amen," he was seized by the "little red man" who had stretched himself into a giant, and who dragged him screaming through the air. The Stock im Eisen bears the date 1573 and the monogram H.B. to prove the truth of this or some other such saga.

A little passage leads from the Graben to Am Peter, one of the oldest parts of the city. As early as 1137 a little church stood on the very spot where St. Peter's, with its cupola-shaped roof, now stands. It was commenced in 1702, and took over thirty years to finish, the work being ended and the church consecrated in 1733. The frescoes and ceiling paintings were made by Freiherr von Rothmayer, one of the first artists of his time. The high altar-piece, representing St. Peter healing the sick, is by Martin Altomonte, as are also the pictures over the side altars. However, the church is so badly lighted that one never sees these to advantage. Outside and round the church things have not much altered, the dark old parsonage still remains, but the hand of the builder is laid on the "Place," and already modern edifices have arisen on the ashes of the ancient ones. The flower and vegetable women still carry on the trade of their ancestors, only they offer their wares from baskets, and still ask considerably more than they are ready to take, for one must learn to bargain with them.

No casual observer possibly could imagine the part Am Hof has played in the history of Vienna. Its very name tells us that the Court once resided here, and that it was a stronghold too, for it was on the same spot where the offices of the Ministry of War now stand that Heinrich Jasomirgott built his burg and fortified it against the enemy. He was a man of shrewd wisdom

and chose the position well, for it was an excellent point of vantage, commanding as it did a view over the distant Kahlenberg and his old castle of Leopoldsburg which he had left for the better security the city offered him. He surrounded his burg with a defence, walls, and a moat; the former have long disappeared, the latter was the Graben which secured Duke Heinrich from attacks in the rear. Below the burg there flowed the Ottakring River, its course long since turned aside, and the Tiefer or Lower Graben which offered but doubtful protection from the enemy. This line of defence he strengthened, and in order that he might command sight of the enemy should they appear, he forbade the erection of buildings which would interfere with his plans, so that the whole of the land between his burg and the Kahlenberg was clear before him. A viaduct connected Am Hof with the lower moat, which still bears the name of the Tiefer Graben. In the course of ages, though much has become changed, the Hohebrücke (High Bridge) still occupies its old place, but wears a modern garb.

Am Hof from Jasomirgott's day to the present time has always been the scene of bustle and excitement. Now it is a busy retail market surrounded by important buildings, some of them historical. The market-women's stalls are protected from wind and rain by enormous grey linen umbrellas, so that seen from above they have the appearance of a camp. Here, too, is the monument to "Father" Radetzky, as his soldiers called him. This great general fought under Laudon against the Turks in 1788-89, and there gained his first laurels. He also fought against Napoleon, taking part at the battles of Aspern and Wagram in 1809, for which he received the Maria Theresia Order. He was eye-witness to Napoleon's misfortunes in Russia, and he also led his men in the War of Liberation in 1813. When he was eighty-three years old the struggle between Italy and Austria began,



AM HOF, WITH RADEZKY MONUMENT AND MARKET

and at this advanced age Radetzky again took up arms, in 1849 defeating Albert of Sardinia at the battle of Novara, which success brought about peace between Austria and Sardinia. He died in 1858 at the advanced age of ninety-two.

But it is good to close one's eyes and hark back to the days gone by when one is at Am Hof, and to think on the scenes that have taken place within its narrow precincts. The Court resided here from Jasomirgott's time till 1222, when Duke Leopold the Glorious began the present burg and took up his residence there.

It was Friedrich Barbarossa who, as a reward for Markgraf Heinrich Jasomirgott's relinquishing his claim to Bavaria at Regensburg (Ratisbon), created him first Duke of Ostmark (Austria), and also gave him certain privileges which do not concern us here. (The title of Archduke came much later, and was not recognised lawfully till 1453.)

Here at Am Hof and round about was mustered the Second Crusade under Friedrich Barbarossa, Conrad III., and Louis VII., in which Jasomirgott took part. What a magnificent scene it must have been! The snorting and pawing of the horses, the rattle of the armour, the brilliancy of colour and the babel of tongues, the fervour of religious excitement, the giving of orders, and the final tramp, tramp, clatter, clatter, as men and horses left the city, the sound dying away in the distance, and then the return to everyday life. In 1149, when Duke Heinrich Jasomirgott returned with his bride Theodora, niece of the Emperor of Greece, they made their triumphant entry into the city, it being followed by other pageants, feasts, and rejoicings, and so began that series of magnificent displays for which Vienna has been celebrated from then till now.

At Am Hof, too, were held tournaments and other feats of arms. Here, too, came Friedrich Barbarossa

to assist at the celebration of the nuptials of Agnes, the beautiful fifteen-year-old daughter of Jasomirgott, and Stephen III. of Hungary. The great Emperor stayed fourteen days, and there were grand doings and singing and dancing—the first time we hear of those swaying movements which later developed into the famous Viennese waltz. And the Minne-singers, hearing of the fame of Vienna, made their way there, and Walther von der Vogelweide, Austria's famous poet, came to the new burg and lived there after the death of Kaiser Heinrich VI., that Heinrich to whom Duke Leopold gave up Richard I., and who failed in his desire to make the German Crown hereditary. And here Am Hof Walther sang the dangers of Civil War, but in vain he declaimed his famous lines :—

“ Alle Kreaturen haben ihre feste Ordnung und ihren Herrn. Das deutsche Volk steht führerlos.”¹

And in despair at Pope Innocent III. excommunicating the German Emperor, Otto IV., as he did John of England, Walther became anti-pope and sang his songs of defiance, and left the Court to wander in other lands.

In later times Am Hof has witnessed other scenes. Some of them we like to forget. Jew, Protestant, and witches were persecuted here, for it was the place of public punishment, burning, execution, and pillory. It was Am Hof that Maria Theresia had erected the Temple of Joy, from which red and white wine flowed to celebrate the birth of the great Josef II., whose entry into the world put an end to the hopes of those who claimed Austria as an inheritance. And in after years mother and son listened together to those serenades in the beautiful summer evenings which now take place outside the Rathhaus. To these all were free to come

¹ All creatures have their constant order and their lords. The German folk stands without a leader.



OLD VIENNA COURTYARD

then as now, only now it is a Viennese military band which provides the music, and no crowned head is present.

Am Hof, too, played an important part in the revolution of '48, which ended in the abdication of Kaiser Ferdinand in favour of his nephew, Franz Josef, the present Emperor. During those famous March days citizens and students broke into the armoury, now the central Fire Brigade Station, and possessed themselves of those weapons which were to defend them from the Imperial army, and there six months later did they hang the minister, Latour, to a lantern, but that has been taken away. It was from the still existing balcony of the church of the "Neun Chöre der Engel" that Pope Pius VI. in 1782, invited by Kaiser Josef II. to Vienna, publicly blessed the people of the city.

Just bordering this famous spot is the Freyung, so called because those seeking sanctuary were free when they reached this place, and this jurisdiction of the Church lasted till the time of Maria Theresia. A legend tells how the famous Dr. Faust once at an inn on the Freyung swallowed an ostler who had spilt some wine over him, then, having gulped down a bucket of water, bade the terrified spectators open the door, and lo! there on the steps was the victim, teeth chattering and shivering from fear and cold, but otherwise unharmed. The old Faust book¹ does not mention this feat, though it tells us of the Doctor's visit to Vienna, and how it was "an old city with a broad Graben and well fortified by walls, the houses all painted alike, and that near the Imperial residence was a High School (university);" and we are told, too, that from Vienna he travelled in the air to Prague.

At the foot of the Freyung is the Schottenchurch,

¹ Published by Spiers, 1587. Faust probably lived a hundred years earlier.

which, with the monastery still attached to it, was given by Jasomirgott to the Irish-Scotch Benedictines whom he called from Regensburg to make their home in Vienna. This was in 1158. He also gave them other



SCHOTTENCHURCH FROM THE FREYUNG

churches, among them St. Ruprecht's, and Maria an Gestade.

This Schotten monastery is the oldest in Vienna. It remained in the hands of the order till 1418, but though Albrecht II. gave it to the German Benedictine it still bears its old name. This latter order had the task

of educating the youth of the city, and so began the famous Schotten gymnasium—the Eton of Austria. Both monastery and church have seen stormy times. Built outside the city walls, they fell an easy prey to the enemy, especially the Turks, who burnt and pillaged everything they could destroy or take in the monastery, and here Napoleon quartered a detachment of three hundred soldiers when he occupied the city in 1805.

The present church dates from the year 1638 (it was finished about 1662), but it is built on the old Roman foundations, and some of the original wall still remains, and in the Presbytery are some of the ancient Roman columns. The high altar is by Bock, the finest artist of his time; and here beneath it lie the bones of Jasomirgott, who died in 1177, a fitting resting-place for the man who brought the culture of Christianity to the old Vindobona. In the church is a monument to Rüdiger, Count Starhemberg, the saviour of his city. At the corner of the other side of the Freyung is the palace of Count Harrach, whose countess was the lady-in-waiting to the late Empress. This palace also suffered under the many sieges. It was within these walls, then belonging to his father-in-law, that Wallenstein stayed when he made his hurried visits to the capital to consult the famous Italian astrologers, Argoli and Oporin, and perhaps learned that his horoscope was an unlucky one, for only a year after one of these hasty visits he was murdered in Eger. How beautifully has Schiller in his "Wallenstein" immortalised this great general, who fought against Friedrich of the Palatinate, son-in-law of James I. of England, and how prophetic are the last words he utters, "Ich denke einen langen Schlaf zu thun."

The Palais Harrach contains a beautiful collection of pictures which is world famous, and is one of the sights of the city. There are paintings by Rembrandt, Correggio,

Claude Lorrain, Holbein, David, Teniers, Tintoretto, Rubens, and some Velasquez; in fact there is hardly a great master or school unrepresented. The picture gallery is *in fidei comiss*, and each Count Harrach in his turn adds to its value. Since the fifties of last century it has been free to the public owing to the forethought of that friend to culture, Count Franz Harrach, who opened the doors of the gallery to the people. But it was in 1595 that the collection was first begun by the then Count Harrach, who was at that time Imperial Ambassador at the Court of Rome.

Facing it is the Kinsky Palace, built in the year 1709-13 by Lucas von Hildebrand, which is famous for its grand staircase, with beautiful frescoes by Marc Antonio Chiarini of Bologna, and its fine portal. The dining room is pannelled with the old boiserie from the famous cathedral of Pressburg in Hungary.

It was in the stately Herrengasse to the left of the Freyung that the hand-to-hand struggle between the Imperial troops and students took place on those fatal March days of 1848, when the street ran blood. The name signifies Lords' Street. After the Turks were finally put to flight, the rich nobility, encouraged by Leopold I., took up their residence in the capital, and employed the great architects of the period to build palaces for them in the Herrengasse. Among these men were Fischer von Erlach, his son Emanuel, and von Hildebrand. No cost was spared, and these mansions remain monuments of the time which saw their erection. They are chiefly baroque in style, and too richly ornamented for modern taste, but nevertheless they are extremely interesting, and the opportunity of seeing all the great palaces was given last spring, when for the small sum of ten Austrian florins one could join the art wanderings (*Kunstwanderungen*), the money so gained being divided among various charities. In the Herren-



TOWER, MINORITE CHURCH

gasse and round about dwell the great families—Liechtenstein, Harrach, Herberstein, Trauttmansdorff, Clary, Kinsky, Wilczek, and others. Now the Statthaltereie (the Somerset House of Austria) and other governmental buildings are in this street.

Just behind is a lovely bit of old Vienna, the Minoritenplatz, the centre being formed by the Minorite Church, a beautiful building with hoary grey walls. Here, too, in the days that have gone, flowed the little Ottakringer River. When its course was turned aside the surrounding vineyards suffered terribly, and another rivulet had to be conducted here, the Alserbach. Traces of these vineyards are still to be seen, but not of the river.

The Katherine Chapel is probably the oldest portion of the building. Twice within twenty years it was partially destroyed, but Ottokar, King of Bohemia, in whose hand Vienna then was, began rebuilding it; though it was not until the commencement of the fourteenth century that the church was completed by Master Carl Schimpfenpfeil of Stockholm, who was sent for by the French princess, Blanca, wife of Rudolf, King of Bohemia, and the Spanish princess, Isabella of Arragon. Since then the church has seen many changes. It was damaged during the second siege of the Turks, who forced their way to the Löwlbastei, behind which lay the Hofburg, a shot taking off the spire, which was replaced by the temporary roofing still protecting the tower from storms. The building is pure Gothic. The oldest parts of the edifice are the west front and main entrance, which have beautiful ornamentation and stone sculpture representing scenes from the Passion. This is all well preserved, and offers a good insight into the knowledge of the builders and architects of the early fourteenth century. The fine windows with their Gothic arches and noble masonry all remain to tell us of the past. The interior of the church has seen more vicissitudes,

for when in 1784 it was given over to the Italian community, it was transformed, and now there remains but the double row of pillars showing its early Gothic origin. The mosaic over the high altar is a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, by Raffaeli. In the Minoritenplatz is the office of the Board of Education (*Ministerium für Cultus und Unterricht*), once the home of Rüdiger, Count Starhemberg.

CHAPTER III

CAPUCHIN CRYPT—THE LAST HOME OF THE HABSBURGS
—CAPUCHIN CHURCH—THE NEUER-MARKT—RAFAEL
DONNER—DOROTHEUM—THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES,
ST. MICHAEL'S—ST. AUGUSTINE'S—ANECDOTES.

THE first place of pilgrimage for strangers visiting Vienna is the Neuer-Markt, for here in the crypt of the Capuchin Church is the last home of the Habsburgs. Both church and monastery were built under Kaiser Matthias III., and in 1618 given over to the Capuchin brotherhood. The garden round about has long disappeared, and modern houses have risen on the place of the ancient trees, except for one strip of green which is secured for all time.

It was Rudolf II., the brother of Matthias, who called the Order to Vienna, where, till their own monastery was ready, the Capuchins lived with their brethren, the Minorites. There is nothing in the exterior of any great beauty, the church being baroque in form and decoration. The interior is also very simple, the reredos being by the Capuchin monk, Father Norbert, and those over the side altars by Ludwig Schnörr and Gabriel Matthaei, the latter a Roman. Above the high altar is a plastic figure of the Virgin seeming to come out of a grove of trees, and surrounded by boughs, a weird effect being given by the artificial light cast from above. Even the walls are papered with various coloured remnants given by different donors, for the Capuchins, or Franciscans, never buy anything for ornamentation. Such is the little church which the Emperor

Matthias built, and he too had the famous Capuchin crypt prepared for himself and family—the Habsburg-Lothringens are resting in another part of the same vault, separated from this by a massive iron gate. It was Maria Theresia who, seeing that there would be no room for her line of the family—the present reigning one—in the crypt, had the new one prepared for their reception. The Empress Anna, the beloved wife of Kaiser Matthias, was the first to be interred here, her husband following six months later; and till Charles VI., father of Maria Theresia, with few exceptions, all the German Emperors and their families lie there—German Emperors, for all the monarchs of Austria were crowned Emperors of Germany till 1806, when Francis II. of Germany was forced to resign the Imperial Crown, becoming Kaiser Francis I. of Austria, which title the sovereigns of this country have ever since borne.

But it is the great Maria Theresia who interests us most. She and her husband lie side by side in a magnificent sarcophagus. She had no fear of death, only of parting from him, and planned how they should always be together, and he, Franz von Lothringen (Francis of Lorraine) was worthy of his noble wife. It was he who designed the reliefs on the sarcophagus, the work being carried out by Ferdinand Moll, a pupil of Donner, and scarce was it finished when the Emperor suddenly died at Innsbruck. The monument is of zinc, and magnificent in proportions. Above are the figures of the Empress and her husband, lying side by side; around are reliefs telling the history of her reign, the most interesting being those descriptive of the Seven Years' War, beginning from the time when, after Frederick the Great had seized Silesia, and Europe was hesitating, and after the King of Prussia had invaded Moravia, the Bavarians, entering Bohemia, had taken Prague, and the Duke had been elected by his colleagues to the Imperial throne. It was



CAPUCHIN CHURCH, THE LAST HOME OF THE HABSBURGS

then that the young Empress in her terrible despair made her appeal to Hungary. It was just after her first child, afterwards the great Josef II., was born. Hardly recovered from the pangs of child-bearing, she made her way to Pressburg, and there was crowned Queen of Hungary, clothed in the robes of St. Stephen, and rode up the Hill of Defiance, amid great acclamations of joy and enthusiasm, the nobles swearing on their drawn swords to stand by her. And when a few days afterwards she again stood before them with the baby Archduke in her arms, with one accord the magnates broke forth,—“Let us die for our King, Maria Theresia,”¹ and so the war-cry echoed throughout Europe.

There is always something particularly solemn in this home of buried glory where so many of those who have played a part in the history of Europe lie for ever at rest. Here reposes he who, had he lived, might have changed the face of affairs in Europe, as his father had done, the Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon, the prince in whom France for so many years centred her hopes, the prince whom the guide still designates as Napoleon II., King of Rome; and next him lies his mother, Marie Louise, daughter of one Emperor, wife of another.

At the extreme end of the crypt is an altar surmounted by a small marble statue of Elizabeth, the Hungarian saint, the gift of Hungarian ladies. At the foot of which rest another mother and son, Elizabeth of Austria-Hungary, and the Crown Prince Rudolf; while not far distant, in another metal shell, lies the Archduke Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, those three beloved of Francis Josef, all doomed to meet violent deaths, and it is with a feeling of awe that one approaches the precincts of this sad spot. It is all so fresh in one's mind; one has lived through some of those stricken

¹ *Moriamur pro rege nostro Maria Theresia.*

times, and what one has not seen one hears from eye-witnesses. There is still living in Vienna Professor Ritter von Basch, the body physician who was with the ill-fated Emperor during those unhappy days, and who too suffered imprisonment. It was his sad duty to accompany the remains of Maximilian back to Austria, and many and beautiful are the stories he tells of the courage of the Emperor and of General Miramon, who suffered with him, and how bravely they met their end.

In the Habsburg crypt lies the Countess Fuchs, once governess to Maria Theresia's children, and the faithful friend and servant to the Empress, who for this honoured her by giving her a place among the family in death as in life. All others lying in these vaults are Habsburgs, or Habsburg-Lothringens.

Outside the church in the Neuer-Markt a gay life is going on. The electric trams make things look still gayer, for they are bright scarlet and cream in colour. It always has been bright and gay in the Neuer-Markt, in former times designated the "Mehl" or flour market. In form it has not much changed since the thirteenth century, when King Ottokar enclosed it within the city walls. In the centre is Donner's celebrated fountain, which has seen so many vicissitudes, for Mrs. Grundy of Vienna was so much shocked at the nude figures that Maria Theresia felt obliged to have it removed, and it actually remained thirty-seven years in the historical old armoury Am Hof, and was then given over to the sculptor Zauner to have it melted, for it was originally of lead. Fortunately for the world the latter was a true artist, and recognising its real value as a work of art, rescued it, and after being cast in bronze it was again placed in the Neuer-Markt. But Donner died in poverty it being left to the present generation to appreciate him. In the centre of the fountain, on a raised socle, is the Goddess of Wisdom; around her are four cherubs holding



DONNER FOUNTAIN, AM NEUEN MARKT

in their hands fishes from which spout water. On the lower breastwork are four life-sized figures representing the four Austrian rivers, the Enns, Traun, Ybbs, and March, and the work is carried out very delicately and faithfully.

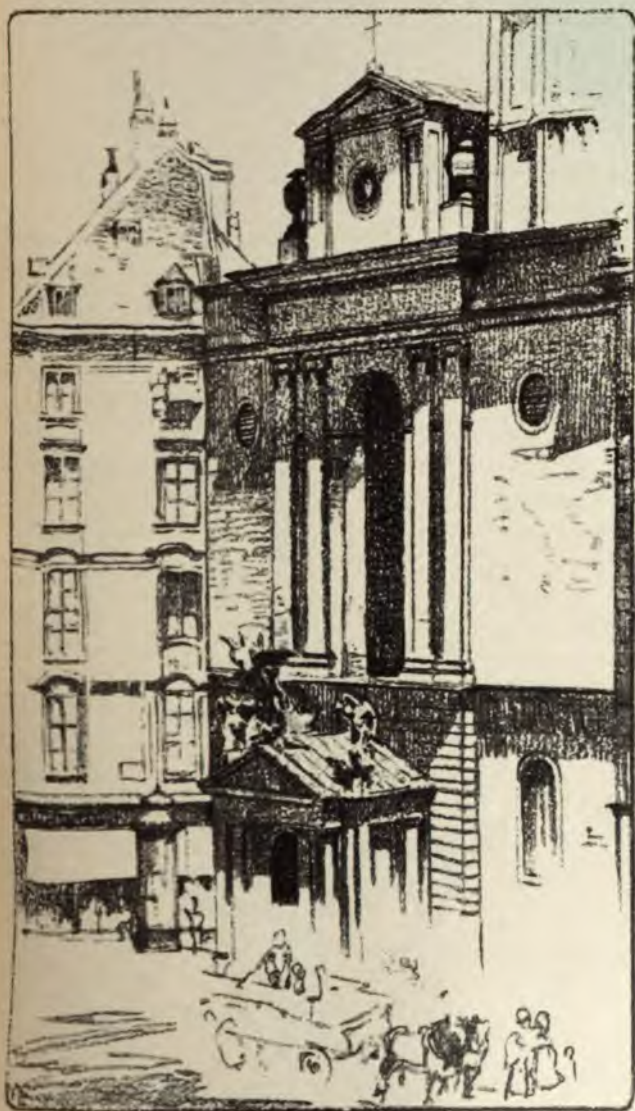
But the Neuer-Markt is also famous for other things. In its "Mehl" days, and during the fifteenth century, the citizens held their jousts here, while the knights were fighting their tournaments Am Hof and in the Schweizerhof. And here, too, did those who gave false weight or adulterated their bread receive the punishment meted out to them. It was here, in the inn called the Mehlgrube, that the famous Ahnen balls of the eighteenth century were held, to which no one was allowed entry who could not show a sufficient number of quarterings on their escutcheons—the beginnings of the famous Viennese balls. The "Mehlmarkt," too, was a favourite resort of the aristocracy, and the historical sledging parties of Maria Theresia's time were held there. A large sledge drawn by six horses provided place for the musicians. Then followed the sledges, fantastic in form, many of them shell-shaped, the lady sitting within, the gentleman standing behind and driving the horses. The Austrians have always known the effect of colour in decoration, and this was used with no sparing hand; the ladies, too, chose fitting costumes, and the sight must have been a resplendent one. None but those taking part in the sport were allowed entry, and a continual supply of fresh snow was shovelled in. How have the times changed, for during the last eight years sledging has practically died out, the weather having vetoed it.

There are many old churches near the Neuer-Markt. The two Protestant ones, the Lutheran and Calvinistic, both in the Dorotheergasse, were originally Catholic, with monasteries attached. In the former used to be a beautiful monument to Count Salm, who defended the

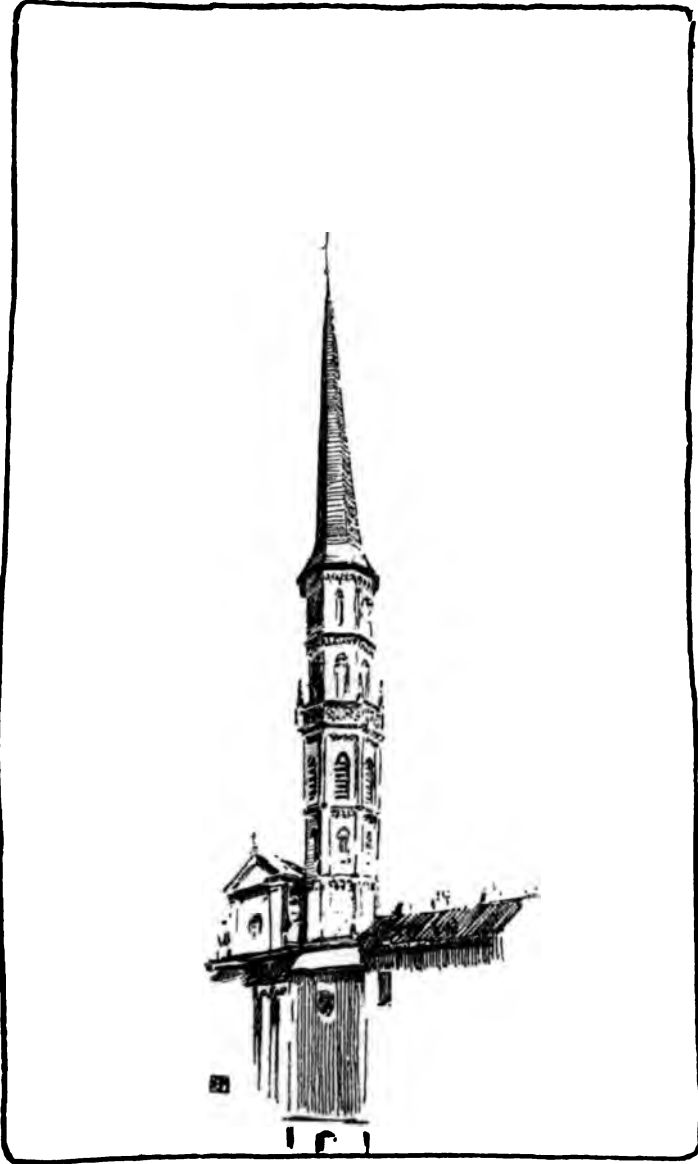
city against the Turks in 1529—that was during the first siege—and it was only due to him and his mighty effort that Germany was saved from falling a prey to the infidel.

In the Dorotheergasse is the Dorotheum, a sort of *mont de piété*. But not only is it a State pawnshop, but also the State auctioneering institution, for those unable to redeem their pledges may have them sold by auction here, they reaping the benefit, which is, of course, great advantage, the expenses being a minimum. The people too, business men or private, who have superfluous goods or collections to get rid of, may also send them for auction to the Dorotheum. This is a great boon to buyer and seller, for both are assured of fair treatment and a very agreeable afternoon may always be spent there. Countess Kielmannsegg, the wife of the Statthalter of Lower Austria, and many great ladies take great interest in the furthering of this institution, many of them being present and taking afternoon tea there for every comfort is provided and so custom invited.

Another interesting old church close by is St. Michael's, which, with the exception of one, St. Ruprecht's, is the oldest in Vienna. It has a history dating from 1222, when Leopold VI., the Glorious, founded it for the use of the nobles who had, with the removal of the Court to the new burg, built for themselves houses and palaces round about, and for the Court officials and servants. It is still a royal chapel. This church also suffered repeatedly from fire, being once almost burnt to the ground. Albrecht I. raised it from its ashes. Twice more was it damaged by fire, but in 1340 it was rebuilt, and the chancel raised and lengthened. In 1416 the presbytery was taken away, the present high altar occupying its place; this was by order of Albrecht V. The different periods of its building may be seen from the architecture, it being a mixture of Roman and Gothic, which



COURT AND CITY PARISH CHURCH, ST. MICHAEL'S



OLD GOTHIC TOWER (ST. MICHAEL'S)

gives it a peculiar interest. The nave and the two aisles date from the foundation of the church in the thirteenth century, as also the south projecting cross arches with heavy corner pillars. The Gothic arches separating the nave from the aisles are supported by Roman columns with richly ornamented Romanesque capitals. The portal and porch are the oldest parts of the church. The altar is comparatively modern, dating from the eighteenth century, and has that superfluity of ornamentation peculiar to that period.

There is little to be seen from the outside, for the church has been closely built in, only the Gothic octagonal tower stands out free against the sky. This has five floors, the two lower ones having stone friezes, and the third a gallery with a stone parapet.

Crossing over the way we arrive at the Josefsplatz, and in continuation of this is the Augustine Church founded by Friedrich the Fair, who, being taken prisoner by Duke Lewis of Bavaria, swore a solemn oath to build a monastery should he ever regain his freedom. An Augustine monk being instrumental in his release, Friedrich on his return to Vienna in 1327 gave the land and a large sum of money for the endowment, and so on the spot where an Imperial hunting-box once stood, the foundation-stone of this historical old building was laid in 1339, but it was not consecrated till ten years later. The builder was Dietrich Ladtner.

In the Augustine Church the highest development of Gothic art in Vienna is to be seen ; it is the first building entirely in this style. Attempts had repeatedly been made, as we have seen, to mould Roman buildings into Gothic ones, and with more or less success. The only part of the church of a later date is the chancel. The sacristy is singularly beautiful in its simplicity, the old wood panellings from ancient times still lining its walls.

In the Loretto Chapel is a monument to Maria

Theresia, and also one which she had erected in memory of her children's governess, that Countess Fuchs who is buried in the Capuchin crypt. In the centre is the famous monument by Franz Zauner, to the memory of Leopold II., younger son of the great Empress, who died in 1792. It was a curious custom of the Habsburg family to have their hearts separated from their bodies, embalmed, and placed in silver urns in a little niche of the Loretto Chapel, where they are still to be seen through a grating, but under the present Emperor this custom has been discontinued. The largest urn contains two hearts, those of Maria Theresia and her husband, Kaiser Franz von Lothringen. The greatest ornament in the church itself is undoubtedly Canova's sublime monument to the Archduchess Maria Christine, beloved daughter of Maria Theresia, and the *uxor optima* of Albertus, Duke of Sachsen-Teschen. There is something so simple and yet so noble in this work that the attention is at once riveted to it. At a narrow door opening into a vault stand a woman and two girls in flowing Greek robes; these are allegorical of the mourning people. To the left of these is a figure of Charity, a woman leading a poor sick old man and carrying a little child in her arms, and to the right another figure representing Strength. Above is a medallion of the Archduchess, to the right of it Happiness in the form of a woman, and to the left an angel—Immortality. This Maria Christine was beloved by all who knew her for her many virtues. It was she who did so much for the city and took so much interest in the welfare of the poor, her life being one of self-sacrifice. The grief was great when she died in 1798.

Near by is a stone tablet which marks the place where the Todtenbrüderschaft are buried in the crypt below. This brotherhood was founded under the protection of the Empress Eleonora, and their work was a very humane



ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH



SACRISTY, ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH

that of burying in consecrated ground those who suffered death at the hands of the law. Many of chief of the nobility were members of this Order; attended public executions, and gave comfort to



MONUMENT TO THE ARCHDUCHESS CHRISTINE

By CANOVA

sufferers. Their garb was black, their features being
ed up that none might recognise them. Kaiser
II. dissolved this brotherhood in 1782.

was in this church on March 11, 1810, that Marie

D

Louise, daughter of the Emperor Francis I. of Austria, became the wife of Napoleon, thus bringing peace between the two nations, she being the sacrifice. As the French Emperor had left Vienna, the Archduke Karl, her uncle, the hero of Aspern, stood proxy, and the Empress left the city two days after, only to return when the empire had fallen. She sought refuge at her father's Court, bringing her little son, the King of Rome, afterwards Duke of Reichstadt, with her.

The Swine Market in olden times was held in front of the Augustine Church, and a good story is told as to the cause of its final removal; that was towards the end of the seventeenth century. At that time there was a famous Court preacher, one Pater Abraham, a Sancta Clara, and he held his famous sermons in this church. He was extremely witty, and always knew what to say, and the right moment to say it. All other efforts proving unavailing, he sent a petition to the Emperor Leopold I., in which he stated that although he loved to sing with David, he did not with Esau, which in German is pronounced exactly like the German for "a sow." This had the desired effect. Pater Abraham stopped at nought; like the priests of England at the time of the peasants' rebellion, he preached to the nobles.

"Als Adam ackerte und Eva spann,
Wo war denn da der Edelmann."

He feared nobody; and a story is told how once a nobleman asked him one Sunday to cut his sermon short, because he wanted to go to an entertainment. Ascending his pulpit, the witty priest began: "It is exactly a year since I spoke about St. Sebastian. As it is unknown to me whether this saint has done anything new since then, I refer you to my previous sermon. I have ended. Amen." The Emperor, being present, asked the meaning of this curious oration, which Pater



THE URNS IN LORETTO CHAPEL, (ST. AUGUSTINE'S)

Abraham did not hesitate to tell him. He was known among the people as "Fabelhans" (Witty Jack). But the monk was honoured by all, from Emperor to folk, and was Court preacher at the age of twenty-seven. He it was who defined Macchiavelli's politics as the inverted Ten Commandments, and Caiaphas as the predecessor of that statesman's neat politics.

Less than five minutes' walk from here is the old Johanniter Church, now the Hungarian National Church, formerly belonging to the old Johanniter Order, or the Knights of St. John. It is in the Kärntnerstrasse.

It was Leopold VII. who first called this brotherhood, whom he had learnt to know in the Holy Land, to Vienna. They were the first Hospitallers to settle in this country, and came in the year 1200. Like so many other churches, this has also suffered from fire; but Ottokar had it rebuilt, and in 1839 it was completely renovated, so that little remains of the original building. The altar-piece is by Bock, and there are many fine examples of sculpture, one of these being a fine relief of the fortress of Malta. There are many of these old religious Orders existing in Vienna, and one sees them in their different garbs at the various festivities and ceremonies of Church and State which take place in the city during the year.

There are many interesting old monasteries, most of them no longer occupied by their Orders. One of these gave the name to the Himmelpfortgasse (The Gates of Heaven Street). There used to be a nunnery there, founded in 1230 by Constantia, daughter of Bela III., King of Hungary, but Josef II. dissolved it in 1782. A legend tells how a young, beautiful, and pious nun was gatekeeper, and one night on opening the door, she found a young man on the threshold, who had come to visit some lady of his family. Of course they fell in love with one another, and he came again and again to see

her, till at last, yielding to his temptations, she fled with him. Five years was she away, when, having been deserted by her lover, and having suffered many bitter privations, she returned in shame and humility to seek shelter in the old cloister. On timidly knocking at the door, it was opened for her and closed again by some unseen hand. The repentant woman made her way to the Mother Superior, fell on her knees, and begged forgiveness. She, however, thought the nun was under some hallucination, for, strange to say, her absence was unknown to her, for during the time she was away, the gate had been regularly kept. After hearing the confession of the sinner, both felt that the Virgin had sent an angel to perform the miracle, knowing that the erring one would in the end return to the shelter of the Church. This story is admirably told by Mr. John Davidson in his well-known poem, "The Ballad of a Nun."

CHAPTER IV

THE HOHER MARKT—RUPRECHT'S CHURCH—MARIA AM
GESTADE—SALVATOR CHURCH—WIPPLINGERSTRASSE
—OLD RATHAUS—MINISTERIUM DES INNEREN

THE Hoher Markt was the centre of the Roman Vindobona, their *forum altum*. The curious can see on a stone tablet on the building called Baron Sina's Palace, an inscription to the effect that on this spot during the second and third centuries there stood the Roman Prætorium, the seat of the Roman commander, while opposite was the Forum, the centre of public life in the fortress of Vindobona. The Romans seem to have lived pleasantly in their little city, which they had fortified, till the time of Marcus Aurelius, when Vindobona was threatened by various tribes of barbarians, who were at the same time a source of danger to Rome. But the Emperor conceived the happy idea of throwing a floating bridge across the Danube, and so the Roman legions were able to cross and defeat the enemy in the Marchfeld, that famous spot where so many battles have been won for Austria, the spot where Rudolf von Habsburg defeated King Ottokar of Bohemia, who was afterwards killed by some Styrian nobles, and so laid the foundation of the present reigning house in Austria, in 1278. Five hundred and thirty-one years later the fate of Austria was again decided on the Marchfeld, when Napoleon was defeated by the Archduke Karl at Aspern.

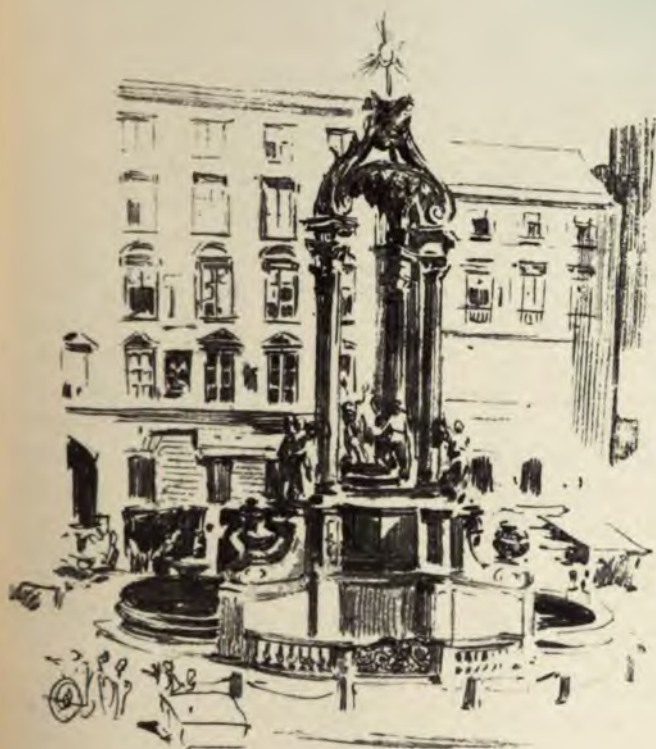
Whether Marcus Aurelius died in or near Vindobona is not certain, for the Roman camp was at Carnuntum, a beautiful spot on the Danube, not even far from

the city in the great general's time, and in these days of steamers, automobiles, trains, bicycles, and other conveyances, the place is very accessible. The remains of the amphitheatre are still to be seen, as also many other interesting monuments of Roman culture. Tradition says the general *did* die within the city walls, nay, in the Prætorium itself, and that his body lay in state there before being given over to the flames.

But we must leave the Romans and skip over a few centuries. The Hoher Markt is built on one of those numerous hills which together form the city of Vienna. Below flowed the Danube—now it is only a channel at this point, and there were frequent inundations. In the course of time on the Hoher Markt was built the chief granary of the city, for it was the chief market for the sale of articles of food. The vendors took up their quarters on the different *stiegen* or steps which led below to the Danube, each trade having its own place—the *Fischerstiege* for the fishers, the *Hafnerstiege* for the potters. Many of these places have long since disappeared, but here, too, enough is left to tell the tale. Here also are the remains of the old walls built by the Dukes of Austria. Those of the Roman walls have been found in making excavations along the Hoher Markt and Wipplingerstrasse.

It was on the Hoher Markt that the Guilds had their seat and held their courts; here, too, was the *Schranne* or prison, where were punished those who fell into the hands of the law; and here, too, were those sentenced to death first taken and prepared for execution, the final scene taking place Am Hof.

It is the names of the streets that remind one of the city, for little else is left. Marc Aurel Strasse is but a narrow Roman way, but it means much to the antiquarian. Now modern improvements are being brought to bear on the Hoher Markt, old houses have been pulled



HOHERMARKT WITH MEMORIAL.
ERECTED BY LEOPOLD I

down with a relentless hand ; but an open market is still held there every day till twelve o'clock.

In the centre is the monument erected by Leopold I. in fulfilment of his solemn oath, that if his son, Prince Josef, returned safe home from battle, he would have a memorial column built in gratitude to God. This was during the war of the Spanish Succession, in which Prince Josef played so distinguished a part at Landau in 1702. It is said that the prince himself made the drawings, but died ere they could be carried out, and it was left to his brother, afterwards Charles VI., the father of Maria Theresia, to finish the work, which was originally in wood. But the main part of the present monument is by Fischer von Erlach. It represents the marriage of the Virgin and Joseph ; the four Corinthian columns supporting the temple are the conception and work of this master. The four angels, all of Genoa marble, without the columns, are by Antonio Corradini, a Venetian. The monument was consecrated in 1732 by Archbishop Kollonitz, and so great was the excitement and enthusiasm that commemoration medals were struck three years previously.

The Hoher Markt, like Am Hof and the Neuer Markt, had its peculiar festivities, and very wonderful must they have been. The chief one was on mid-summer's eve, when there was a grand procession, headed by the Burgomaster and Corporation, on horseback, the riders in their richest garbs, horses caparisoned. They were followed by the populace in holiday attire of bright hues. Then there was singing and dancing, accompanied by the pipe and the tabor. And as evening came on bonfires were lighted, flags unfurled and waved in the air ; everybody was in high spirits. Women, dressed in the airiest of costumes, bestowed flowers and wreaths on the favoured ones. Then came drinking, the citizens growing more and

more hilarious, till it must have ended in a kind of bacchanalian feast. I remember some years ago witnessing a peasants' ball here in Vienna, where the proceedings were much the same as those depicted of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It was very ceremonious at the beginning, till the Burgomaster and Corporation for the occasion appeared. Then there was great jubilation, marching to drum and fife everybody *per Du*, only the girls were in more substantial attire, and their picturesque peasants' costume added their share to the colouring. Even these are things of the past, while the great midsummer eve celebrations came to an end with the eighteenth century.

Behind the Hoher Markt, towards the Danube, there are numerous small, narrow, and close streets, filled with cheap shops for ready-made clothes, egg dealers and general warehouses, and just opening out from one of them is the Ruprecht's Church, the oldest place of worship in Vienna. So small is it, and so hidden away that one does not at first realise what the building is. Here on this spot formerly stood the old Roman watch tower, and it is not known when that ceased to be and the little church came into existence. Some assert it was in the eighth century. However, it was there in the middle of the twelfth century, and completely restored at the beginning of the fifteenth. There are many traces of its early origin to be seen, the narrow windows, the old walls and the Roman arches, and also traces of early Gothic, but the restorers of the last century perhaps laid too heavy a hand on the little church.

The church is very interesting, and especially so the sacristy with its curious old bureau reaching nearly up to the low ceiling. An inscription tells us: "Sacellum St. Ruperto sancti Gualdus et Gisa Avarorum conversioni destinati Apostoli erectum Anno LCCXL."



SALVATOR PORTAL SALVATOR GASSE



ST. RUPRECHT'S, THE OLDEST CHURCH IN VIENNA

St. Ruprecht, or Rupert, was in Salzburg in the years 582 to 623, and founded a monastery near the salt mines, which, after the Romans had left the district, were deserted and forgotten. About the time of St. Ruprecht they were rediscovered, and salt was brought from Salzburg to Vienna along the Danube and landed at Salzgriesgate. This district and name still exists—the rest is modern!

In the rear of the Ruprecht's Church is the oldest Jewish synagogue in the city; outwardly of no architectural beauty, inwardly a perfect oval, the floor and surrounding gallery for the men, and the two upper galleries for the women. This, too, has suffered from too much renovation. The architect was Herr Kornhäusl. The temple was consecrated in 1826, the foundation-stone being laid a year previously. It was here that Cantor Sulzer officiated, who harmonised all the old Jewish traditional melodies.

All around is the Ghetto, for from the earliest times that the Jews settled in Vienna they have congregated about this part of the city. The oldest Ghetto, it is said, was the Judenplatz, just behind Am Hof, though nothing remains of it but the name.

In the Salvatorgasse there are two old churches, the Salvator and St. Maria am Gestade. The former is remarkable for its beautiful portal, dating from the middle of the sixteenth century, and shows the highest development of the Renaissance period. It is very rich in ornamentation, the motives being very various—holy vessels, leaves, shields, vases and trceries. On the lintel is inscribed, "Consecratu, Salvatori, Nostro, Jesu Christo." Above is an arch, in the niches of which are figures of St. Mary and St. Salvator. They are of great interest as showing the progress plastic art had made in Vienna at that time.

The second church, Maria am Gestade, or, as it is

sometimes called, Maria Stiegen, is one of the finest specimens of German Gothic existing, and, moreover, of singular beauty. The church is too closely-built round to show it in all its beauty, but that heightens the interest, for one comes suddenly upon new glories. The main façade is a noble piece of architecture. It has a wealth of ornamentation, the door being surmounted by a badalchin, which is also unique here. The septagon tower—a very rare form of building, and an original one in Vienna—has a cupola-formed roof from which the spire rises, and is of a later Gothic period than the main building. The choir is very noble in form, and has cross-beamed arches: everywhere simplicity reigns. The church is built on an incline, and the lower part of the building is of the twelfth century, the higher of the thirteenth, and but for a few necessary repairs the church is now as it was then, for this is one of the finest preserved edifices in the city.

Am Gestade (Gestade is the old German word for waterside) is a bit of old-world Vienna. Facing it is the Katzenstiege, behind the Fischerstiege, both leading to the Danube beneath, the latter being the *ad gradus piscatorum* of the Romans. Maria am Gestade (now the Bohemian National Church) was evidently built on this spot, that those going out of the city or coming in might first direct their prayers here before proceeding on their business or on returning. All around breathes of the Middle Ages, and we are indeed in an old-world corner.

Close by, with its front in the parallel street, the Wipplingerstrasse, is the old Rathhaus, which first saw the light in the thirteenth century, but to which additions were also made as necessity required. This, since the building of the new Rathhaus, is mainly let out for business offices and warehouses. The most beautiful part of the exterior is the portal, with its projecting pillars and capitals crowned with allegorical figures sup-



DONNER FOUNTAIN, OLD RATHHAUS, WIPPLINGERSTRASSE



FACADE, HOME OFFICE, JUDENPLATZ
(MINISTERIUM DES INNEREN)



ST. MARIA AM GESTADE

porting the city arms. There are many other traces of its early origin in the pointed windows and groined grey walls.

The old courtyard is a bit of the old city, with its various winding staircases leading up to the different parts of the building. Here, too, is another of Donner's masterpieces, a fountain with a bas-relief, "The Freeing of Andromeda by Perseus."

The interior of the old hall, which is circular, has very fine frescoes and stuccos, as also the old board-room, dating from the year 1453, the builder being one Meister Lorenz. The stained-glass windows, with arms of the different suburbs of the city, are of the nineteenth century, being the work of Carl Geyling. Here met those pompous and solemn old councillors bent on preserving the peace of the city and carrying out the laws. Here, in the Bürgerstube (Citizens' Council Chamber), in 1670, did they execute Count Franz Nadasdy, an Hungarian noble of great influence and wealth, for conspiring with others to free Hungary from Austria, and bring her either under the protection of France or Turkey. But the plot, in which, needless to say, women were concerned, was betrayed, and the leaders suffered the extreme penalty of the law. That must have been a solemn and fearful proceeding. First the Count was forced to listen to the decree which confiscated his title, lands, and property; then a few days later he was taken to the Bürgerstube, which contained only a simple altar with two tall wax candles burning upon it, the floor being covered with a black cloth. Here the sentence that he was to lose his right hand was revoked, but the death sentence upheld. His favourite page, who was with him to the last, prepared his master for death. Those were noble and unselfish services in the hour of greatest need. All those sentenced for high treason were so disposed of, and their heads exposed to the crowd.

One can see the other side of these old self-satisfied councillors when they left the old Rathhaus in pompous state to take part in the civic processions or those festivals held on the Hoher Markt, and in different parts of the city, and we can see them returning self-conscious that they have done their duty and sitting down to their cards and beer in their Bürgerstube, chatting pleasantly or solemnly over the events of the day.

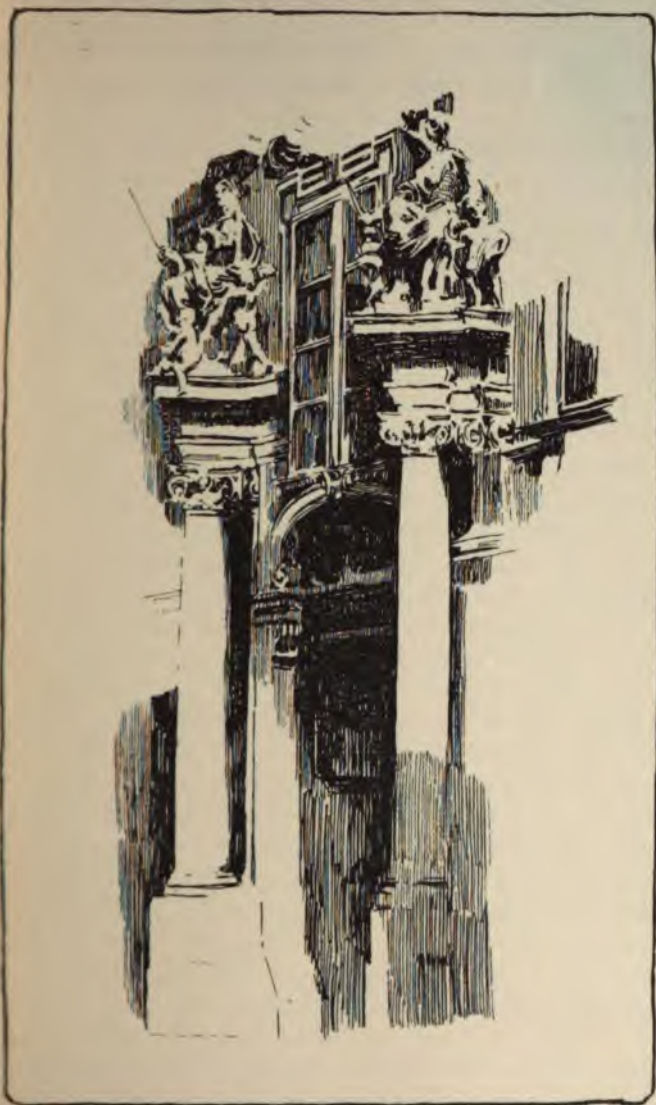
Just opposite the old Rathhaus is the Ministerium des Inneren (Home Office), formerly the Home Office for Bohemia. This is one of the most monumental buildings of the great period of Vienna baroque architecture, which saw its inception at the beginning of the eighteenth century. It was begun in 1711 and finished in 1714, the happy year which saw the end of the war of the Spanish Succession.

On the building is an inscription in Latin to the effect that, "This year (1714) saw the happy signs of peace (Treaty of Rastadt, March 7th, 1714) during which this building was completed by the architect Johannes Bernhard Fischer von Erlach." And in the vestibule is another one telling that the building was intended for the Affairs of the Kingdom of Bohemia, and was begun and completed under the reign of Charles VI., who again revived the happy times of Charles IV.

The building shows all the signs of Fischer von Erlach's greatest period of conception, both in grandeur of its architectural relationship and in beauty of disposition. The present building consists of two almost equal parts, but these are of different periods. That part built between the years 1711-14, and designed by Fischer von Erlach, lies farther from the Hoher Markt; the second façade towards the Hoher Markt, which is quite symmetrical with that of Fischer von Erlach's, having been built under Maria Theresia between the years 1752-54 by the great architect's son. In this wing are the offices



GRAND STAIRCASE, HOME OFFICE, WIPPLINGERSTRASSE



PORTAL, OLD "RATHHAUS," WIPPLINGERSTRASSE

E

of the Minister President (Prime Minister), as also the greater part of the suite of rooms which form his dwelling, for he lives on the spot; and here too is the Theresia Chapel, which is, however, of a later date, Josef II. having had the old one pulled down and this one erected in its place by the architect, von Hildebrand. However, the old door in the Jordangasse is still to be seen, and above it a fine piece of plastic art representing the ascension of St. Theresa.

The central tract is ornamented by four finely-modelled figures of Atlas supporting the ornamental mouldings. Above the door is a balcony with a French window leading into the Yellow Apartment, a magnificent room with rare yellow tapestry and hangings, and containing historical portraits. This window is crowned with the Bohemian Arms, above which rests the Bohemian Crown, borne by finely-modelled female figures, and also the Golden Lion of Bohemia. From the ground floor rise four Corinthian pillars, at the foot of each being a female figure standing on a high socle. The windows are ornamented with various plastics, bearing coats of arms. The central projection is crowned with a tympanum and above it a lion at rest. On the planes of the gables are two horns of plenty, placed in opposite directions and filled with fruit and flowers, and between these the arms of Charles VI. A beautiful stone gallery and numerous figures which formerly ran round the roof have been removed.

The Home Office, in its present shape, forms a right angle enclosed by four streets, the chief façade being in the Wipplingerstrasse, the others being in the Judenplatz, Futtergasse, and Jordangasse. That facing the Judenplatz is distinguished by its fine portal, as also by the window ornamentation and peculiar form of its roof.

There are many theories as to who was responsible for the sculpture which is all finely conceived and moulded, many authorities agreeing in considering it

to be the work of Mattielli, the most celebrated sculptor of that time, and who created many masterpieces of his craft.

Of the two main staircases that towards the Judenplatz is by far the finer, many of the valuable figures of the other one having been removed. The ornamentation is of the rococo period, and is not in place here, evidently dating from the first restoration of the building towards the end of the eighteenth century. The apartments, though large and very lofty, have nothing of particular beauty to recommend them except the marble hall, the magnificent brocades and hangings in the green room as well as the Yellow Chamber already mentioned, and the ceiling frescoes.

The building has suffered very much from the hand of the restorers. There were two reasons for this—lack of the right artistic feeling and want of money. But the renovation was necessary, for the edifice suffered severely from the bombardment of the city on the night of May 11, 1805, when the French cannonaded the city, and in the course of time many of the figures and mouldings had become dangerous to passers-by. The beautiful stone balustrades were removed and replaced by a primitive attica, and tasteless changes made in the interior of the building. The costly ceiling pieces painted on linen, which formerly ornamented the rooms of the Minister President, vanished, as did the marble figures from the staircase niches.

During a later restoration in 1822 many changes were made, the want of true artistic feeling again showing itself, for the figures, heads, and garlands were painted over in various colours so that the lovely female heads could hardly be recognised, and it was not until recent times, that is, seven years ago, that the finger-thick paint was removed and Mattielli's beautiful works of art again brought to light. And only then because the



PART OF STAIRCASE, HOME OFFICE



WÄCHTERGASSE
OLD VIENNA

sculptor to whom the restoration was entrusted had discovered a method by which stone figures and architectural forms can be revived in their original beauty and design.

At the corner of the Wipplingerstrasse and Hoher Markt is the Tuchlauben. Here in former days were the broadcloths of those days sold, the shops forming a kind of arcade, such as is to be seen in Innsbruck to this day. Later, this street became bound up with the history of music in Vienna, for from the seventeenth century the city became famous for that art, which will be dealt with in a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER V

ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE — ROTHENTHURMSTRASSE — GRIECHENGASSE — GREEK CHURCH — FLEISCHMARKT — UNIVERSITÄTS PLATZ — THE OLD UNIVERSITY — DOMINICAN MONASTERY

THE Archbishop's Palace faces the north side of St. Stephan's Cathedral, the chief entrance being in the Rothenthurmstrasse. It is so simple one might easily pass by without noticing it, especially as the under part is let out in shops, for the See is a poor one. The original of the present palace, which borders on the street, was built in 1267 by the priest Eberhard. Vienna was raised to a bishopric in 1579, Caspar Neubeck being the first Probst. He and his successors made additions to the little vicarage, but it was Graf Kollonitz, the first Archbishop of Vienna, he who nursed the wounded and took care of the orphans during the second Turkish siege, who afterwards enlarged it and did his best to make the palace beautiful. But that was not a period either favourable to bring forth great artists, or one of wealth to indulge in great works of art. Only the quadrangle court is still and old, and there is a sweet air of holiness and love about it.

The Rothenthurmstrasse (Red Tower Street) took its name from the red tower which formerly crowned the old gate leading down to the Danube, and must have existed from the earliest times. One of the streets to the right is the Wollzeile. Here it was that the Regensburg merchants, called by that man of genius, Jasomirgott, to settle in the city, had their quarters. The name still remains,



GRIECHENGASSE, FROM THE FLEISCHMARKT

that is all ; now it is the Fleet Street of Vienna, where all the great dailies have their offices. A little lower down the Rothenthurmstrasse, a street so narrow that it might easily escape observation, leads to the Griechengasse (Greek Street), opening out from the Fleischmarkt, the *via carnorum* of the Romans who dwelt here, and practised their culture, for many valuable finds have been dug out during excavations which have been made at different times for building purposes.

Even before the second Turkish siege Greeks settled here, and later came the Servians, so that in the course of years there was a regular Greek colony in these two streets. Leopold I., who died 1705, allowed them to build a little church, but like those of the Protestants and Jews, it was to be invisible to all but the initiated, and it was not till the time of Josef II., who issued the Tolerance Act, that the church took an outward form. Its present pure Byzantine style it owes to Baron Sina, a Greek who at his own expense had the church reconstructed after plans by Theophilus Hansen. The pictures on the central façade, which are painted on copper plate with a gold coating, are by Carl Rahl, a Viennese who studied at the Vienna Academy, afterwards becoming a Professor there. They represent the Trinity of the Greek Church—St. Simeon, St. Katharina, and St. George—and the Virgin and Child. There are also valuable pictures in the vestibule by Rahl's pupils, Bitterlich and Eisenmenger, who also painted their frescoes on a gold foundation. The walls are of various coloured marbles, the columns and capitals being richly ornamented in gold.

It was Leopold I. who saw the advantages Vienna would reap from a trade with the East, and it was he who protected the little commercial colony, and gave them a teacher to instruct them in the Eastern tongues, and so began the famous Oriental Academy

which Maria Theresia founded in the Jacoberhof to educate the youths of the city to trade with the Ottoman Porte, a work which is still being carried on, though in another and modern building. Not only are the Oriental tongues now taught, but also modern languages. Here, too, are those trained who wish to enter the Consular Service or to become official interpreters. Attached to it is a valuable library with a rich collection of books, coins, and such things as are necessary to further the science of languages.

From the old Fleischmarkt are narrow, dirty passages leading to other narrow streets, for the time that saw their origin necessitated such protection as these could give from the storm of shot, wind, and rain.

It is from one of these stunted ways that one suddenly finds oneself in another ancient corner, the old Universitäts Platz, which has played so important a part in the history of Vienna.

The first university in Vienna dates from the time of Duke Rudolf IV., son-in-law to the Emperor Charles IV., who in 1348 founded the University of Prague. Rudolf, seeing that the University drew all the youth of Germany, Poland, Austria, and other countries to its walls, conceived the idea of emulating it by converting the already existing seminary of St. Stephan's into a Hochschule. For that reason he sent to the Pope, who then resided at Avignon, for permission to found one in Vienna, obtaining his consent, on condition that theology should not be taught there. This was a great blow to the Duke, who, however, had already given the University her home between the Herrengasse and Schottenthor, in which teachers and students lived, and it was he who called the famous scholar, Albert of Saxony, from Avignon to take upon himself the rectorship and management of it. However, Duke Rudolf did not live to see the fruit of his great work.



GREEK CHURCH



SCHÖNLATERNGASSE



OLD ARCHES, UNIVERSITY PLACE
UNIVERSITÄTS PLATZ

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For years no further steps could be taken ; indeed, far from progressing, the University retrograded, for owing to the fact that the dukes who succeeded Rudolf were minors, nothing could be done by them. Then, too, it was a period of extreme bigotry among those who governed the city, and theology had no place in the University curriculum ; consequently the authorities thought there could be no proper control over the students, and they said "it was a waste of money." Fortunately another far-seeing Duke, Albrecht III., became master, and he gained the acquiescence of the Pope for the establishment of the faculty of theology, and since then all has gone well. That was in 1384. It was he who bought the land on which the old University now stands, and with it the old houses built thereon. These he had reconstructed and added new wings, the students living in colleges, as they do now at Oxford and Cambridge, with the exception that here the buildings were very modest, and the students were separated according to their nationalities. There were then four faculties, each with equal rank, Theology, Law, Medicine, and Philosophy, these four, and four only, being the faculties of the Vienna University to this day ; but Philosophy covers a wide ground, and includes all *tripos* examinations.

Naturally the University brought numbers of students every year to the city, and by the middle of the fifteenth century Vienna numbered between seven and eight thousand every year. Later to the Jesuits was given the right of management of the theological and philosophical faculties under certain fixed conditions, and in 1623 they began building their own college opposite the University, next the Dominican or Black Friars' Monastery.

It is curious and interesting to learn with what care Duke Albrecht arranged matters for the furthering of

the University. St Stephan's School was no longer to be a High School, but there the youths were to be prepared for the University, which was to be governed by an autonomy. Certain severe laws were made, the infringement of which brought condign punishment. The Emperor Sigismund also made additions to the old building, as did many of his successors, but it was Maria Theresia who had it again reconstructed after plans by Fischer von Erlach.

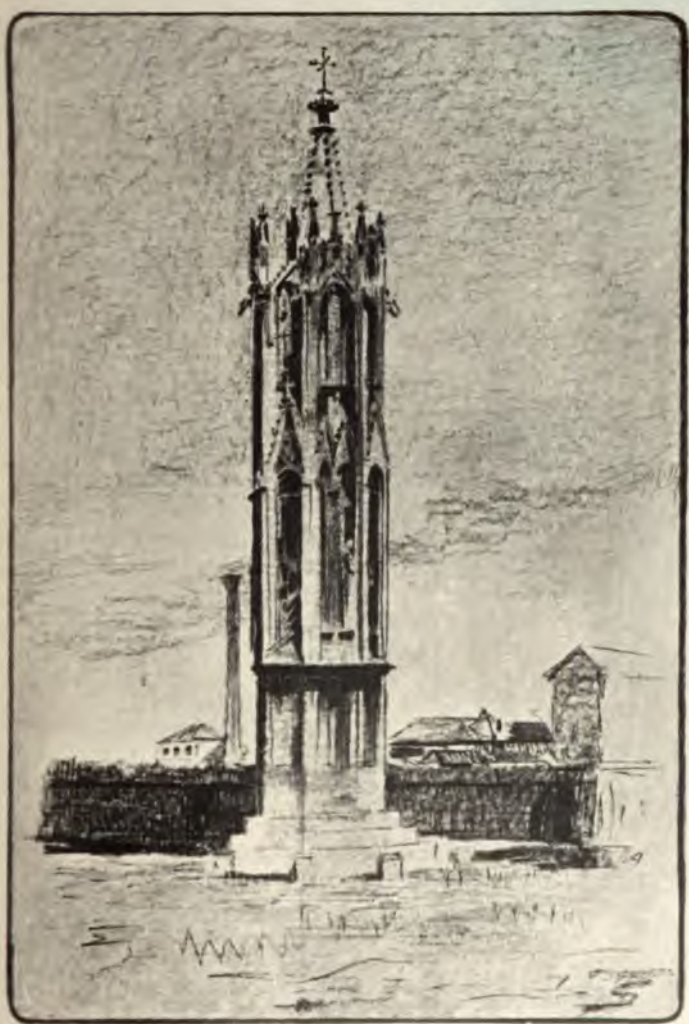
This Universitäts Platz has been the scene of many struggles. In the narrow square, in the Middle Ages and far onwards, the Town and Gown Riots of Vienna took place. Also battles, for the Turks bombarded the city to this point, and there was danger of shot and fire ; indeed, but for the protection of the Dominican or Black Friars' Monastery built behind it, it had probably suffered as severely as that monastery did. In the '48 Revolution, too, it was here the students and citizens met in fellowship to make their plans and settle what should be done for their furtherance.

The Dominican Brotherhood made their way here by way of Hungary, where they had been settled many years, being invited by Leopold the Glorious to found a home in Vienna. That was in 1226. Monastery and church soon arose, but again and again went through flame and fire, and never unscathed. Only in 1631-33 did the building take its present form, the Emperor Ferdinand II. paying the cost. This monastery is one of the oldest in the city. It occupies a very prominent position on the old ramparts, or what remains of them, close by the old Stubenthor, of which it commanded a view. That also has gone, as have so many other landmarks ; and here, too, in the course of time all will be again changed ; the new architecture will displace the old, for the heavy hand of the builder is already at work. Of late years houses have arisen,



FRONT VIEW, DOMINICAN CHURCH





SPINNERIN AM KREUZ



which tower nearer to the sky than did the old Dominican Monastery.

The Stubenthor is so called after the public baths, which were all round here, but only the name remains.

Here, by the old monastery, was the end of old Vienna, then you passed through the City Gate and were in the open ; behind you the city, before you the wide country, the Landstrasse or High Road to Hungary, the same road which the Romans of old must have taken when they came from their Petronel by land, the same way which the enemy so often took. Then a wide, open plain, now a busy centre, with Customs House and other governmental buildings, and city railway, electric trams, and other rolling-stock moving in every direction, still, however, bearing in some of her buildings signs of the ages that have gone—a closely populated part of the city is this old Landstrasse, but still there is an air of repose about it in the old gardens. The Landstrasse is now a part of the city of Vienna ; less than fifty years ago it was a village, hardly even a suburb of the great city. One of the chief points of interest here is the Spinnerin am Kreuz, the old place of execution. There are many stories as to the origin of its name, the most thrilling one being that a felon was brought there for execution, but in order to gain time he pointed to one among the onlookers, saying : "That man is my accomplice." The unfortunate fellow, Spinner by name, was at once seized, brought to trial, and suffered death. At the same time the other culprit was also hanged, for his false testimony did not save his neck. Too late was the unhappy Spinner proved to be innocent, and, in commemoration for his death, the place was named "Spinnerin am Kreuz."

The walls have disappeared, the sentinels have ceased holding their watch and ward on the ramparts, a new

Vienna has arisen, but still the old Dominican Monastery watches from her heights the crowd below, sees, too, a bit of mediæval Vienna; the old barracks which impeded her view have been razed to the ground, and modern mansions are arising on its former site.

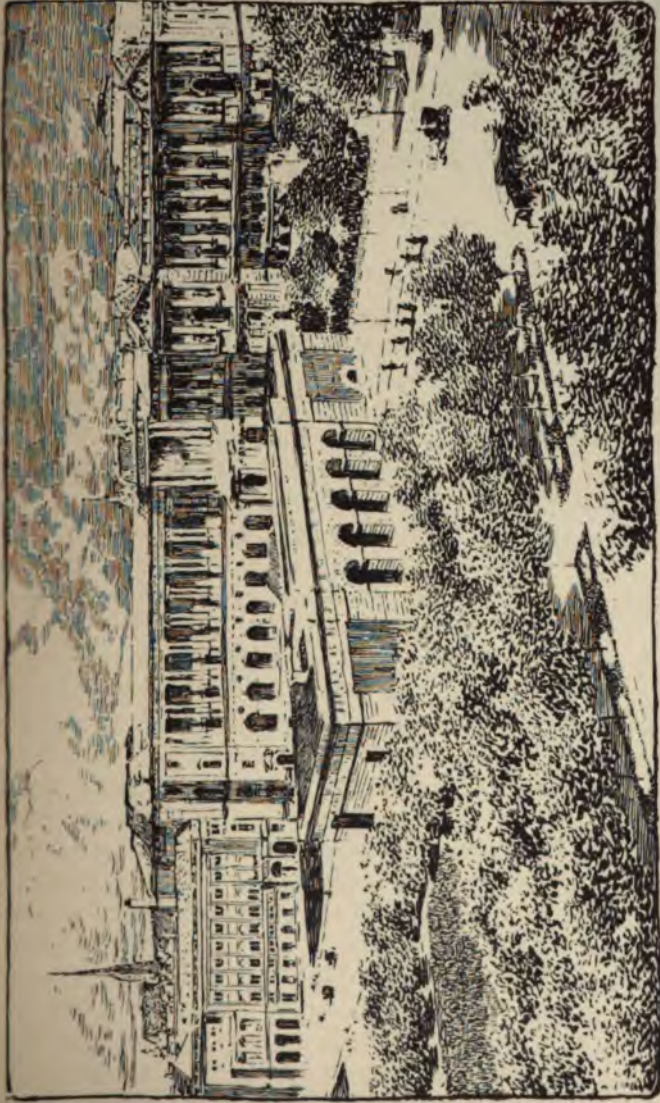
CHAPTER VI

THE HOFBURG

THE Hofburg is a beautiful old-world spot, its venerable walls telling of the growth of ages. It is built in various styles, each being distinctive of the time which saw its birth, and each showing the highest art of that particular period. The courtyards are open to all, they forming the highway from the Ringstrasse to the inner city. The palace was commenced by Leopold the Glorious about the year 1230, and is even now in process of building. Already eighty years, after Jasomirgott had built his little stronghold, Am Hof, the scene of action had become too narrow for his successors, for Vienna had developed into a prosperous city, merchants continually coming and going, and even founding their own colonies in different parts of the town. The Crusaders had done much to make Vienna known to the world, for it was the highway to the East. They spread her fame everywhere, telling of her peace, her prosperity, her gaiety, and her beauty. But the dukes were hemmed in for want of space. A short distance off were beautiful fields and meadows, smiling and fruitful, and here in the open space Leopold the Glorious decided to have a new citadel erected and enclosed in the walls of the city—new and stronger walls which were to fortify her from the enemy. His burg was erected on the same spot where the present Schweizerhof (Swiss Court) now stands, and this part is the oldest of the present burg. We know from old pictures that the building was

quadrangular, and flanked at each corner by a tower. Before the burg was the place of tournaments and other knightly sports, and here too they "flitted the time carelessly" away listening to the Minnesinger singing their songs of love, of God, and of their Lady. And a new city arose without the palace walls, a city inhabited by the nobility, courtiers, officials, and those about the Court, for whose devotions Leopold the Glorious founded the Church of St. Michael's.

In the course of time this old burg decayed, and so Ferdinand I. had it reconstructed, this being two hundred years after its first foundation ; but the new burg was also flanked by towers, for there was still danger of the enemy, and so there was no material alteration in the outward form of the little citadel, only the walls were stronger and more capable of resistance. And in the meantime the Dukes of Austria had become Archdukes, and Ferdinand I., who, by the way, was the founder of the Austrian branch of the House of Habsburg, took upon himself the title of Emperor of Germany, although he was not crowned by the Pope. It was perhaps on account of his self-conferred dignity that Ferdinand thought it necessary to make additions to his burg. He built the Schweizerthor which still separates the old part of the castle from the new. Here in this portico are still to be seen the beautiful frescoes made by an unknown hand by order of Ferdinand I., a monument of what Vienna could then produce in art, as is also the marble table, dated 1552, with its fine arabesques and figures of gold. From the shields over the gate we learn the countries which then comprised Austria ; they, too, are finely executed. Here, too, are still to be seen the chains which were raised or lowered for the egress or ingress of those going to the Schweizerhof, as also all that remains of the old Graben, now ivy-grown, which then surrounded the burg.



IMPERIAL PALACE, WITH NEW WING TO THE RIGHT

It was Ferdinand's fate to witness the first siege of the Turks in 1529, that siege which brought such sore days to the city of Vienna, for the enemy were within an ace of her walls and stormed and destroyed all within reach of cannon shot. Three weeks they lay about the city, but all their attempts to take it were unsuccessful, Count Salm heroically defending her. Ferdinand repaired the damages done, and also acquired land and enlarged the burg, having that part erected where the present Emperor has his private apartments, but which at that time was destined for the offices of the Court Chancery. He also had the Amalienhof built, that wing occupied by the late Empress, and what is more, it was he who gave Vienna her first hospital, then known as the Kaiserspital. And he again strengthened the fortifications and made a second wall of defence, so that the burg and city should be safer from the attacks of the enemy.

Kaiser Leopold I. was the next to make material alterations in the stronghold. It was he who built the Leopoldischen Tract (Leopold's wing) which still connects the new burg with the old Schweizerhof, thus forming the quadrangle, the fourth side occupying part of the Schweizerhof, as also the gate leading into the second quadrangle.

This Leopoldischen Tract was burnt to the ground, but a new one soon arose out of its ashes. Curiously enough with this fire is connected the foundation of the Stern-Kreuz Orden (Star and Cross Order), bestowed on noble ladies. The widowed Empress Eleonora kept her money, which was in the form of a cross, destined for the church, in this wing, and naturally it disappeared in the fire, but after long searching the gold was found melted but otherwise unharmed, and in memory of this miracle the Order was brought into existence. Charles VI., that great friend to Art, and all that concerned Art,

conceived the idea of aggrandizing his burg. For that purpose he employed Fischer von Erlach, the great architect, to make the plans, but they were irrecoverably lost. The architects of the new wing of the burg, which has just been finished, were Semper and Hasenauer.

The burg owes the Marmorsaal and Redoutensaal to Charles VI.—those magnificent halls where all festivities are held. The four grand staircases, the rebuilding of the Court Chancery, and the arch connecting this building with the Amalienhof and bearing his name, as also the triumphal arch from the Michaelerplatz, were constructed by Charles VI. Only during the present reign, some five years ago, did this arch assume its present form, the two massive sculptures, allegorical of power by land and sea, being from the hands of the still living sculptors, Professors Weyr and Hellmer.

Although not so stately and beautiful to outward view as other palaces, still there is something very inspiring and reverent that arises within us when we find ourselves in the shadow of her grey old walls. This Hofburg has played so important a part in history ; she has seen the Dukes of Austria become Archdukes, and they in their turn Emperors of Germany and King of the Romans, and finally Emperors of Austria. And all this time the Hofburg has grown as Austria has grown, and has shared her pangs and sufferings. More than once she has been within an ace of falling a prey to the enemy, for she has seen the storm of shot and shell ; still, she has kept her head high, and has multiplied and increased in the course of her ages. What history could this complex tell us, could she speak ? What scenes have been witnessed from her old windows, scenes of sorrow and scenes of gladness, then and now ?

We read in the book of tournaments by Hans von Francolin, and gather from the copper-plate engravings therein, of the great tournaments and tiltings held in the

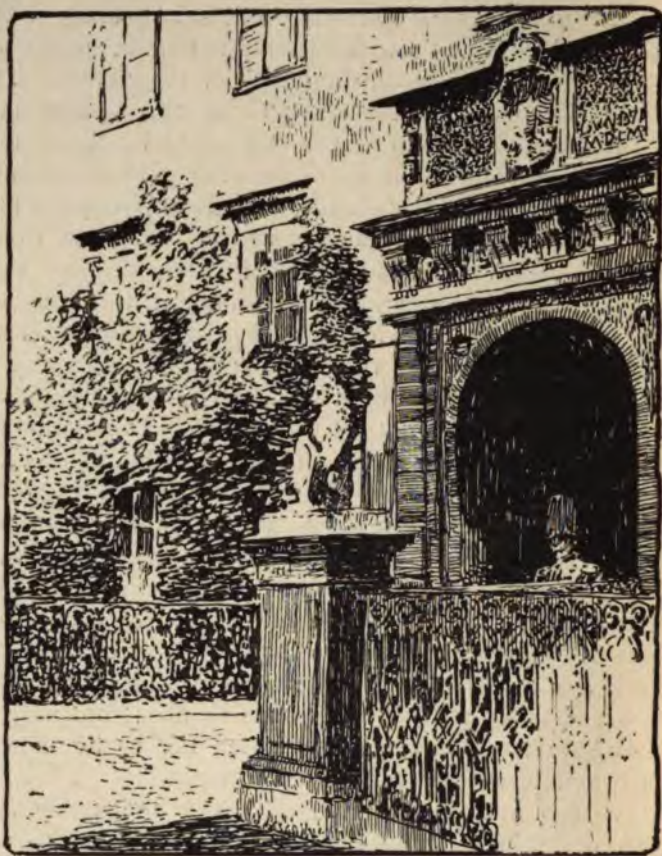


BRIDGE CONNECTING THE OLD BALLHAUS WITH
THE HOFBURG (*now demolished*)

Burghof in the time of Ferdinand I. in honour of his son-in-law, Duke Albrecht of Bavaria, in June 1560. A sham fortress having been erected, the knights proceeded to take it by storm. They fought on foot, their armour, shields, and weapons glittering and scintillating in the sun, and their bright plumes waving in the air, amidst the breaking of spears, until the taking of the citadel. The knights were double the strength of the squires and troopers, that the glory of the day might be theirs, and they alone had the honour of wearing gold ornaments. Of gold, too, were their chains, and also their spurs, and in the midst of this brilliant assembly rode the Court jester, in jerkin and hose, hind-before on an ass. Two days later there was another tournament, this time on horseback. Here the victory of love in allegory was the theme chosen, and we read how "Cupid was a boy of ten years, clad in a light garment so arranged and painted that all thought he was naked. His eyes were bound with a white cloth, and to his shoulders were fastened beautiful white wings ornamented with gold." The fool, threatening Cupid with the hangman and rod should Venus refuse to come to his rescue, led him among those knights and ladies present till at last he found his goddess. Then came fireworks and other festivities, including a banquet, after which the prize, a jewel, was conferred upon the successful knight, which we are told he received with due thanks; returning it to the lady he embraced her, and led her to the dance. What a picture of the times it gives us!

We, too, hear of serenades of which the music was composed by that Leopold who added so much to the burg, of a grand tournament in 1666 in honour of the marriage of Princess Margareta of Spain to this same Leopold, which must have been a magnificent sight. Two-storied galleries were erected right round the courtyard. The pantomime was allegorical of strife between

air and water, and which did the more to bring forth the pearl. Those were the days of the four Elements, and they were personified as follows—Air, a chariot of clouds



SWISS GATE, IMPERIAL PALACE

in which sat Juno ; Fire, as a mountain with many precipices—here were Vulcan and the Cyclops ; Water, a fountain with Tritons, in the midst of which was Neptune



ENTRANCE TO THE HOFBURG FROM THE MICHAELER PLATZ

on a throne of water-lilies ; and Earth was a pleasure-garden with a statue of Flora.

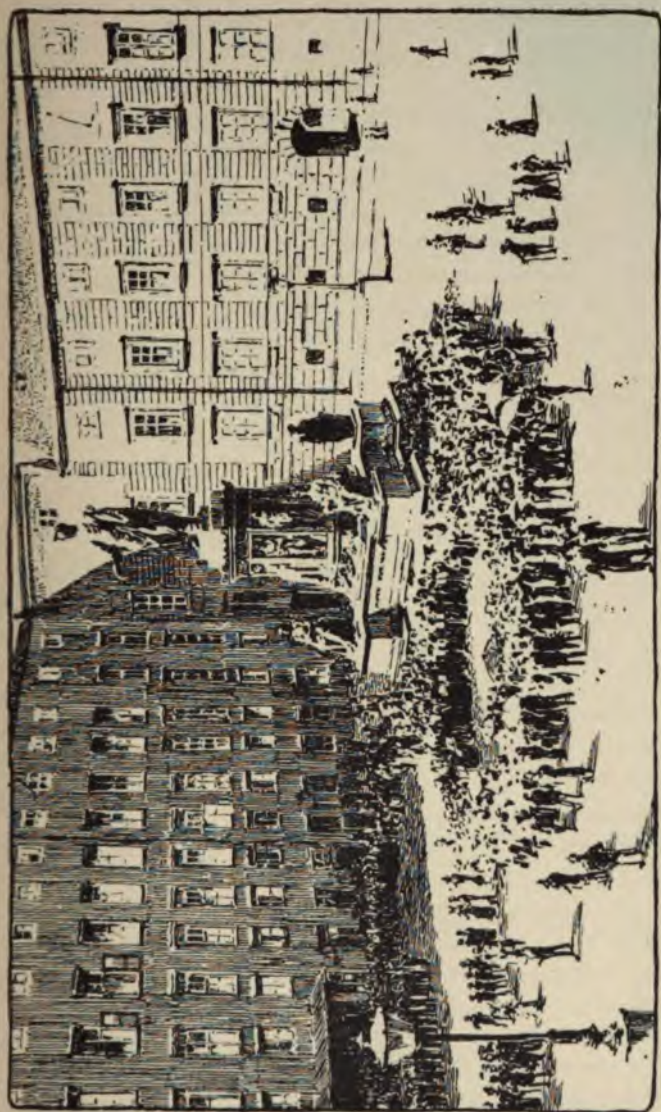
In the centre of the courtyard was the ship *Argo*, richly ornamented in gold in the midst of artificial waves. In it sat the singers and musicians. Each Element had a certain number of knights attendant magnificently dressed in rich and costly vestments. The singers then tried which of them could exceed the pearl in beauty, they in singing, she in her glistening loveliness and purity, but their tones were not as pure as hers, and so began the struggle of the Elements. Then from the Amalienhof came the blasts of the trumpets, the clouds parted revealing the temple of immortality, with the trophies and columns and statues of the Olympian gods, and from the gates of this temple issued a glorious procession headed by the chariot of Fame, the genii of the Austrian monarchs on horseback, the Emperor Leopold I. being his own genius, to these a number of attendants on horseback and on foot, and Fame gave forth her judgment that Princess Margareta was the pearl, and she was given to Leopold as a reward for his virtues. This spectacle being over, the knights, headed by the Emperor, danced a carousal. That must have been a splendid sight, for we are told that more than a thousand persons took part in it.

The Viennese even at that time must have well understood colouring and effect. To-day in the Burghof the scene is a very lively one, for the courtyards of the burg are open to all foot-passengers and carriages. Here, too, is the guard, their quarters being in the Leopold's wing, and facing the Emperor's apartments. Every day at one o'clock it is most exciting here, for crowds assemble when the guard is changed, delicious music is played by one of the celebrated Austrian military bands, the Kaiser, when in Vienna, is to be seen at his window, and all is jubilee. The guard being changed, comes more music,

the crowd, always a ruly one, following the band out of the Burgthor and through the streets—this is the burg music.

The Kaiser occupies a simple suite of rooms on the north side in the Court Chancery wing, facing the Leopold's wing, where are the grand state apartments. They occupy the whole of the first floor, both of the Leopold's wing and the Schweizerhof. The ordinary visitors to Vienna viewing these apartments make their way from the kitchen staircase, the Emperor and his guests from the Botschafter or Ambassadors' Stiege, which is of white freestone, very simple, there being little attempt at ornamentation.

The anteroom contains a number of family portraits ; which, with the exception of those of the Emperor and Empress, are by Winterhalter. In the Audience Hall there are no pictures to be seen. But the loss is made good by the grand old tapestries, most of them bearing the venerable age of 150 years. These are priceless, their colouring is noble and fresh, and their subjects of intense interest, for they relate the history of Vienna and the Austrians. Who the Austrian artist was who designed them is not known. The Gobelins were made in France. Those in the Trabantenstube (Halberdiers' Rooms) are descriptive of the siege of the Turks in 1683 ; not a detail is forgotten. And we have not only pictures of the attack, but also maps of the city. We see the troops under John Sobiesky, King of Poland, and Charles V., Duke of Lorraine, coming to the rescue ; behind is the Leopoldsberg with the old castle in which the Dukes of Babenberg formerly resided—that is, till Jasomirgott's time ; there is the Danube winding in and out ; mountains covered with fruitful vines ; there is the burg and St. Stephan's ; here the Alsbach (Als River) ; there the Turkish entrenchments. Others tell us of the struggles between the Hungarians and the Turks, the storming of the fortress of Gran in



RELIEVING THE WATCH IN THE HOFBURG—"THE BURG MUSIC."

1683, where Charles V. of Lorraine defeated the Mahomedans, after which the Turks fled to Ofen (Buda), where they were again defeated.

Other tapestries telling other history—the voluntary giving of the keys of Transylvania to the same Duke—part of which is that Sprach Insel (Language Island) where the inhabitants are the descendants of Saxons who settled there many centuries ago, and where German is still spoken. I can imagine no more interesting way of teaching the young of Vienna history than from these numerous and glorious old tapestries which cover the walls of five immense rooms.

Another great point of interest is Maria Theresia's bedroom. Here is the fine old baroque bedstead upon which her children were born. Somewhat massive it seems, and ponderous ; so dark a granite velvet are the hangings that even the heavy raised gold and silver embroidery hardly relieves it. The only other articles of furniture here are the costly Japanese cabinets, the first brought to Vienna and in the great Empress' time. From here we come to the cabinet containing miniatures of many generations of the Imperial family. We are particularly interested in those of the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon II., King of Rome, and his mother. He must have been a beautiful and winning child then, when he was too young to know that which afterwards embittered his young life—the fall of his father, Napoleon.

The Pietro Dura Chamber possesses certain attractions, though the mosaic pictures, in their gilt frames, make a strange impression on the onlooker ; the pictures want the warmth of colour given by the brush and feeling of the artist, for it is impossible to put that warmth into stone. One of these mosaics at least is priceless and unique ; it is cut out of one stone, and yet very varied are the colours, very beautiful the tones. The subject is a tiger chasing deer, and that has given the artist a

splendid opportunity of showing the technique of his art.

From the Marble Hall, with its glistening white walls, we come to the famous Rittersaal—the place of cere-



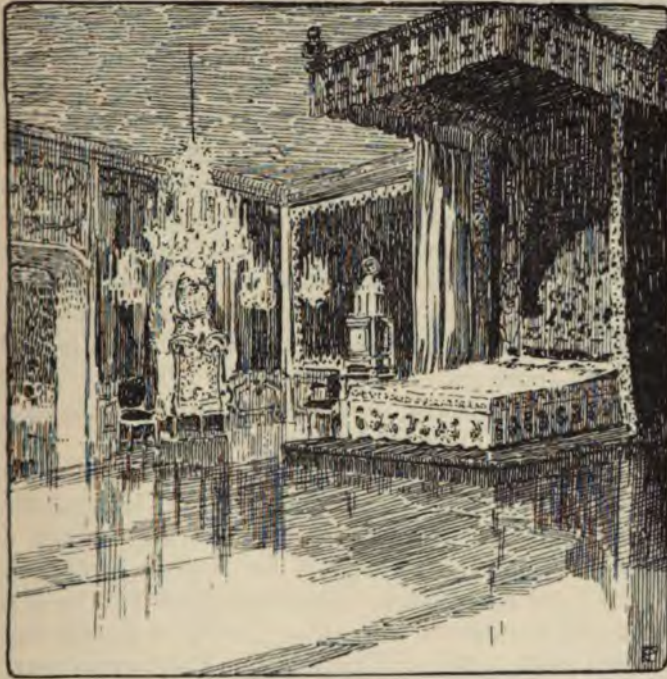
“POWER AT SEA,” FOUNTAIN AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HOFBURG
(MICHAELERPLATZ)

monies, of foot-washing, and of the Emperor's balls. It is indeed a splendid sight to witness these festivities. Around are twenty-four Corinthian pillars of yellow marble, the socles being of grey and white. The rich



RITTERSAL, HOFBURG

ornamentation of the walls, the fine plastics, no less than twenty-seven, all representing scenes from Greek history, the solitaire lustres through which the incandescent light sheds every shade from violet to orange, or the hundreds of candles shedding their uncertain light, help to make an



MARIA THERESIA'S BED

enticing and fascinating picture. Here are given concerts and soirées and formal dinners, less informal ones being given in the Marble Hall. Francis I. had the Rittersaal erected between the years 1802-5, when there was no thought, or little thought, of a French invasion, in spite of the fact that in 1798 Bernadotte had flown the French

colours over his dwelling in the Wallnerstrasse, thereby almost causing a riot, the people only being satisfied when they had pulled the flag down and destroyed it.

The Redoutensaal is older than the Rittersaal by some eighty years, it is also much larger, and, could it speak, it could relate a fascinating history. For the balls given here in the time of Josef II. and Francis I. Mozart and Beethoven composed music; here Weber's immortal "Invitation to the Dance" brought new life and fire into the dance; here were those famous masked balls held, given by Maria Theresia to celebrate her victory and peace. It was here, too, that was held that magnificent ball given by Francis I. in October 1814 in honour of the Vienna Congress, to which 10,000 guests were invited—anything more grandiose can scarcely be imagined. There was not place enough, and so the Winter Riding School was arranged into a second hall. This place was built by Fischer von Erlach, and is still considered the finest riding school in Europe. It is surrounded by a gallery, supported by forty-six columns, and so large that there is place for 3000 people.

It was first opened in 1743 when there was great jubilee, for Prague had been recaptured from the French. To celebrate this, Maria Theresia herself arranged a carousal in which only ladies of the highest rank took part. We are told how her Majesty herself led the first quadrille on horseback, her colours being of purple embroidered with gold and galloons. The horses were richly caparisoned in the same hue, also having gold embroidery. The second horseback quadrille was led by Countess Nostiz, the ladies wearing white brocade with gold embroidery, the horses being like caparisoned. Then came the quadrilles *en voiture*, led by the beautiful Archduchess Maria Anna, the dancers' costumes being of granite-red velvet, with white satin stomachers all richly worked in silver and with silver galloon, while



ROCOCO CHAMBER, HETZENDORF PALACE



MINIATURE CABINET IN THE HOFBURG

the ladies of the second quadrille *en voiture* were in blue velvet with silver embroidery. The carriages, too, were decorated in the same colours as the costumes of their occupants. One can fancy such spectacles and other like ones—the outriders, the inner circle of Vienna aristocracy, the bestowing of the prizes by the Dowager Empress, her daughter, Maria Theresia, being first among the winners. Her prize was a service of rock crystal, inlaid with brilliants and mounted in gold.

And yet another historical carousal was held here—that was in the Congress time. Only men and women of the highest birth took part in it, the days of the troubadours and trouvères were revived, and the event being over, the Ritterfräuleins were led to supper by their knights; this was followed by a masked ball, to which, it is said, three and a half thousand guests were invited. That must have been a sight worth witnessing. And as a fitting finale to these festivities, Beethoven himself, for the first time, conducted his “Schlacht bei Vittoria” at the concert given by Francis I., in honour of his guests, at the Congress.

CHAPTER VII

MARIA THERESIA—JOSEF II.—FRANCIS II. OF GERMANY,
FIRST OF AUSTRIA.

THE spirit of three great monarchs, Maria Theresia, Josef II., her son, and Francis I., hover over the city, and everywhere one is reminded of their work and recognises its greatness.

Maria Theresia was a true mother of her people ; she knew the best way to gain their affection, and having gained it, knew how to keep it. She knew the temperament of the nation, and knew that it understood her, and was in sympathy with her. In the midst of all the sorrows and troubles of her reign, owing to the breach of faith on the part of the nations who refused to recognise the Pragmatic Sanction, she never once thought of herself but always of her people, and it was for them that she hoped, and for their country and their rights that she struggled. She would have been content to have remained an Archduchess had not the higher duty, that to her nation, called her to arms. For herself she was not ambitious, and would have gladly retired to a quiet spot and lived in peace, but she knew the character of the nation which she was called upon to govern, and she knew how bitter a foreign yoke would fall upon it, and that thought encouraged her in the hour of her need and bitter necessity. It was for that reason she threw herself upon the generosity of Hungary, and her trust was well repaid. But this is not the place to speak of politics and battles, but her work as the mother of her



JOSEF II OBSERVATORY

(The Tower was the Observatory)



people. Once peace was arranged she could busy herself with home affairs, and the care she took for the social needs of her people, and the reforms she made for their benefit, are proofs of her loftiness of purpose.

The education of the young at that time was entirely in the hands of the Church ; few could profit by it or by the learning scattered abroad by the wandering teachers who went about the country sowing seeds on unfertile ground. Maria Theresa was an advocate for popular education. She brought about a reform in the gymnasiums by giving in 1746 the famous Theresianum, where so many celebrated men have been educated, to the city. This was built by Charles VI., her father, who called it the new Favorita in contradistinction to the old Favorita, now known as the Augarten Palace. Here in his new palace such scenes and festivities took place as Lady Mary Wortley Montague describes in her letter : " She had seen nothing more magnificent. Costumes and decorations alone for this spectacle must have cost the Emperor 300,000 florins." One can imagine the stage, the fountain, real boats and ships not only floating upon it but in action, shipwrecks, such as cost one famous singer her life, other plays, other spectacles, all carried out with a splendour hardly imaginable even in our days of spectacular resplendence. This palace the Empress gave as a school, originally for the noble youth of her monarchy. Many rich people endowed it, so that at last there was a way " open to talent." Josef II., seeing that the education was not being carried out according to his august mother's wishes, closed the school ; his brother, Leopold II., reopened and reformed it. For more than a hundred years it has been the chief school for secondary education on the Continent.

To Maria Theresa's liberality the Oriental Academy and the first Commercial Academy owe their existence. Although she understood little of the theory of science

herself, she knew its value. She added to the "old" University in the Universitäts Platz, and gave many new buildings for the purposes of education; she enlarged the Court Library and made additions to the works, and in all her educational reforms she was helped by her son Josef II., and by her body physician, Gerhard van Swieten, the most famous doctor of his time.

The first orphan asylum was called into existence by her, which is still doing good work. She founded the first Volksschule, thus giving the incentive to the education of her people, and she had poorhouses erected, and supported hospitals for the sick, blind, apoplectic, and paralytic. The Theresian Gate which she had erected no longer exists, neither does the Stubenthor, except in name, which she had repaired. As we have seen, she built the new Capuchin Crypt for herself and the Habsburg-Lothringens, and spent many hours praying at the tombs of her forefathers.

Maria Theresia hated the thought of public punishment and public execution, and so during her reign these took place in private, for she thought rightly, what has since been recognised by all civilised nations, that such publicity was demoralising and not exemplary to a nation. However, Josef II. was of contrary opinion, and revived the publicity. It need hardly be said that they are private now.

Her great aim was to centralise the government instead of each province ruling itself, for she grasped that foundation of a good government—*unitis viribus*. She encouraged the industrial development of her Crown Lands both personally and materially, for she possessed a far-seeing eye.

The Empress also turned her thoughts to the army, in which she always took great interest. She strengthened the military position, inspected her soldiers, visited their camps, even following their manœuvres and exercises on



OLD CHURCH, GRINZING

horseback. It was she who had the large barracks built so that it was no longer necessary to quarter the men and officers on the people. She founded the great military academy at Wiener Neustadt, and gave officers the right of attendance at Court and Court ceremonies, a right which they possess to this day. She, too, founded the Engineers' Academy in Vienna, and the "Invalidenhaus" for old soldiers.

She was never idle and never selfish ; like Elizabeth, she always gave way gracefully when it was a struggle between her own personal wishes and the good of the nation. She possessed great strength of character and firmness of purpose. Her personality, her charms, her beauty, fascinated all. She was passionately fond of music and the theatre, which she encouraged in every way ; she would listen attentively, eager not to lose a word. The story is told how one night she was at a performance when the news was brought that her second son, afterwards Leopold II., had had a son born to him. Excited, she stood up in her box and called to the audience, " Poldie has got a boy, and just on my marriage day." It was such real affection for her people which made them so attached to her. She never went out without taking bags of money with her, which she generously bestowed on her soldiers and the poor. She cared little for personal adornment, and alone with her beloved husband, Francis I., Emperor of Germany, she dressed as simply as any peasant. Yet in public she was fond of display. The relief of Prague she celebrated by a magnificent carousal in the Winter Riding School, in which she herself led the quadrille ; she took part in the sledging parties on the Neu-Markt ; she held serenades Am Hof with her son Josef II. She and her husband built Schönbrunn and also Laxenburg, living in summer at one or other of these palaces. Here she and her children and Court dressed as shepherds and

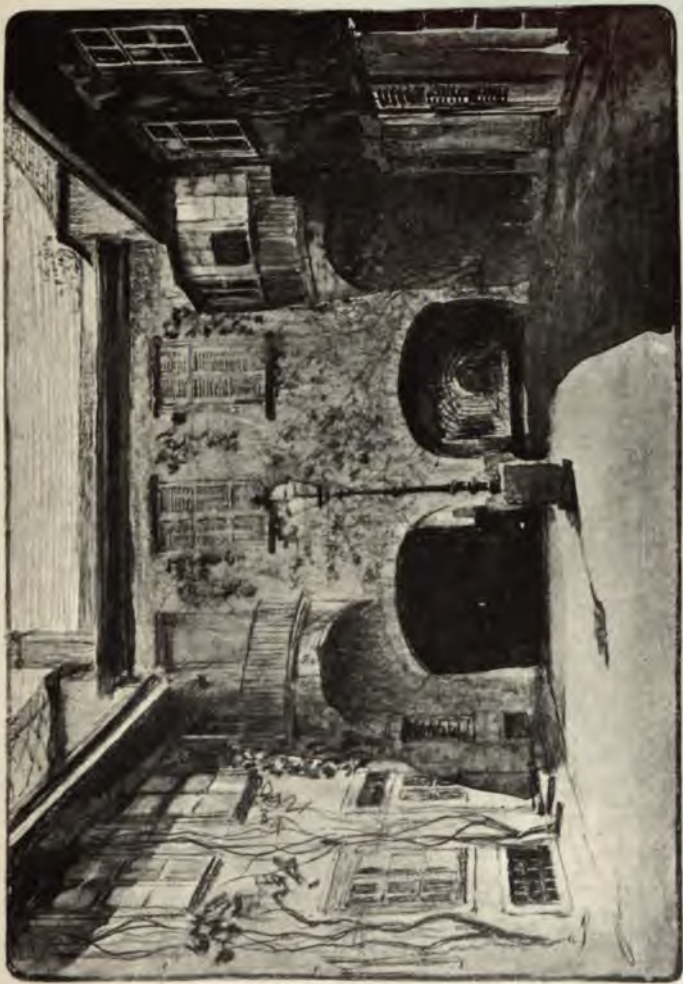
shepherdesses, played mythological plays, and passed the time as Marie Antoinette did at the Trianon before the fatal days began for her, and to this day the Viennese are fond of wearing peasants' costumes during the heat of summer when they are in the country.

There is a celebrated picture of the Empress by Meytens, showing a fine round face full of expression and lively interest, grey-blue eyes, beautiful small mouth "with ten thousand charms that touch the soul."¹ Her veil is thrown back from her face, leaving it exposed to view, her gown is of blue with rich embroidery of gold, and the sleeves are of lace. In later life Maria Theresia became corpulent, and after the death of her husband, the shock of which she never really recovered, her demeanour became very sad and troubled, but she was ever ready to try and forget her grief in helping others.

The Empress was so happy in her own domestic life that she wished every woman to be alike happy. For this reason she was very fond of match-making, though the results of such were often far from those wished for. Every year she gave outfits and dowry to a certain number of poor young girls that they, too, might realise their ideals.

Josef II. was crowned Emperor during Maria Theresia's lifetime, and he acted as Regent with her. He knew every corner of his kingdom and understood his people. He lived in the Leopold wing of the Hofburg, and was very simple in his requirements; for him no Court *chef* was necessary, a simple woman providing for his wants. He soon closed the purse-strings by putting an end to the charity the Empress had so lavishly expended, but he opened them wide when he saw that it was for the true welfare of his people. It was he who invited turners and watchmakers and other mechanics to settle in the capital, and he also

¹ Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.



OLD COURTYARD, DOBLING



encouraged other industries. He also founded the Allgemeine Krankenhaus, that world-renowned hospital to which medical men still come from all parts of the world to further their knowledge in medicine. It has now become so large that it is like a colony. All the monastery hospitals the Emperor did away with except that of the Barmherzigen or Benevolent Brotherhood, which exists to this day. And to obtain the money for these reforms he dissolved nearly 700 religious bodies and monasteries. Besides hospitals, he built with the money schools and vicarages.

It was for this reason that Pope Pius VI. visited Vienna in 1782, the Emperor and Court riding as far as Wiener Neustadt (some one and a half hour's journey by rail even now) to meet his Holiness. There was great pomp and state, Emperor and Pope driving back to the capital in the same carriage. His Holiness stayed a whole month, preaching at the various churches, the cathedral, and on the balcony of the church at Am Hof, visiting the Capuchin Crypt, and interesting himself in the welfare of the city.

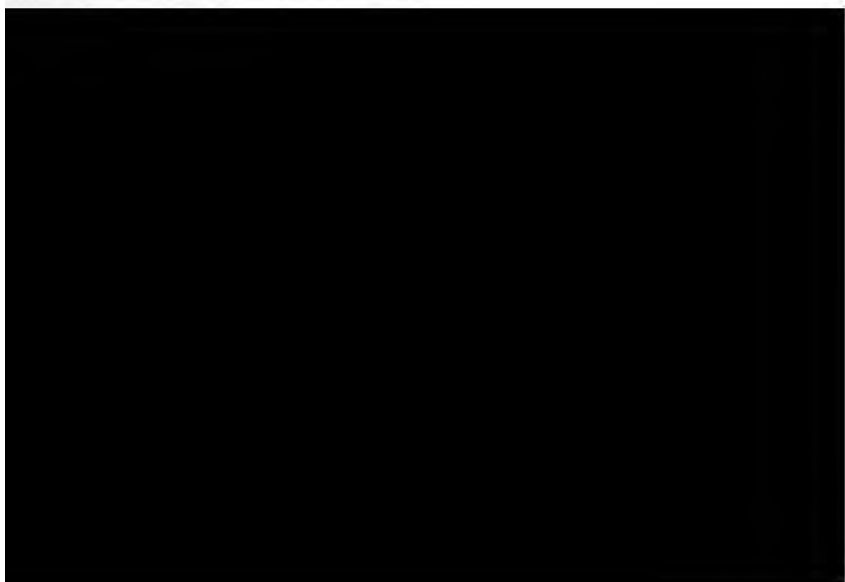
Josef II. founded the lunatic asylum, a home for paralytics, one for deaf and dumb children, and a foundling hospital; and in the greatness of his heart he threw open the Prater and the Augarten to the Viennese in perpetuity. On the main entrance to the Augarten is still to be seen in large letters the inscription Josef himself wrote: "*Allen Menschen gewidmeter Erlustigungsort von ihrem Schätzer.*" A beautiful story is told in connection with this garden being thrown open to the public. On hearing of the Emperor's intention a nobleman said, "If the common people are allowed to have free entrance, where can I walk with my equals?" The answer was characteristic of Josef II. "If I wish to walk with my equals," he said, "then I must go to the Capuchin Crypt."

Josef II. loved music. Every one is familiar with the picture in which the boy Mozart is depicted playing to the Emperor and his Court. He, too, loved literature, art, and drama. He brought German opera and German drama into vogue in Vienna, and they have remained popular ever since. The Imperial or National Theatre owes its existence to him, as does the Opera, though the performances were given at the Theatre an der Wien. Gluck, Haydn—he knew and appreciated. He would listen appreciatively to dramas by Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and other famous poets. He furthered art by having all the Imperial treasures collected and placed in the upper Belvedere Palace, and had it thrown open to the public that they might be encouraged to study art, and so began the famous Kunsthistorisches Museum. Here the collection remained, gradually increasing in beauty and in value, till the new home was opened for it by the present Emperor some eleven years ago. And Josef II. also gave a home for the Imperial School of Art, which he founded in the Annagasse in the old St. Anna Monastery, and he helped professors and students in every way, as well as by his personal interest in the undertaking.

Josef II. was always restless where it was a question of the welfare of his people. He was indefatigable not only in his intentions, but in realising them. It was for this reason that he issued the Toleranz Patent (Toleration Bill), which gave religious freedom to Protestant and Jew; but the great Emperor was before his time, and the Act was rescinded by his successor in his short reign of two years. It was in his desire to understand personally his people and know their wants, and if possible fulfil them, that the monarch, dressed as a simple citizen, wandered within and without the walls of his city and observed and judged for himself. And his instincts were true ones. Many beautiful stories are told of how he



OLD VIENNA HOUSE (DEMOLISHED)



alleviated distress, and many had cause to bless him. We are also told how an official, instead of giving the corn provided by the Emperor for the starving people, amused himself with his friends. The monarch, seeing a crowd outside the office, demanded the reason, and on hearing it, went in and asked the official why he did not distribute the corn. He answered it was none of the inquirer's business, and was rude. The Emperor then disclosed his identity, and dismissing the man, himself gave the grain to the people.

Many, too, are the stories told of him when he gave audience to all who liked to come in the celebrated Controllor's Gang or corridor in the Hofburg, where he daily listened several hours to the woes or complaints of his subjects.

He visited prisons too, and a famous tale is told how one day he asked several prisoners for what reason they were there. All said they were innocent except one man, who fell on his knees and begged forgiveness, which the Kaiser granted, saying, "This bad fellow is spoiling all the innocent ones; send him home to his people."

Another characteristic tale tells how once a deserter was brought before him who, in answer to the Emperor's inquiries, said, "His father was in great distress and he had no money to help. The reward for informing of a deserter was twenty-four florins; he wished his father to gain this sum, but he was nevertheless a true soldier, and would serve him faithfully were he forgiven." Josef was so touched by this reply that he not only forgave him, but named him Lieutenant, gave him his uniform and equipment, and provided for his future.

Once a deputation of Vienna citizens came to thank him for the personal help he had given in putting out a great fire. To them he answered, "I was a man before I became Kaiser, that is, the best part of me."

Other reforms he made too. He did away with tithes,

forced service, and serfdom, and he remitted the school fees of the poor. He obliged all to send their children to school till their twelfth year. He founded charities for the deserving poor. And he gave Vienna the celebrated school for the free education of daughters of officers, which still exercises its influence. He was also the first monarch to see that noble must pay as well as citizen, and the former class were for the first time forced to contribute by paying taxes.

Unfortunately, Josef II. only reigned ten years, but of those ten years not a moment was lost; all his energy was spent on his empire, for he had neither wife nor child to turn to; both his Consorts had died, as also his only child, so that he was free from all domestic cares. But all the love he felt for children he expended on his niece, Elizabeth of Würtemberg, afterwards wife to Francis, his favourite nephew, who later became Francis I., the first Emperor of Austria, whom he had educated as future monarch of the dual kingdom. It was her death which hastened his, for on the same day that she was interred he died. "You must hurry," he said, "and bury her, that you may get ready for me."

It was in 1804, just as Napoleon had been proclaimed Emperor, that Francis II., Emperor of Germany, took upon himself the title of Emperor of Austria, thinking that, should the Roman-German kingdom be ever disunited, Austria would still keep her rank as a nation. On August 11th of the same year this was publicly given out, and next year his title was confirmed, and Vienna became the residence of the Austrian Emperors, instead of, as before, being the seat of the German Emperors. And from this time forward Francis II. of Germany became Francis I. of Austria, and the head of the House of Habsburg has from that day been known as Emperor of Austria. For on August 6, 1805, from the balcony of the Church zu den neun Engelchören am Hof, it was



OLD WALL, ST. SEVERINNUS CHAPEL, HEILIGENSTADT
(5TH CENTURY A.C.)

made known by order of Napoleon, that the German Empire, which had existed for 1000 years, was dissolved. Francis I. saw sad times in Austria, Vienna being twice occupied by the French, and he forced to leave the city, and in the end his daughter, the Archduchess Marie Louise, was sacrificed to Napoleon to bring about peace; this is history, also that he was obliged to join the Allies, and do his share to bring about Napoleon's fall.

The Vienna Congress, which met in 1814-15, also belongs to history. Those were eventful days for the city, great men came from all parts and were sheltered within her gates. Then followed great fêtes, in Schönbrunn, in the Hofburg, in the Prater, and in the Augarten, till it was said that because of the number of entertainments the Congress could hardly turn to the questions to be settled. "*Le congrès danse mais ne marche pas,*" it was said.

The scenes must have been magnificent beyond description, and the *Te Deum* must have resounded in the Wiener Wald, that glorious forest surrounding the city. Everywhere was jubilee, there was peace at last, and Vienna could breathe freely.

Indirectly the Congress did much for the furtherance of art, for it brought Sir Thomas Lawrence in its train. He was commissioned to paint the great picture of the Congress, and he also painted those celebrated portraits of Metternich and others. Metternich invited him to his house; they became great friends, and again and again the Grand Chancellor and artist met, and they were also together in Italy. Lawrence painted the Grand Chancellor's daughter. She was wonderfully beautiful, and then in her sixteenth year. Lawrence had seen her walking about with her governess, but had no notion who she was, but always wondered at her beauty. At last he saw her entering the Metternich Palace one day, and found that she was his friend's daughter, and she sat

for him. But he was not able to finish her portrait, and so took it with him to England. In the meantime the young Princess was slowly fading away, and the Grand Chancellor was in great distress. She always longed to see the picture before her end came, and had her wish, for it arrived shortly before she breathed her last.

Francis I. did his share in beautifying the residence. The outer gate of the Hofburg, bearing the inscription, "Franciscus I., Imperator Austriae, MDCCXXV.," was erected by him after plans by Peter Nobile. During a visit to Rome he saw Carnova's famous "Theseus and the Centaur," which Napoleon had ordered from the sculptor, acquired it, and had the Theseus Temple in the Volksgarten built specially for its reception, Peter Nobile again being the architect. The Temple still remains, but the sculpture has been removed to the Imperial Art Gallery. It was Francis I. who helped also in economical matters. In 1816 the Austrian privileged National Bank was founded, so that financial matters could be furthered. He also gave Vienna the Polytechnic, now the Technical Institute. The building has little changed, but it is doomed fortunately, and there will soon be a Technical University.

Vienna attracted large numbers of people, the houses were not sufficient to shelter all, new suburbs sprang up without the city walls, the houses in the narrow streets were pulled down and new and larger ones built in their place, and the streets widened, and so began modern Vienna. And with this began a happy era for the city. And when one speaks of "Alt Wien" and "die guten alten Zeiten," the days of Francis I., after the fall of Napoleon, are meant.

CHAPTER VIII

NAPOLEON IN VIENNA

IT was Vienna's sad fate to be twice invested by the French under Napoleon during the short space of less than five years, each time being obliged to yield without striking a blow in defence.

It was with fear and trembling that the country watched the approach of the enemy, as they came nearer and nearer upon the capital. Napoleon had left Paris on the 24th of September 1805, making his way to Bavaria, where at Würzburg the Bavarians joined him, the united armies then advancing upon Geislingen, four miles from Ulm, the headquarters of the Austrian army, Napoleon intending to prevent the Austrians from joining the Russians, who were making their way from Upper Austria. Bernadotte forcing his way, in spite of protest, through neutral Prussia, came upon the rear-guard of the Austrian army, so cutting them off from the Russians. Two battles were fought the same day at Günzburg. Everybody knows the result of these, and how General Mack preparing for an obstinate defence of Ulm, within whose walls the entire Austrian army under that officer had withdrawn, was surrounded by the French and finally forced to capitulate. This was a terrible blow to Austria, and Vienna saw the enemy before her gates.

Before the capitulation of Ulm, that is, on the 8th of October, preparations were made to protect Vienna from the enemy. The Bürger-Militz (citizen soldiers), composed of nobles and citizens, were called in, and the guarding of the city walls and gates given over to

their charge. Strangers, except the Russians, Prussians, English, Swedes, and Danes, were forced to leave the city and make their way out of Lower Austria. All horses and vehicles were recruited for the use and defence of the capital. In the meantime, all the treasures of the Imperial Court and city were removed for safety to Hungary. And a special ship was sent under escort to that country containing the valuables of the citizens, for the safety of which the Emperor made himself answerable.

On the 9th of November the main body of the French army had reached St. Pölten,¹ their chain of pickets reaching as far as Purkersdorf,² so that there was no more hope for the capital; and therefore it was that Francis I., desirous of sparing his subjects from death or worse, and his residence from destruction, sent a commission, composed of Prince Prosper Sinzendorf, the Prelate of Seitenstetten, Count Julius Veterani, Ignaz von Keess, the Burgomaster of Vienna, Stephan von Wohlleben, Aloys Schwinner, and Franz Pöltinger, to St. Pölten, to recommend to Prince Murat the capital and residence. The latter, before giving a decided answer, wished to know if the Tabor-Brücke across the Danube was still standing, because, he said, the safety and security of city and residence depended upon his finding it uninjured. While these negotiations were going on, preparations were being made in Vienna. The Emperor and Imperial military left the city, the Watch was given over to the armed citizens, and everything was put in order for the reception of the enemy. Then hope again revived in the people, but soon died away when they heard that the French, although for a time hindered by the Russians with whom they came in contact at Dürrenstein, that historical spot where Richard I. was

¹ An hour's distance by express train from Vienna.

² A village just outside Vienna.

imprisoned, were marching rapidly onward. Napoleon, who on the 11th of November had joined his army at St. Pölten, soon began the march on the capital, the main body of the French army making their way through the Wiener Wald,¹ Baumgarten, Schönbrunn, Mariahilf, and Neubau.²

During this time the pickets stationed on the lines outside and round the city, saw that nobody entered or left without permission, and, spite of Murat's threat, preparations were made for blowing up the Tabor Bridge across the Danube. At last the advance guards of the French arrived at the Schmelz, where they came into contact with the rearguard of the Austrian army, but order soon prevailed, the Austrians withdrawing over the Danube.

On November 13th Napoleon had taken up quarters at Sieghardskirchen, where a second deputation was sent to him by the city, the French Emperor receiving its members in a very friendly manner, assuring them that person and property should be respected. In the afternoon of the same day a French general and suite entered the city, inspected the armouries and arsenals and other strongholds, and in the evening came orders for the city to deliver forage and rations for fifty thousand men. This was a hard blow, for already food had become very dear, and there was always continual danger lest the enemy should stop supplies coming in. But there was no real fear on that score, for it was no part of Napoleon's plan to starve the inhabitants or cause them more distress than the natural consequences of the occupation of a city by the enemy would bring in its train.

It must have been a solemn moment for the Viennese when they saw the first column—fifteen thousand strong

¹ The Vienna forests.

² The villages; now the three last are part of the city.

—under Prince Murat, marching through the city with flags unfurled, guns cocked, swords drawn, cannons loaded, and matches lighted ready to fire should occasion require. But in spite of inward excitement, order ruled everywhere. Outside the Hofburg the French were saluted by the guards, then in quick march they went through the city—Kohlmarkt, Graben, Stock im Eisen, St. Stephan's Platz, Rothenthurmstrasse, out by way of the Rothenthurmthor, where they were again saluted by the citizen guard, then making their way to the Leopoldstadt by way of the Tabor-Brücke, which fortunately was found intact, they took up their quarters there. Everywhere peace reigned, the shops were open as usual, no attempt of any kind was made to hinder the march of the enemy; yet the citizens must have breathed more freely when the soldiers had left the city, except a garrison of about 3000 men left to guard it.

Prince Murat took up his residence in the Albrecht Palace, on the ramparts of the city, with General Hulin, who had been appointed Governor of the city, in the Lobkowitz Palace. Napoleon intended residing in the Amalienhof, but for some unknown reason he changed his plans and settled in Schönbrunn. Somehow or other he seemed to fight shy of the city, rarely entering her gates, and then generally at night when he could better hide himself from the eyes of the curious. On other occasions he would drive rapidly through the city, closely surrounded by a guard. But Napoleon had nothing to fear from the Viennese; they had promised their own Emperor obedience to his commands and to await patiently events, and however uneasy and anxious they may have felt during the first occupation, it assumed no outward expression.

On their part the enemy tried to make matters as comfortable as possible for those in their power, for though the city was under French command, the citizens

had nothing further to fear beyond officers and men being quartered upon them. Count Rudolf Wrba, to whom the Emperor Franz had entrusted the charge of the city, was very anxious in his efforts to keep peace between the two nations. But in the meantime provisions had become scarcer, and at the same time the prices increased, while the *semmel* or roll of bread diminished in size as it increased in price. Prince Murat gave strict orders that none of the peasants bringing in food were to be molested, whether they came by land or water, for the Danube was then the great highway; but in spite of this and other precautions taken, the population suffered much from hunger and want.

A report that the citizen militia were to be disarmed, and that Napoleon would review them on the glacis without the city walls, gave rise to some uneasiness and excitement. But neither took place, for in the meantime the French Emperor had received despatches of such importance that he at once set out from Schönbrunn accompanied by his Guards. Many regiments of infantry followed him, and it was 11 P.M. before all had left for Stockerau, near Vienna, the other side of the Danube, the place of assembly. From here the French army marched to Brünn¹ in Moravia. Near that town was fought the bloody battle of Hollabrunn, in which the Russians were again defeated. While this terrible fighting was going on, nobody was allowed to leave Vienna without special permission. Unfortunately a rumour got about that the French were defeated, and this might have led to very serious results. As it was, the citizen militia were removed from the watch, which was given over to French soldiers, the city gates were kept locked, and all vehicles appropriated by the enemy. Placards were hung up in the streets telling of the successes of the

¹ Brünn is about three hours' railway distance from Vienna.

French ; the people became more and more dejected, till they learned that Napoleon had no idea of entering Brünn, where Kaiser Franz was then living. The Russians had withdrawn from there, and were being followed up by the French. Then came the defeat of the Russians at Guntersdorf, and the Austrian Emperor's retreat to Olmütz, the French vanguard being only a day's march from the place.

The same evening General Oudinot was brought wounded to Vienna, and carried to his residence in the Grünangergasse. Other wounded officers and men were carefully attended to in the hospitals to which they were taken.

Further restrictions were imposed on the Viennese, for orders were given that the people were not to congregate about the streets, and all coffee-houses were to be closed at eleven o'clock. In spite of these and other commands, the French soldiers and the citizen militia were on very good terms ; together they kept patrouille, and the magistrates held with the French governor that it was unnecessary to increase the number of militia to keep the safety of the city or prevent outbreaks on the part of her inhabitants, for there was no danger of excesses.

Then came more sorrows for the people. Orders were given to carry away the cannon and ammunition from the Imperial arsenal, among them being those cannon captured at Munich during the Seven Years' War. Large sums of money were demanded from the city, whose coffers were already empty ; large quantities of wine were demanded, and the bins were already drained dry.

Another fear overwhelmed the Viennese, for on November 30, the Burgomaster, von Wohleben, was forced to give up the keys of the thirteen city gates ; but their hearts became lighter when they found that

they were still to remain open as usual, though a bridge was thrown over the Danube, and fortifications and bastions closely examined. Then, again, the hearts of the citizens beat more freely, till the fatal day of Austerlitz, near Brünn, and the bringing of the French and Russian wounded into the city, as also a number of Russian prisoners. These latter were in a terrible condition ; through their rent clothes one could see their bare limbs ; their headgear was gone, as were also their boots. The good-natured Viennese threw food and money to them, which were seized with such avidity that it almost led to a riot, till the militia came upon the scene. The wounded were again placed in the hospitals, where the most famous medical man of his time, Dr. Carl Borromaeus, Count Harrach, attended them with such devotion and self-sacrifice, that the French physician, M. Corvisart, drew Napoleon's attention to him. It is said the Emperor would have liked to acknowledge his thanks to the Count, but the doctor always took care to avoid him.

The people hardly knew whether to believe the accounts given by the French as to the number of prisoners, and a story is told how some one placed a bed on the Hoher Markt, and a French officer seeing it, asked why it was there. "Oh," was the quick answer from a bystander, "that is the ten thousand beds for your sixteen hundred prisoners." But the hearts of the Viennese were too heavy for them to give their usual spontaneously witty answers, for more requisitions and contributions were demanded, more forced loans, and the inhabitants suffered bitterly from scarcity of food, made worse because the Archduke Charles, who was still in Hungary on the other side of the Marchfeld, having no official intelligence of what was going on, failed to send food to Vienna. And in addition to this there was an insufficiency of copper coin, so that the pay-

ments had to be made in paper money which was issued specially for this purpose.

On the 12th of December Napoleon again entered the city, being received at the Rothenthurmthor by the Burgomaster. He rode as usual, very quickly through the streets, surrounded and accompanied by about six hundred officers and men. Again he took up his residence at Schönbrunn, where he passed away the time pleasantly, operas, conducted by Cherubini, being given in the theatre which Maria Theresia had built for her children. In vain Count Wr̄bna tried to obtain admission to his presence with a view of getting him to reduce the contributions demanded. On that same night, December 17, Talleyrand came to Vienna and had an audience with Napoleon at Schönbrunn, after which he at once set out for Pressburg, where the Peace Congress had come from Brünn.

While arrangements for peace were still being carried on, Napoleon reviewed his troops, about 14,000 men, on the hills between Schönbrunn and Penzing. Here came Prince Borghese, the husband of Napoleon's favourite sister Pauline, bringing with him the Order of the Golden Fleece he had received from Spain, and Marshal Duroc with the Black Eagle bestowed on him by Prussia. After having been received with loud acclamations of "Vive l'Empereur!" and saluted by officers and men, Napoleon rode back to the barrière, where he remained during the defiling of the regiments. This being over, payment followed, the officers and men receiving a whole year's hire, and each a large sum of money according to his rank—money which, of course, had been obtained from the forced loans put on the Viennese. After this, Napoleon returned to Schönbrunn.

On the 27th of December he rode to Stammersdorf, a village near the city, where he had a conference with the Archduke Charles, brother of Kaiser Franz

This conference lasted two hours, Emperor and Archduke embracing one another on arrival and on departure, Napoleon presenting his noble enemy with a beautiful dagger richly set with brilliants—that dagger which the city of Paris had sent to him after the battle of Marengo, and upon which the device was inscribed, “Veni, vidi, vici.” This had been erased, the words “Souvenir d’amitié” being engraved in its place.

At nine o’clock that same evening, news was brought that the Peace of Pressburg was signed. And that same night Napoleon, accompanied by Prince Murat and his Guards, left Schönbrunn for Munich, leaving behind him the following proclamation :—

“Inhabitants of Vienna,—I have signed peace with the Emperor of Austria. Being about to return to my capital, I wish, before leaving, to express the respect I bear to you, and my satisfaction at your good bearing during the time you were under my command. I have given you an example which has no equal in the history of nations, that is, ten thousand of your national guard have been under arms and have guarded your gates, and your arsenal I have left under your care during the various chances of war.”

Two days afterwards the French commander, General Hulin, left Vienna after having given over his command to General Morand. The same day the first Austrian regiment, under the Crown Prince Ferdinand, re-entered the city ; then followed another one, under Prince Johann von Liechtenstein. By degrees the whole of the French army left the city, till on the 13th of January, with the exception of those in hospital, all the enemy were gone.

Preparations were made for the return of Francis I., who entered his capital January 16, 1806, where he was received with great joy and solemn processions, prayers being offered up at all the churches, and the *Te Deum* sung. The days that then came were happy, order was soon

brought about, damages repaired, and the city was again beginning to flourish when the hour of danger drew near once more, and it was with a heavy heart that the Emperor Francis followed Napoleon's operations and saw he was again marching upon the city. But it was not the intention of the Austrians to deliver their capital undefended into the hands of the enemy. On the 6th of January 1809, the citizen cavalry and militia began exercising on the glacis; two months later there was a mustering of six battalions of the Austrian militia, and on the 8th of March the guarding of the city was again given over to the citizens.

On the 9th the flags were solemnly consecrated, and the next day the militia marched from the city.

On the 28th of March a patriotic cantato, written by a celebrated Austrian poet, Heinrich von Collin, was given at the Burg Theatre, at which not only the Emperor but also his third wife, the Empress Ludovica, was present. How the inhabitants loved the Empress it is impossible to say. She was born in Milan, and in consequence of the victories of Napoleon in Italy, she and her family became homeless and also landless. Her father, the Archduke Ferdinand, dying in 1806, her mother, Beatrix Riccarda d'Este, came with her daughter and three sons to Austria, where they resided at Wiener Neustadt, Ludovica intending to enter a nunnery. But the Emperor, who had been a widower nine months, learnt to know her, loved and married her. It was she who was received by the Hungarians at Pressburg, as they had formerly welcomed Maria Theresia. To see her was to venerate her. She had the courage of a man. She would have wished to have been born a man, only to show how she would have fought for the Fatherland. She encouraged all, and carried all away by her enthusiasm. She and her ladies embroidered scarves and banners for the army, her-

self afterwards fastening them on. How she worked, and how she inspired all by her presence, is history.

Then followed other preparations, while the Austrian army marched into Bavaria, only to suffer three defeats. So the way again lay open for Napoleon, and preparations were made for his reception. As before, all strangers were obliged to leave the city, the command of which was given over to the Archduke Maximilian. Many of the inhabitants of the outlying suburbs sought the protection of her walls, and every care was taken to prevent a bread famine and to keep good order. Many of the churches and palaces were prepared as hospitals for the sick and wounded. Excitement for war ruled the city; at any price to prevent a second occupation by the enemy. A patriotic literature arose; only patriotic songs were sung. And all this, though the Viennese knew that, should Napoleon reach the capital, resistance would be worse than useless. What a change from the apathy, indifference, and curiosity with which they looked upon his first coming.

The women, too, helped; in every salon scarves were knotted. They took an interest in politics, and urged their most loved and dearest ones to the struggle. And the citizens followed the example of the nobles. They gave freely what they had, supported those whose husbands were in the Landwehr; others took no rent from those whose males were fighting for the Fatherland, rich men entered the ranks; some killed themselves because a physical defect prevented their being accepted as soldiers. That was a glorious time for the Viennese. Then was their patriotism expressed.

In the meantime the headquarters of the French army were again at St. Pölten, but by the 10th of May 1809 they had reached Schönbrunn, from where they spread themselves in a crescent round the city, in the same way as the Turks had done in 1683. Then crossing the

Danube, they began the bombardment of the city; this was May 11, 1809.

Seeing the city in such danger, and realising the terrible loss of life which would needlessly ensue, the Archduke Maximilian determined to yield, Count O'Reilly being sent to Napoleon with power to make terms of capitulation. The French Emperor had again chosen Schönbrunn as his residence, and from there he issued his orders commanding the Austrian gendarmerie to keep peace in the capital.

After the capitulation there was no disorder in the capital, the theatres were opened, the programmes printed in French and German, and the enemy made themselves merry. Napoleon also amused himself at the Schönbrunn Theatre, where operas and ballets were given.

Once in the city there was danger of excesses because Napoleon was holding fête and had commanded the ballet from the Burg Theatre to appear at Schönbrunn, while the French soldiers, not knowing the orders of their Imperial master, in vain awaited the appearance of their favourites in the theatre. Chairs were broken, but fortunately order was restored as soon as the cause of the absence of the ballet was known. It was at one of these performances that the pan-harmonicum, invented by Melzel, a Frenchman, was first heard and met with an enthusiastic reception.

The usual distress of a city during foreign occupation was inevitable. As before, provisions became scarce and dear. The French took possession of St. Stephan's Tower and the Observatory. They shared the watch with the citizen corps, and lived on good terms with them.

This time, too, Napoleon kept away from the city, rarely coming within her walls. His General of the Staff, Berthier, lived in the Alleegasse 23, and to him the French Emperor often went, strict orders being given that no

one should come near when he was there. He sat in a corner of his carriage, face muffled up, and always looked searchingly about him on getting out and before being driven away. Most of his discourses with Berthier were held in the garden where no one else was at hand. The very gardeners were shut up in the conservatories while these conferences were going on, but to one of them is owing the knowledge of how these precautions were taken.

But the peace was to be broken. The French army recrossed the Danube, and on the 21st of May were at Aspern on the Marchfeld, where a bloody battle was fought, the Austrians, under their hero, the Archduke Charles, winning, not, however, before the French had taken the field four times, each time being repulsed by the Austrians. It was in vain that Napoleon tried to regain the situation. This battle lasted two days, the losses on each side being terrible. Napoleon withdrew with his remaining troops to the Lobau, another district of the Danube, where they remained till July.

After Aspern there were many excesses in Vienna, the scarcity of bread making matters worse, and there were continual struggles between the armed citizens and the French, till at last the order came for their disarmament. Then came the battle of Wagram on July 5, 1809, where the Austrians were defeated. After this the French again took possession of all the valuables they could lay their hands on, but all were returned after the Vienna Congress, 1815.

But they had soon to turn their attention to another quarter, for after Aspern and Wagram and Znaim many wounded soldiers were brought into the city, the Viennese nursing friend and enemy with such a devotion, that the French, in order to show their gratitude, hung up placards on the walls, on which was written in French : "God bless you, good Viennese. You have dried the

tears of the wounded French, and cared for them as for your own citizens. The great Napoleon will reward you."

The officers and men seemed to have lived pleasantly in Vienna, and were on very good terms with the citizens. They rarely left their quarters except in the evening, when a French gambling-house attracted their attention, and it speaks well for the Viennese that with the evacuation of the French, gambling-houses disappeared once and for all.

Napoleon was again at Schönbrunn, where he remained till peace was brought about. On the 15th of August his birthday was celebrated with great pomp and military honours, flags were unfurled, houses decorated and illuminated, a great parade was held at Schönbrunn, sixty cannon were fired from the city walls, and all the bells pealed forth their joy. The whole of the way from St. Stephan's to Schönbrunn, a distance of about four English miles, was flagged; a solemn service was held in the cathedral, where a baldachin of red velvet was erected near the high altar, under which was placed a red velvet chair ornamented with gold. The Archbishop and other members of the priesthood were in their most gorgeous robes, and it was said that since the days of Joseph II. no celebration had been held in Vienna where so much general sympathy was shown. But one man openly gave vent to his feelings, for on his house in the Mariahilfer-Strasse, the illuminations formed the words, "*Zur Weihe an Napoleon's Geburtstag*," the initials being very large and forming the word "Zwang" (force). Fortunately the French did not understand this, nor another written in large transparent letters, *Wien*, but with smaller ones between, so that it read "What is the end of Napoleon? Napoleon's end is *Wien*."

Napoleon, too, visited the Imperial Crypt in the Capuchin Church. It is said that he came late at night,

and knocking softly at the door, was admitted after disclosing his identity. He stayed some time in deep thought, and with a heavy heart turned away. Never in his wildest dreams could he have thought wife and child would rest there one day! From Schönbrunn he made various excursions to Wiener Neustadt, to the famous district of the Semmering, and other places.

It was on the 9th of October that Friedrich Staps, the son of a minister at Erfurt, made the attempt on Napoleon's life at Schönbrunn as he was about to hold one of the many reviews he so delighted in. But the would-be murderer was surrounded and overpowered. It is said the Emperor would have forgiven him, nay, even asked him if he would be his faithful servant, but Staps answered: "The old feeling would always rise in me." He was then given over to the physicians to see if he were of sound mind, and they being convinced that this was the case, the youth was shot.

At last peace was signed. This time Napoleon left Schönbrunn without bidding adieu to the citizens of Vienna. This was on the 15th October 1809, but it was not till the 26th of November that the last detachment of the French army left the city. And before final departure the fortifications were sprung; the last to suffer being the Löwel bastions, and they again took the cannon away with them.

On the 26th of November good Kaiser Franz entered the city, and there was great jubilation everywhere and solemn service of joy and thanksgiving. One of the first acts of the Emperor was to have six new cannon cast to replace those taken by the French, and on them in raised letters is still to be seen, "*Franz I. den Bürgern Wiens für erprobte Treue und Biedersinn.*"

Next year Napoleon was divorced from Josephine, his new choice fell on the Archduchess Marie Louise, daughter of Francis I., and on the 4th of March 1810

Berthier came as Grand Ambassador to Vienna, where he resided in the Schwarzenberg Palace. On the same afternoon he was ceremonially received at the Hofburg, where the Emperor gave him audience. In the evening there was a dinner given in the Apollosaal, at which the Emperor, the Imperial family, and Ambassador were present. To this followed the Redoute Ball given in the Redoutensaal, at which 6000 persons were present, the decorations being so magnificent that they have become traditional.

Two days afterwards Marie Louise gave her consent. The same evening Gluck's "Iphigenie of Taurus" was given at the theatre park in the *Theater an der Wien*, and in another two days she was married in the Augustine Church, the Archduke Charles, her uncle, being proxy for Napoleon. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Vienna. All the theatres were thrown open, all were free to witness the performances, and the city was illuminated.

On March 12th Berthier left the city to make his way to Napoleon, and on the 13th Marie Louise, Empress of the French, took leave of her father and her beloved stepmother, the Empress Ludovica, and all those with whom she had spent her youth, and left the city, only to return to its shelter on the fall of Napoleon.

CHAPTER IX

THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT

BEFORE Rostand's romantic drama, "L'Aiglon," which roused renewed interest in the fate of the Duke of Reichstadt, was produced, Sarah Bernhardt paid a visit to Schönbrunn, there to study the rooms which the young prince had inhabited during seventeen years of his life; these still remain as in his days. From the windows she could look out upon the Gloriette built by Joseph II. on the top of the hill, from where one has a view of the whole of the Wienerwald. A brief life! Only twenty-one years; but during this short space, how many hopes were excited; hopes that a Napoleon II. would one day rule over France. Party intrigues suffered a deadly blow when the news was heard that the young duke had breathed his last at Schönbrunn at a few minutes after five on the morning of July 22, 1832.

Much mystery has been made, and many foolish stories have been promulgated, as to the cause of his death, none of them based on any right foundation. He fell a victim to that terrible scourge which has robbed so many young of their lives—consumption; a disease still more prevalent in Vienna, perhaps, than in other large cities. Many stories, too, have also gone abroad as to the manner of his education and general bringing up, as also about those men who were entrusted with the care of Napoleon's son. These rumours a recent book,¹ written with the greatest impartiality, will

¹ *Der Herzog von Reichstadt, ein Lebensbild nach neuen Quellen, von Eduard Wertheimer.* Stuttgart und Berlin, 1902. J. G. Cotta'sche Buchhandlung Nachfolger.

do much to contradict. This book has been largely consulted before writing this chapter.

Successively King of Rome, Napolon II., Prince of Parma and Duke of Reichstadt, his life was passed with little variation except in the outward form of his titles.

Everybody knows the story of his birth and the danger in which his mother, Marie Louise, swayed, and how, when Dubois the doctor told this to Napoleon, the latter asked, "What would you do if she were the wife of a simple citizen of Paris?" On receiving the answer, "I should use my instruments," Napoleon said, "Act as if she were the wife of a citizen; but if you cannot save both, save the mother." And the Emperor's agony was so intense that he said, when he heard all was safely over, "At such a price I desire no other child." At the same time his joy was so great at the birth of his son that he cried out, "My pages and a hundred cannon"; and as the first shot resounded through Paris at ten o'clock on the morning of March 20, 1811, loud were the rejoicings everywhere.

The title of King of Rome should his son have, and none other; that title which, but for Napoleon, who had destroyed the German Empire, had belonged to the House of Habsburg, to that prince who later became the Emperor Ferdinand I. of Austria, King Ferdinand V. of Hungary, and who reigned over Austria-Hungary till 1848, when he abdicated in favour of the present Emperor.

Loud were the cries of delight when the birth of the child was announced to the Viennese. We are told how the news spread from tongue to tongue, and how the people cried out, "Our good Archduchess, Marie Louise, has a prince. What a joy for our Emperor!"

It was on the 9th of June 1811 that the little one was baptized in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, under the



DUKE OF REICHSTADT'S ROOM, SCHÖNBRUNN

name of Napoleon Franz Josef Carl ; and in the presence of those assembled to witness the ceremony, Napoleon took his son in his arms, his face full of the ecstasy of joy.

Napoleon spent much of his time with his wife and child in those happy and quiet days of his life before his ambition again mastered him. He played with his boy and was jealous of every moment he was forced to be away from him and the Empress. Who can say whether the child in after days remembered his father ? Even children of two years have been said to have very retentive memories ; and perhaps the Duke of Reichstadt, reserved and self-possessed as he was always, hesitated to speak of such nebulous fancies.

That Marie Louise, too, was happy in her wedded life with Napoleon may be gathered from her letters to her father, the Emperor of Austria. Once she writes to him : "You were glad could you witness my domestic happiness." She appears to have soon got over her dislike for the man whom she, for political reasons, was forced to marry.

A brief space of happiness and then the overmastering ambition of Napoleon and his fall ! In after years Marie Louise wished to hear no more of the man but for whose greediness of power she would have lived in peace as Empress of France.

Three years, and the Emperor had said his last good-bye to mother and son ; for though at first they wrote to one another, their correspondence soon ceased after her return from Aix, whither, while Napoleon was at Elba, she had gone as Duchess of Colorn, to take the waters which had been prescribed for her shattered nerves. This was the only time she again set foot in France, and there was great fear lest she should visit Napoleon at Elba—a thing which was in every way undesirable.

It was on this journey that she became acquainted

with that Count Neipperg, who was to play so important a part in her life, for he had been commanded to accompany her to the watering-place. There are many tales as to their mutual connection at this time, but all without foundation ; for the count was very anxious to rejoin his troops at Parma, or at any rate to be appointed as diplomat to Turin. But this was not to be. Count Neipperg remained with Marie Louise, and whatever their relations may have been before the death of Napoleon, three months after that event she contracted a morganatic marriage with him, the son of that marriage afterwards receiving the title of Prince Montenuovo from the present Emperor, and so founding that family.

After her return from Aix Marie Louise ceased all intercourse with Napoleon. She must not be blamed for this, for hers was not a nature capable of deep feeling or of self-dependence. She was at that time twenty-five years of age, but had never acted on her own responsibility. She obeyed her father to the last, and always had infinite faith and trust in his judgment, and was glad to be able to give over Napoleon's letters to him, and so be relieved of any obligation on this account.

At no time could a woman of Marie Louise's character understand the greatness of a Napoleon, and that there could be greatness even in a fall was beyond her comprehension. Therefore it was that she preferred being a Princess of Parma to an ex-Empress of France. For her a master-hand was necessary, and under a master-hand she was happy, as she was with Napoleon ; and that master-hand being gone, she remained her own weak self till she found some one who could guide her. It is for this trait of her character that she has been so much blamed. Napoleon felt the silence bitterly. He was often seen weeping before the picture of his boy, whom Marie Louise, when she had first returned to

Vienna, found "had all the character of his father and none of the Habsburgs." But she had ceased to think of the great conqueror suffering under the weight of a double sorrow in Elba. The news of his escape from there, instead of filling her with joy, caused her grief. She felt the need of peace, and that was all she cared for. She wrote to her father, begging him to protect her and her son. Marie Louise, however, was the plaything of fate, and as such we must judge her. All the blind belief which she had placed in Napoleon for a time she returned in double measure to her Imperial father. From her earliest childhood she had been accustomed to obey him, and the course of events with Napoleon must have led her to think that the only safety she had was with that father, and all the old aversion she had once felt for Napoleon again arose and overwhelmed her.

The letters which Count Anatole Montesquiou, son of the Countess Montesquiou, governess of the young prince, brought from Napoleon were at once handed over to her father. This count is supposed to have wished to kidnap the young prince, but the stories are so varied that one does not know what to believe. The probability is that he never gained possession of the child, although the tale went about that two ladies of the French nobility who had voluntarily followed Marie Louise to Vienna had dared to attempt to steal the boy. These ladies, with several others of the French suite, were sent back to Paris; and the Commissioner of Police, Karl Edler von Tappenberg, who was then custodian of Schönbrunn, reported that he had been the means of recovering the prince.

It was in June 1815 that the commissioner became cognisant of the projected kidnapping, and followed the carriage in which the ladies were seated, and when they stopped to change horses examined it. It was hollowed

out behind, and on closer inspection he found a door leading into the secret part, which was lighted above by a small window and aired by small holes. In the middle was a very beautiful chair, upon which sat the Prince of Parma and a little companion, plentifully supplied with beautiful toys and confectionery. But there is no foundation for the story. True it is that there was fear some one should try to steal him, and, for this reason, to all the Austrian frontiers descriptions of the boy were sent, with instructions that any persons attempting to cross the borders having a child answering to this description were at once to be stopped. Interesting it is to read the description of his appearance. He must, indeed, have been a bonny little fellow. "The child is two and a half feet high, somewhat plump, has a very smooth and beautiful white and red face, full cheeks, blue, rather deep-set eyes; a little snub nose with rather wide nostrils, a small mouth with red, parted lips, in the midst of which is a dimple; very large and white teeth, long flaxen hair parted in the middle and falling in thick curls to his shoulders. The prince generally speaks French, but also a little German. He speaks very violently and always makes movements with his hands, and he has a very lively disposition."

It seems as if in his childish heart the King of Rome had a presentiment that he was leaving the Tuileries for ever, for we read "that the little king struggled violently" before he could be persuaded to get into the carriage which was to convey him and his mother from Paris. In the Treasury Chamber in the Hofburg is still to be seen his cradle, which was brought among many other things from France. In the Imperial stalls is the little carriage in which he was driven about in Paris. Both are masterpieces of French industrial art of that time. Whether these were used in Vienna we know not. It is certain, however, that mother and son lived in Schön-

brunn ; he for the rest of his life, except at such times as he was staying at the Hofburg or on one of those visits to other parts of the kingdom which he made later on in company of his grandfather, Francis I., or his tutors, occupying those rooms which his father, Napoleon, had chosen for himself in 1805 and 1809 when residing at Schönbrunn.

Marie Louise has been accused of having been deficient in motherly love for her son. No doubt it was Madame de Montesquiou who spread such reports abroad ; for she was jealous of any love for the prince which was not her own, and looked upon the fact of the mother leaving her boy to go to Aix as a lack of affection. But the waters were necessary for her ; besides, as she wrote to her father, she knew her son was safe : " If I did not know him in good hands, I should be very anxious." Of all the " whips and scorns of fate she had to bear," this, at least, was undeserved.

After Napoleon's escape from Elba, he repeatedly wrote to Marie Louise, asking her to return to Paris, but in vain. His letters were only handed over to the Emperor Franz, and so on to Metternich. In vain, too, was it for him to abdicate in favour of his son. Napoleon II. remained in Vienna under the care of his Imperial grandfather, to whom the ex-Empress wrote when she heard her husband was again a prisoner : " I hope we shall now have continual peace, because the Emperor Napoleon cannot trouble us any more. I trust they will treat him with kindness and indulgence, and I beg of you, dear papa, to do your part in the matter. That is the only prayer I dare offer, and the last time I will interest myself in his fate. . . . I have to thank him for making me unhappy."

After the Peace of Fontainebleau, Marie Louise became Duchess of Parma, keeping, however, all her rank and state ; and in 1816 she left Vienna, assured that

her father would faithfully look after the welfare of her boy. Till the age of four, Napoleon's son was surrounded by his French attendants. This was as his father could have wished; for he hated nothing more than the thought of his son being brought up by that enemy whose perpetual friendship he had so ardently longed for as a means of his salvation. Marie Louise, however, sorely against her will, was obliged to consent to them being sent away; all except one woman, who was to have the charge of his bodily care, "for she had been with him since his birth."

But even before the women left him arrangements were made for the little prince to be placed under the tutelage of a responsible gentleman. The Emperor sought for a man capable of fulfilling his wishes, and found him in Count Moritz Joseph Johann Dietrichstein, a man of upright character and strict integrity, and also of culture and understanding. At his house in Vienna all the great intellects of the day congregated; even Beethoven, who disliked visiting, used to go there. The count was also chief intendant of the Hofburg theatres, and later Prefect of the Court Library, during the time he had the superior charge of the Duke of Reichstadt.

His appointment was at first only provisional; but afterwards, when Marie Louise was convinced that he was the right man, his office was confirmed. Until the boy was of age, Count Dietrichstein remained with him. The child was obstinate and self-willed, and besides had been completely spoiled by the Frenchwomen about him. The count himself tells the story of the first meeting; and, after all, the Prince of Parma, as he was then called, was much like other children. "I won't go into the room," he shouted; and, when he at last was persuaded to enter, he opened his beautiful blue eyes as wide as possible and measured the count up and down. Count Dietrichstein had no easy task before him. He

was a soldier and had fought with General Mack and had been taken prisoner with him in Naples ; but his present duties were far harder than soldiering, and it was long before he succeeded in winning the confidence of the boy.

Modern educators would agree that it was not advisable to put a child of such tender age under the discipline of a tried soldier, and that he would be better cared for in the charge of women. But certainly the little prince's governesses were mischievous for him, for though so young, he was already sick of learning. From the age of two he had been forced to learn by heart long fables, speeches from Racine, rules of grammar, and strings of useless words. They had begun to teach him to read ; he could read well, they said, and praised him for his cleverness when he picked a few jumbled and meaningless words out of a book which he had learned to recognise but not understand. Such words of praise were demoralising, and Count Dietrichstein soon found that here the women were the enemy, and then he demanded their removal. Two assistant teachers were named to help the count in his task—Captain Foresti and Edler von Collin, brother of the patriotic poet. Marie Louise assented to these gentlemen. "I hope these three will make a brave man of my boy," she wrote from Parma, whither she had gone to found a duchy for her son. In this latter project she was again to meet with disappointment, for in 1818 the allied powers robbed the prince of this title, and from thenceforth he was known as the Duke of Reichstadt, his rank being after the archdukes. Reichstadt is an old town in Bohemia, afterwards raised to a duchy by Francis I. in favour of his grandson.

How wisely the choice of these teachers was made time has proved. There are many letters extant from

the duke to Captain Foresti in which he entitles him "Dear Comrade." He knew how to gain the confidence of the boy, for he was a real educator. He understood what was necessary for a child of those tender years, and therefore all forced learning was done away with. His method was to interest his pupil. His task was a hard one—to undo all the evils and make him forget the rubbish with which his little mind had been filled. But Foresti loved his charge, and understood him better perhaps than anybody. Their mutual confidence grew into a friendship; and very touching it is to learn how the Duke consulted Foresti, and during his absence in later years corresponded frequently with his "dear comrade."

This trust was not easy to gain, but Captain Foresti knew how to hold it in honour when gained. Children of so outwardly cold a nature as the Duke of Reichstadt suffer deeply from not being understood—far more deeply than is thought; and it was no wonder that the son of Napoleon, intimately versed in the feats and fate of his father, should wrap himself up in the shell of indifference. Such children are always difficult to understand, and it requires the genius of a born teacher to gain their affection. By degrees, however, the boy became more tractable; he learned to respect those above him, and to know that it was honourable to be obedient to superior commands.

His education did not differ from that of other boys destined for military service. The duke at first showed great aversion for all learning except history. But how he loved that subject! It made him feel the power and ambition which he inherited from his father. Even at an age when most boys listen to the stories of giants and fairies and such like, he showed no interest in anything beyond history, which his delight in reading furthered. He had judgment worthy of a child of double his years. His memory was so good that, like Macaulay, he could

remember everything he had once read. This love of history grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength ; and for this reason he loved the Bible, especially those parts where great battles and victories over the enemy are described. His obstinacy and taste for rousing the anger of his teacher brought about the consequent punishment ; but, convinced of its justice, he bore nobly, never cherishing the least malice against those who meted it out.

He always showed great love for animals. In spite of the overweening mastery of his disposition and the outwardly cold, heartless reserve and indifference in which he clothed himself, the boy must have possessed a warm heart. It is said the sight of a lark swallowing a helpless worm could move him to tears, while his childish heart was filled with bitter grief if he saw an animal beaten. With him the love of power was as with his father : to fight against those who could fight against him, not to punish the helpless.

The boy was, in addition to the ordinary subjects, also instructed in swimming, riding, and the usual sports of the sons of noblemen, including dancing, which pastime he really loved. His beautiful face and lithe figure won the admiration of all. Once he suffered bitter mortification for this pleasure, for while dancing he slipped and fell, and this he felt was a disgrace.

Another favourite occupation was playing Robinson Crusoe. He built a hut for himself in the gardens of Schönbrunn which he called the "Duke of Reichstadt's Cell." He was also fond of acting, and on the occasion of his Imperial grandfather's birthday played in the theatre of Schönbrunn.

And so the days went on, and Count Dietrichstein gradually became more satisfied with his wayward charge. The lad was sometimes moved to speak of that father whose face perhaps dimly haunted his memory. He had

read and heard—for nothing was withheld from him—of his exploits, of his conquests and his defeat, and knew that he lived a prisoner, but was ignorant of the place of his confinement. Once during a walk with Captain Foresti the duke asked, “Is my dear father, who has caused so much destruction, a bad man?” Only a Foresti could have answered such a question with the requisite delicate tact calculated to satisfy the questioner without wounding him. “It is not for us to judge,” was the answer; “continue to love your father and to pray for him.”

In the spring of 1820, in the presence of the Emperor Francis I., the Duke of Reichstadt passed the examination which was to admit him to the Normal School, where he was to study the classics. But the next year Napoleon’s sufferings ended, and this was a terrible blow to the lad. His mother wrote to him from Parma, where she spent most of her time; for she grasped that right ideal of government, a ruler should live among his people. In her letter she said: “I am sure thou feelest the pain deeply . . . for couldst thou forget all the good he did for thee in thy tender childhood, thou wert ungrateful. I am sure thou wilt try to copy his virtues and at the same time to avoid the rocks upon which he fell.”

The greatest wish of the duke was to become a soldier, and his joy was great when on his twelfth birthday his grandfather gave him an ensigncy. How much greater was it when he was named captain. The fulness of his heart he poured out to Captain Foresti, to whom he wrote:—

“August 18, 1828.

“MY DEAREST COMRADE,—I hasten to tell you the most agreeable event in my life, an event that is as unexpected as delightful, an event which will make me

the happiest of men. Yesterday before the Royal table, the Kaiser called my mother to his study, and after a short consultation she returned, and with eager face spoke much with the General (Count Neipperg) and Count Liechtenstein. Also during the meal the Kaiser and she repeatedly looked at me and laughed. After dinner the Kaiser as usual played his game at cards, and only when we were about to leave he called me to him, saying, 'I had long wished for something.' 'I, your Majesty?' I answered, quite perplexed, for I thought my mother had been joking about me. 'Yes,' answered he, 'and as a sign of my satisfaction and the services I expect from you, I name you Captain in my Jäger-Regiment. Be a brave man, that is all I wish.' Thereupon the Kaiser left me, drunk for joy, and hardly capable of stammering out my gratitude.

"Really you, my dear comrade, must be the first to learn of my entrance into that army in which you have served so many years with distinction, in which you gave me the first lesson, and in which you are my only friend."

In 1830 the duke was declared of age, and his governors free as he. Count Dietrichstein lived till 1864, having previously filled another honourable office, that of director of coins and antiquities, a task for which his understanding and culture peculiarly fitted him. Professor Collin had died some years before. Captain Foresti survived his beloved pupil, and to him we are indebted for much that is at once interesting and beautiful in the character of the Duke of Reichstadt.

The amusements the court could offer, the duke naturally shared. His beauty made him everywhere desirable, even had the romance, if one may call it so, surrounding him not made him particularly attractive. At the court balls, as also at private ones given by the

nobility, he was always to be seen. He was devoted to the theatre, was very fond of music, and frequently attended the performances given at the Imperial theatres. Otherwise there was little to distract him, though rumour credited him with much that savours of ill ; but there is not the least tittle of evidence to support these calumnies.

Only two short years, and then all his hopes of glory and renown were ended. Already when the boy was but eight years of age spots had appeared on his skin, though till that time he had been singularly free from all childish illnesses. Later, in very damp weather, his fingers assumed a yellow colour from want of right circulation, and this troubled the young prince very much. In the summer of 1827 it was remarked, with great uneasiness and concern, that he was growing with remarkable rapidity, while his chest remained narrow and undeveloped. The duke himself complained of general weakness and dizziness, and once at Baden he became suddenly ill while dining with his Imperial grandfather. He was forbidden all violent exercise and all excitement. From 1829 he was continually under medical treatment. Dr. Malfatti, after the death of Dr. Staudenheim in 1830, confirmed his predecessor's opinion that the chief cause lay in the rapid growth of the young duke.

The immediate cause of death was a violent cold which he contracted during a forbidden ride in the Prater from which he returned weary and ill. The Prater during the evenings is particularly damp at times, owing to the close neighbourhood of the Danube ; nevertheless the duke drove there again the same evening. Fate was against him ; a wheel of the carriage broke, and attempting to return on foot he was overcome by his weakness, and fainted. From that time his condition gradually grew worse. The Empress Ludovica, who had been such a

friend to Marie Louise, had died, and Francis I. had taken a fourth wife, Karoline Augusta. All were deeply concerned about the young duke, as also the Archduchess Sophie, mother of the present Emperor Franz Josef of Austria and King of Hungary. She was then expecting the birth of her second child, and when it was thought necessary to administer the sacrament to the dying man, she voluntarily offered to share the holy ceremony that the duke might not be disturbed by fear of imminent death, she telling him that it was for her sake and that of the child she was expecting. The end came soon. Marie Louise, who, strange to say, though at Trieste, had not come to Vienna till almost too late, was with her son nursing and comforting him by her presence. But she was one ill calculated to bear the restraints of a sick-room. The evening before the morning upon which he breathed his last she retired to rest as usual. During the night the duke frequently called "Mother! Mother!" but in vain, nobody informed her till almost too late. But when she came into the room the dying duke instantly recognised her and the others of the Imperial family around him. The end grew nearer and nearer, extreme unction was administered, and a few minutes after five on the morning of July 22, 1832, all was over, the duke being only twenty-one years and four months old. In spite of his youth he had shown that he possessed more than ordinary intelligence, and a masterful power inherited from his father.

The Duke of Reichstadt rests next his mother, the Archduchess Marie Louise, in the crypt of the Capuchin Church in the Neuer Markt. To the frequent request of France that his remains be given to her to lie next his father's, Napoleon, the answer is always the same: "Give Austria Marie Antoinette, and we will give France the Duke of Reichstadt."

CHAPTER X

THE EMPEROR-KING

CERTAINLY one of the most familiar faces in the city is that of the Emperor-King. He is also one of the busiest of men, consequently he finds time for everything. He is the hardest of workers, and a light can often be seen in his room during the grey hours of dawn, for he is one of the first to rise within his city, and perhaps without it, and during the long day he loses no single minute. In winter, even now in the evening of his life, the old monarch is up and at work at 5 A.M., while in summer he rises an hour earlier, and when manœuvres are to take place he is about and ready to start at half-past one. Not that this means with him going to bed earlier, for the Emperor always retires at 9 P.M., except when he goes to the theatre or has guests to entertain or festivities to attend. At the Vienna Exhibition held in the city in 1896, there was ample opportunity given to learn how the Emperor spends his days, and many particulars of his private life—his public life is an open book.

Soon after five o'clock breakfast is brought in on a tray, there is no ceremony, it being placed on his writing-table so that no time may be lost. The meal consists of tea, a little cold meat, and two rolls, one the far-famed Wiener Kaiser-Semmel and the other a long narrow roll called a Salzstangl, that is, from "Stangl" (a little rod) and "Salz" (salt), because before being baked it is sprinkled outside with salt and carraway seeds so as

to be at once a relish and a hunger-satisfier. Very delicious they are too, fresh from the oven, but they must be eaten fresh to enjoy them as they deserve to be enjoyed.

While taking his breakfast the Emperor makes himself *au fait* with the events of the day from the supply of morning papers on his table. This is his most peaceful hour, for at six o'clock the Adjutant-General and Vorstand of the Cabinet-Kanzlei enter and the business of the day is proceeded with, it generally lasting from three to four hours. Every document is gone through carefully, the Emperor examining each separately.

No sooner has this work been satisfactorily accomplished than general audiences begin. These are held on Mondays and Thursdays, and every subject has the right of attending them and presenting his own petition, due notice of his intention having been given the day before at the Obersthofmeister's office. The Emperor always receives petitioners alone that they may speak out their hearts freely to him, and none other may witness their sorrow or distress, for the monarch is then as a father to his children. Even the lowliest and most humble receive a kind word from him, a word of hope or a word of comfort from his well-modulated, musical voice. No one is afraid to speak to him, for he greets the suppliant on his entering the room in so kind and friendly a manner as at once to put him at his ease. What a varied and interesting picture the waiting-room at such an audience presents. All nationalities comprised in the heterogeneous Austrian dominion are to be seen there, either in their garbs of office or national costumes—Hungarian, Croatian, Pole, Bohemian, Bosnian—all come, for they all know when such audiences are granted. Here are high officers of Church and State, in their brilliant uniforms, citizens in their sober dress clothes (for gentlemen are always in evening dress on ceremonious

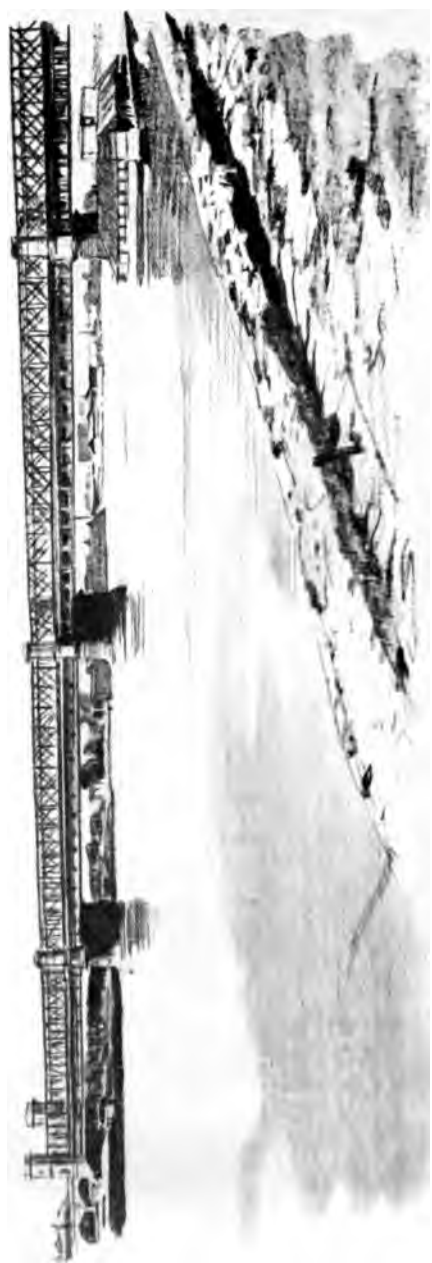
occasions even should they take place at 6 A.M. or earlier), there the Polish or Croatian magnate in his richest velvet and furs, and the peasants in their simple dress, or the priest in his canonicals, the Jew in his long caftan. All confessions, all classes are there, and happy is he who has thus had an opportunity of exchanging a word with his monarch even though his petition may not be granted.

The women, too, are as diverse as the men. Some in elegant black silk gowns, made in the latest fashion, others more simply dressed, but all in dark materials, except the peasants, who, too, are in costume. All are naturally excited, but, strange to say, the women less so than the men.

No sooner are these audiences over than the luncheon tray is brought in, this meal being served in the Emperor's study or workroom, as the Germans call it, and which, after all, is a better definition. Lunch is a very spare meal, consisting only of two light dishes, and sometimes a limited quantity of beer—the quantity prescribed by himself, which his Majesty drinks from a stone mug.

Hardly has this been disposed of when the ministers are announced. The Emperor at once receives them, and then the most important questions are discussed, documents read and digested, alterations or additions made.

So the time passes till twelve o'clock, when, unless there be too much business to be settled—for no recreation is taken till work is over—the Emperor goes for his daily drive. His daily drive was the occasion of my first seeing the Emperor. I was visiting a lady, and while talking to her, her little girl came in looking very sad, and on my inquiring the cause, I learnt that she had been very good but could not have her reward, which further inquiry elicited was to see the Emperor start for



CROWN PRINCE RUDOLF'S BRIDGE OVER THE DANUBE

his drive, and, said the child, "He always smiles at me, and makes such a beautiful bow." I quickly determined to take the small patriot, and was glad in witnessing her gladness, for the Emperor "smiled at her and made her a beautiful bow" in answer to her curtsy.

Since that time I have had many opportunities of seeing how fond the Emperor is of children. During the jubilee summer of 1898, when between sixty and seventy thousand school children marched past their Kaiser, singing their songs and presenting him with flowers, tears of love and joy rolled down his rugged old face, so touched was he at their patriotism; and at the horticultural show, given in the gardens surrounding Prince Schwarzenberg's palace in 1901, which his Majesty opened, when he saw the result of the children's gardening, he turned round to them saying, "*Kinder, Ihr habt mir eine grosse Freude gemacht.*"

At three o'clock the Emperor returns to the Hofburg, where there is more business to be settled. This over, dinner is partaken of, the hour being five o'clock. This is again a modest meal, for there are only three courses; like Josef II. he does not care for anything but simple food. To dinner the Kaiser generally invites one of the Archdukes or gentlemen-in-waiting, for he does not care to dine alone.

This repast being over, more business is to be settled, or perhaps guests to be entertained, or the Emperor goes to the theatre or opera, but now only on rare occasions. Sundays and holy days his Majesty attends Mass at the Court chapel.

The rooms which the Emperor inhabits at the Hofburg are as simply arranged as possible. The "working-room" is very plain; the carpets are thick and dark, the arm-chairs for those in council with him large and deep-seated, an oval table stands in the centre of the room, and there is a sofa, but the Emperor never makes

use of this, he taking the little rest he can afford in an arm-chair. By the window is his writing-table, above it Winterhaller's portrait of the Empress. Sometimes when he has time the Emperor gets up from his work and goes to the window to look out upon the crowd below, waiting for this chance and the burg music, and when they catch sight of their old monarch there is great jubilee among those present. One must see this to appreciate fully the effect and the pleasant smiles when "Unser Kaiser" appears at the window.

There are no superfluities in the Emperor's bedroom, and the ornaments are pieces of Berlin woolwork, embroidery, or some other childish effort made by his children or grandchildren, which he cherishes. The audience-room is formal, being of white and gold, with gilt consoles and heavy red hangings—the rococo style of Maria Theresia.

The Emperor is very kind to those in his service, taking a particular interest in them, often stopping to chat with them about their history or their families, and should any one in his service fall ill, he visits the patient; should he die or become helpless, both he and his family are cared for. He, too, is a great lover of mankind, and always helps the poor and needy, and one can say of him as Josef II. said of himself, "*Er war Mensch, bevor er Kaiser war.*"

The Emperor, it is said, "has a salve for every wound," and he is always ready to put his hand in his pocket. He is of a very forgiving nature, even forgetting the sins his enemies have committed against him, and this so delicately that many an enemy has since become a friend.

This fine trait of sympathy with and feeling for others showed itself even during the attempt made upon him by a poor madman last summer, the first thought of the Emperor being not of himself but for the poor

man, whom he ordered they "should treat kindly and let no harm come to him."

Even in 1853, when he was wounded by the would-be assassin, the Emperor would have pardoned him had State reasons allowed of it ; as it was, he gave a pension to the youth's mother that she might not suffer for the wrong her son had committed. It was as a sign of gratitude for his escape that the Votive Church was built. It was the Emperor's brother, the Archduke Maximilian, who conceived the idea, "*Ein Gotteshaus wird das schönste Denkmal sein, durch welches ich Oesterreichs Dankbarkeit and Freude der Welt verkünden kann,*" and so great was the enthusiasm that 400,000 florins were freely given by the people in one day. On the 24th of April 1856 the first stone was laid, and in 1879 the church was consecrated. In the meantime the Archduke Maximilian had become Emperor of Mexico, and six months later had been shot.

In spring the Emperor takes up his residence at Schönbrunn, some half-hour's drive from the capital. Here in the early morning hours he walks about free from any restriction along the orange walks, his only weapon a light cane, stopping here and there to give a word of praise to the gardeners, or it may be one of blame, for his Majesty is very punctilious in all matters concerning order.

In spite of his advanced age the Emperor's step is light and elastic, and he evidently enjoys this absence of all ceremony in the dawning hours of the day.

The Emperor's apartments here are a little more elaborate than at the Hofburg, being furnished in rococo style ; the pictures are either family portraits or treat of military events. Spite of the charms Schönbrunn offers, the Emperor drives to the Hofburg every day when the business is such as cannot be settled at Schönbrunn. Only during the month he is at Ischl, that is in August,

can he really be said to rest, but even then there are affairs of the State to be settled and attended to.

The only relaxation the Emperor allows himself is hunting, and he is a great lover of this sport. He uses the nights for this purpose, that his day's work may not be interfered with. His favourite sport is shooting the woodcock, and hunting the stag and deer in the forests of Mürzsteg in Styria. He always travels by parliamentary train, leaving at 1 A.M. and returning in time for audiences and other business of the day. He is a magnificent shot, and always makes big bags. Dressed in the simple costume of a Styrian hunter, the Emperor moves in and out among his companions, ceremony, that attribute "which kings have and private man has not," thrown aside, taking his meals at the village inns and eating whatever happens to be going—for he is fond of the dishes special to the different parts of his land. On such occasions no word of politics is allowed to be spoken—he is as a friend and father to all.

The Emperor is very fond of riding, choosing always an English full-blood, but takes good care never to exhaust his horses, for he loves animals. Even when travelling his wants are but few. He likes to invite those of his suite into his private compartment, and there conversation is lively; although a bed is provided the Kaiser never makes use of it, preferring to take a doze sitting in an arm-chair and giving his couch to some one whom he considers more in need of it.

When the Emperor Franz Josef I. was crowned in 1848, he is said to have uttered the words, "Adieu to my youth," for none knew and recognised better the difficulty of the task he was called upon to perform.

Although in 1849 a constitution was granted, still after a trial of two years it was dissolved, and was not again called together till 1860. And it was exactly during this latter period that the Emperor began his

work for the benefit of the city and its aggrandisement. One of the songs sung in the Viennese dialect at the opening of the Jubilee Theatre in 1898, compared Vienna to the Sleeping Beauty, to whom the Prince came to wake her from her sleep with a kiss—and surely this is true, for a touch of the Emperor's wand and the forest disappeared. Only too many of the trees vanished with it—trees which we should like still to have, as we like the monumental oaks and other forest trees, more trees which would have related to us how the Viennese of old lived, thought, and worked in the days that have gone by.

Forty-six years ago Vienna was a mediæval city with fortifications and bastions surrounding her. The Emperor gave the word, these fell, and an immense stretch of ground round the city lay bare—that stretch which is now world-famous as the Ringstrasse. All questions as to whether the land belonged to city or monarch were soon settled, for the Emperor gave up all his rights to the "*Stadt-Erweiterungs-Fond*" (fund for the extension of the city), and besides contributed largely to it from his private purse. This was the Christmas present he gave to the city in 1857. The land was sold for building purposes, and the money received paid into the fund, so that all those magnificent public and private buildings round the Ringstrasse were made possible; another great incentive being that the Emperor freely offered to wait to continue the building of the Hofburg so that the best talent could be had for these buildings, and landlord and city eagerly availed themselves of this opportunity. The result speaks for itself, for the Ringstrasse is one of the finest streets in the world.

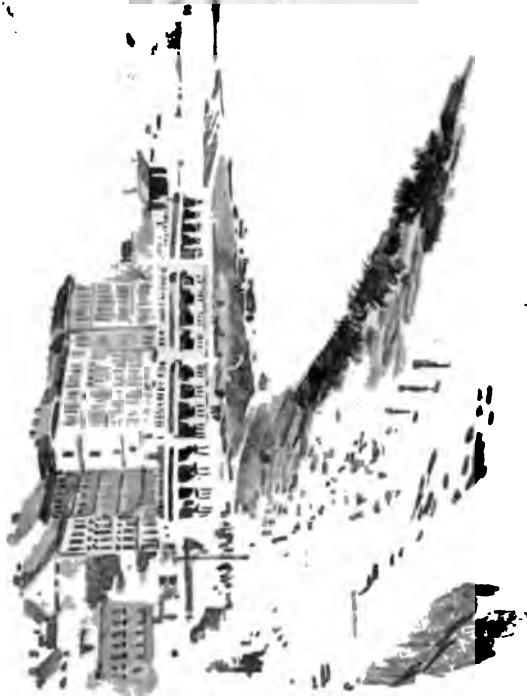
The Emperor possesses a keen and penetrating insight into all matters though they be not political, and nothing interests his Majesty more than the development of his capital, for the general welfare of his people is concerned in it.

Whichever way we turn we are reminded of the Kaiser ; twice during his reign has the city been extended, so that it now comprises twenty districts, all of which, with the exception of what is now called the inner city, were, at the commencement of his reign, little village communities, and even now some are as old-world as Hampstead. Twelve years ago there were still toll-gates, for what is now known as *Gross Wien* dates from that time when all barriers were pulled down and greater Vienna arose.

It was the Kaiser who laid all the foundation-stones ; it was he who opened all the buildings when finished ; he gave the two Imperial Museums to the city, as also the new Imperial Theatre and the Imperial Opera House, and in every way has protected art.

He it was who gave Dr. Holub, the Austrian-African explorer, and Julius von Payer, the North Sea explorer, the wherewithal to make their explorations possible, and the "Society for the Preservation of the Monuments of the Fatherland" came into existence at his initiative. He created the Franz Josef Order as a reward for those who have devoted themselves to Kaiser and Fatherland in peace and war, or who have distinguished themselves by discovery, invention, improvement, in agriculture, manufacture, home industries, or through some prominent work of art science, or to such as have devoted themselves to the relief of suffering mankind or to the welfare of the State. It is bestowed alike on all who merit it, high and low, rich and poor. After the death of the late Empress the Emperor created the Elizabeth Order for women who have distinguished themselves in the welfare of the State.

During the Emperor's reign the present school laws were enacted—elementary education has always been free—the gymnasiums were reformed, many societies came into existence, the Danube has been regulated ; the old



PART OF THE RINGSTRASSE FRANZ-JOSEFS QUAI AND CITY RAILWAY

part of the mighty river is to be seen from parts of the Prater, the new part towards Linz, and these are joined by a channel—truly a wonderful piece of engineering to bring the unruly Father Danube into order. The delicious drinking water—"a nectar fit for the gods"—has been brought from the mountain sources, a villa quarter has been added to the city by the building of a new district behind the Turkish entrenchments, where the followers of Mahomet for ten long weeks lay waiting for the city to become their prey—this part of the city being called the "Cottage-Viertel" or quarter, because the houses are built villa fashion as in England.

The Franz Josef's Quay is named after the Emperor, and when he and the late Empress opened it in 1896 there were great rejoicings.

In 1849 the telegraph was introduced here ; the telephone has become a matter of necessity even in private houses ; the Hofburg was the first building to be illuminated by electric light, which is now general everywhere ; the postal service was brought into existence and regulated ; the University reformed ; hospitals and crèches founded all over the city. He has the People's Kitchen under his wing, and has several times taken a meal there.

It was the encouragement the Emperor gave to trade which made the World Exhibition of 1873 possible. At this the King of England, as Prince of Wales, represented Queen Victoria ; here, too, came distinguished and notable guests from all lands. That it was not a financial success was not from want of any help, but from the fact that when it was in the fullest swing fate intervened, for the cholera broke out, and though the attack was a mild one, the city was soon evacuated by visitors and inhabitants, hence the business crash.

The Emperor, too, promoted the Electrical Exhibition, in his opening speech saying, "*Ein Meer von Licht strahle*

von dieser Stadt aus und mehr Fortschritt gehe aus ihr hervor."

It is as natural for the Viennese to beg the Emperor to be present at the opening at any great event as to ask a friend to accompany them. This it is that endears him to all—this nearness, this always being present with his folk—the personal touch he always has with them that brings about the right feeling as with father and child—and to the Viennese *Unser Kaiser* is indeed symbolical of father. In the midst of all the terrible struggles of his reign, of his heavy private sorrows—and on no one has the weight of affliction fallen with a heavier hand—the Emperor's first thought is for others; he is the "man on the spot," rescuing his subjects during the frequent inundations, and working with a will worthy the cause. He not only gives freely—that is easy enough when one has the wherewithal—but even suffers discomfort, giving his private residence at Ischl for a bazaar for the benefit of those who had lost their lives or property during the floods, and moving freely in and out among the customers, which brought much grist to the mill.

When the Ring Theatre was burnt down and so many lives were lost, the monarch brought comfort to many sufferers not only with his money but with his presence and sympathy. Out of his private purse he bought the land upon which the unfortunate play-house had stood, and on its site had a magnificent mansion built, employing Friedrich Schmidt, the architect of the Rathhaus, to build it, the style being pure Gothic. The rent paid for the flats went to a fund for the benefit of those orphans who had lost one or both parents in the conflagration, till the children became of age—here, that is, at twenty-four; now the income is divided among various charities for children. The Archduchess Valerie, younger daughter of the Emperor, asked as a Christmas gift that year for a little orphan girl whose parents had fallen



STEPHANIE BRIDGE OVER THE DANUBE CHANNEL.



SCHOTTEN RING

victims to the fire, and her wish of course was granted. The example set by the Emperor fell on good soil, so that there was no orphan or other sufferer but was amply provided for, most of the children being adopted, and their share of the money left to accumulate till their majority.

During the inundations of the Wien River, which is now banked in, and when there was danger to life from the floods, the Emperor was there cheering the sufferers and helpers by his presence, and himself assisting in the work of rescue. At Laibach, too, when those terrible earthquakes partly destroyed the city, the Emperor hastened to the scene of disaster.

There is nothing goes on in the city without the Emperor attending it, or at any rate his sending a word of greeting. Although he may not be able to be present at the opening of an exhibition or any public event, he always contrives to find time to pay an informal visit later on, and when least expected, sometimes even attending formally, and then later making two or three unexpected visits, such as at the Künstlerhaus (Academy of Art Exhibition).

It is sufficient to say that his Majesty is never weary, always self-sacrificing, and interested in the matter on hand.

The Emperor, it is said, speaks all the tongues of his monarchy, among them German, Hungarian, Bohemian, Polish, Ruthenian, Croatian, Slavonic, Italian, and also French and English. He travels throughout his dominions, and knows his people well. On his appearance they salute him in their various languages—the form in the Austrian provinces is, “Grüss Gott, lieber Kaiser.” Of course this is dialect, and it means “God greet thee, dear Emperor,” and a very beautiful salutation it is. The Kaiser answers in dialect; his Majesty understands his people and loves them.

CHAPTER XI

COURT CEREMONIES AND PAGEANTS, SOLEMN AND FESTIVE

THE court ceremonies are most pompous and most beautiful, and nowhere else can such a richness of colour be seen as at religious and State affairs in Vienna. So many races are represented on such occasions, producing a varying, ever-changing assembly, different in features, complexion, gestures, garb, and colouring. The hues of the different costumes are most gorgeous, some brilliant, others sombre, rich sables, silver fox and beaver, magnificent aigrettes of diamonds and other precious stones in fur birettas ; or gold embroidering on uniforms, velvets fastened with priceless gold buckles beset with brilliants, leopard-skin attilas held together with heavy clasps of beaten silver, forming a lovely contrast to the bright scarlet uniform beneath ; archbishops, bishops, and other church dignitaries in pompous robes, priceless laces, and with crowns shorn, all ever moving, only to give place to new beauties of colour ; high State officers in gorgeous gala uniforms, richly wrought in gold, their breasts bedecked with numerous decorations ; Knights of the Golden Fleece and other Orders ; army officers in their splendid array, others lower in rank in less vivid hue ; everywhere this ever-changing, vibrating field of colour, moving onwards or interweaving itself, for a moment dazzling the onlooker with the brilliancy of effect. And the nations represented are as bewildering as the colours ; here a tall Austrian, there a stately Hungarian or a proud Pole, a Moravian, shorter and thicker set than the others, as

are also the Bohemians ; every section belonging to the numerous Austrian dominions is represented. Court ceremonies are glorious sights—to those who do not take part in them. For those who do, the honour of being there must make good the fatigue they suffer.

These ceremonies must have been still more gorgeous when the Empress took part in them. For as the Emperor is always attended by the archdukes, so was she by the archduchesses, pages in scarlet and white carrying their long court trains, the ladies of the court similarly attended.

It must have been a resplendent spectacle, and a touching one too, at the foot-washing at which her late Imperial Majesty in former years performed her humble duties. Gründonnerstag (Maundy Thursday) is the day of the solemn ceremony of foot-washing. The old men who are to be honoured have waited excitedly for days for this holy hour. Everything is done to prevent their becoming fatigued before the ceremony takes place. They have been supplied with new clothing. Court carriages fetch them from their homes, one of their own people being allowed to accompany them ; court carriages convey them back when all is over. Before they enter the Rittersaal it is filled with those who come by right or the favoured holders of tickets. All the ladies are in black or sombre colours, the men are in uniform. The archduchesses are there, so are the ladies of the court, and the various diplomatic corps, though no women now take no part in the sacred rite. When all are assembled, the old men are marshalled in, each one being allowed to have some one he is accustomed to—a wife, a son or a daughter, a grandchild—near him, that he may not feel uneasy in that crowd of strangers. Behind each chair stands a Life Guard in full-dress uniform and helmet with dancing white plume. All is ready, the Emperor enters, followed by the arch-

dukes and surrounded by the dignitaries of the court. The moment is a very solemn one, for the Emperor advances to the long table covered with a white linen cloth where the old men are sitting in expectant awe. The twelve officers in waiting have already taken off each veteran's right boot and stocking, and spread a linen cloth over their knees. The Hungarian Guards advance with the loaves of bread on silver trays; these the archdukes take from them and hand to the Emperor, who himself places the bread before his honoured guests. Then follows the food, dish after dish, always being carried in by the Hungarian Guards from the adjoining marble hall. The archdukes take the dishes from them, afterwards presenting them to the Emperor while he serves each man. As soon as the table is cleared, the archdukes performing this duty, afterwards handing the dishes to the attendant Hungarian Guards, the ceremony of foot-washing begins, the court chaplain chanting the prayers. Two archdukes advance, the one holding the golden basin, the other the ewer. The Emperor falls on his knees, in this position washing the feet of each old man, and afterwards drying them on fine linen, moves from each to each without rising, the attendant archdukes following.

When the act is completed, the Emperor rises to his feet, and going towards the Imperial pages who are holding the golden ewer and basin for him to wash his hands, he performs this ablution, another one handing him the damask cloth upon which he dries them. Then comes the Imperial treasurer bearing on a golden salver twelve white silk purses tied with black and yellow cords—the Imperial colours—each containing thirty crowns. The Emperor takes them one by one and hangs them over the necks of the greybeards in turn, they too full of joy to find words to utter their mumbled thanks, the Kaiser listening attentively the while and

encouraging them with friendly smiles. He himself is grey-headed, and has fulfilled more than the allotted span of man. He has always been in sympathy with the old, the poor, and the distressed.

The rites over, the Church dignitaries, Emperor, Archdukes and all, solemnly file out of the Ritter-saal, the old men sitting at the table till all have left, even to the last member of the congregation assembled to witness the ceremony. The reason of this is evident. All being gone, the Trabanten (Yeomen of the Guard) then lead them to the Imperial carriages which are waiting to drive them home. On each carriage is a huge basket, containing not only the food which has been served to each man by the Emperor, but enough to last all their family for some time to come. Nothing is forgotten, not even the good wine which is to set the blood tingling in their old veins, nor the glasses, knives, forks, and plates—everything is there; and they return home to enjoy in peace and at their leisure that which would have been impossible before the eyes of a curious crowd.

In the days before the heavy sadness, which she could not shake off, fell upon her, the Empress performed the same rites on twelve old women, the ceremony being in every respect the same; the Archduchess performing the like services for her Majesty as the Archdukes for his Majesty. Now, although the old women are not present, they are not forgotten, only everything is sent to their homes—baskets of food, money, and clothing. Of course, as with the old men, they are chosen from amongst the oldest of the poor, and must have borne blameless characters and be Roman Catholics.

On Good Fridays in olden times the passion play was given within the walls of St. Stephan, the stage being erected in the centre of the church. The chief characters were Pontius Pilate, Nicodemus, a guardian angel, and

Mary Magdalene. After the actors had spoken, the Levites knelt down before the cross, raising it three times from the earth and singing "Ecce lignum crucis." While singing, the choristers took off their cassocks and spread them out on the ground. The acting priest laid himself down upon this temporary carpet, and was bound to the cross, which was placed in an upright position. Here the play was again interrupted, and the sorrowing procession began, in which all the cavaliers, ladies, magistrates, and the brethren of Corpus Christi and others, with burning torches and candles in their hands, took part, making their way first to the Holy Sepulchre, having previously taken the "body" of Christ from the cross and carried it to the grave, where they laid it gently down. Before the grave were many statues and twenty-six wooden candelabra, silvered over, each of them bearing a wax candle of sixty pounds weight, these being provided by the different guilds who had their banners and services in the cathedral. After the body had been placed in the grave, the passion play was continued at the tomb itself, ending with a speech spoken by the prologue to the public.

Now on Good Friday (Charfreitag) follows the interment at the Holy Sepulchre in the Court Chapel, an impressive ceremony in its solemn magnificence, and on the next day is the Resurrection. Should the weather be fine, the procession takes place in the open air; if wet, the participators assemble in the Hofburg. The Burgplatz is crowded with onlookers, the sombre dress of the women being relieved by the brilliancy of the uniforms worn by the officers of Church and State, civil and military, as well as the detachment of soldiers in attendance. The windows of the old Burg are crowded with faces eagerly attentive to the solemn procession. No sooner does the clock in the Amalienhof strike four than the ceremony begins. The Knights of the Teutonic

Order first appear at the old Schweizerthor, which is the signal for "Christ is Arisen." Then follows the National Hymn, after which the blast of the trumpet calls all to prayer.

In the gateway a baldachin has been erected, mass is performed, and censers are swung by the acolytes. The Emperor then, accompanied by the Lord High Stewards, Prince Rudolf von und zu Liechtenstein and Prince Montenuovo, and Captain of the Guard, and followed by the Archdukes and officers of the Guard—each carrying burning tapers—enter the Schweizerhof, where, sinking upon their knees before the body of the Lord, they pray; after which, again rising, they enter the Court Chapel, where the *Te Deum* is sung, the tones reaching those assembled without.

The rites being over, the troops prepare for the defile, the military band heading the regiment. A tattoo is beaten. The Staff Adjutant, beplumed helmet on head, goes to the chief watch, where the call to arms is given three times; then comes the order for general march, the Kaiser appears, the flags are lowered, the generals force their swords into their scabbards with loud rattle, the *rapport* is given, the Emperor takes up his stand before the monument of Francis I., the order for the defiling of the troops is signalled, the Kaiser greeting them with a friendly smile, and then turning to their commander, thanks him personally. The ceremony is over, the Emperor returns to the Hofburg, all assembled disperse, and the Franzenshof assumes its everyday garb.

The "Frohnleichnams-procession" takes place on Corpus Christi Day. The pageant is as glorious as any that could have been held in the Middle Ages, the colouring is dazzling beyond description. All the streets through which it passes are lined with soldiers and gendarmes in parade uniforms and ivy leaves in their

helmets, with mounted police at stated intervals. Needless to say that no one is allowed to enter the streets without a pass, and even the owners of such must be there at least an hour before the procession commences; stands have been erected, windows and balconies are crowded with onlookers in gay attire. Planks are laid down on the line of route, and these are covered with firs and evergreens. Officers and civic officials have already arrived, and their gala carriages, each drawn by six bays, are pulled up by the Rothenturmstrasse. All is ready for the reception of the Emperor, whose arrival is preceded by that of the members of the Imperial Household in carriages drawn each by six bays, after them the Archdukes Rainer, Otto, Franz Salvator, Friedrich, Peter Ferdinand, Leopold Salvator, Ferdinand, Karl, Josef Ferdinand, and others, each arriving separately in crystal calèches drawn by six greys, and whose coming is heralded by fanfares and trumpets blown by the court trumpeter; then comes the Emperor, whose advent is greeted with loud hurrahs, as is also that of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir-presumptive, who accompanies his Majesty. Their carriage, drawn by eight greys, is also of gold and crystal, with fine paintings, copies of Rubens, adorning the lower panels. On either side of the carriage are pages in brilliant scarlet coats and white knee-breeches; to them the Austrian Arcier and the Hungarian Life Guards, followed by a detachment of dragoons, who bring up the procession, which has made its way from the triumphal gate of the Hofburg to the Kohlmarkt, from thence to the Graben, arriving punctually at 7 A.M. at the cathedral gate.

The Cardinal-Prince Bishop, Dr. Gruscha, and his assistant, Dr. Marshall, receive his Majesty as he alights, and present him with a psalter, after which the monarch, with the archdukes, enters the cathedral, escorted by the knights of the Golden Fleece and Teutonic Orders,

the Privy Councillors and Officers of the Imperial Household, and the Lord High Stewards; the Riesen-Thor is closed, prayers begin, and they are only reopened to the sound of the burst of song, *Pange lingua gloriosi*, to the sounds of which the worshippers leave the old grey dome, all joining in the hymn of praise. Words cannot picture the scene, the flood of colour is glorious beyond description, as the crowd of worshippers pours out of the Giant's Gate. The various priestly orders lead the way, the Monks Hospitallers heading the procession, their brown robes, shaven crowns, and bare feet with wooden sandals, presenting a humble foreground to the richness that is to follow; for the priceless laces and brocade and gold ornates of the priests and higher ecclesiastics are in strong contrast to these and the other humble orders present, all carrying their banners high in the air. To these come the orphan boys from the military academy, their hymns alternating with the chants of the priests. Then follow the Imperial servants, the Burgomaster, and the vice-Burgomasters, all wearing their chains of office; after them the knights, the officers, and commanders of the Grand Cross and the various orders—the Franz Josef, Iron Crown, Leopold's, Stefan's, and the Maria Theresia military order, the Lord High Steward, the Gentlemen of the Chamber, the knights of the Golden Fleece, all marching six abreast. Then come all the members of the congregation, in their turn followed by the officers of State from the Prime Minister downwards, the Privy Councillors, the Lords Chamberlain, then the baldachin, held on high by Chamberlains of the Court over the person of his Eminence, the Cardinal-Prince Archbishop, Dr. Gruscha, bearing aloft the Holy of Holies. Immediately behind his Eminence comes the Emperor, bareheaded, as are all, though the sun burn high in the heavens, with solemn step and slow, clad in the gala

uniform of a marshal, the band of the Maria Theresia Order he is wearing forming a vivid contrast to the delicate pale blue of his coat. Accompanying the monarch are the senior knights of the Golden Fleece; behind them the archdukes, followed by their High Stewards and the officers of their Households, the rear being brought up by a company of infantry, headed by their band and colours.

This moving mass of colour passes slowly on, the lighted tapers borne by all, even the Emperor, flickering unsteadily in the breeze. The air is heavy from the incense borne by the wind from the censers swung by the acolytes. The sound of the soft chanting of the priests falls soothingly on the ear from the distance. The orphan boys are singing their hymns when suddenly a deep silence reigns, the soldiers are on their knees praying, all in that holy procession, including the Emperor, are kneeling at prayers before the temporary altar in the Kohlmarkt, the silence only being broken by the tones of the bells swung by the choristers.

At four separate stations on the route of the procession is this act of worship repeated, the last being on the Graben under the column of the Holy Trinity, where there is a clatter of arms, all fall on their knees, the monks begin to chant the mass, the orphan boys tell their beads, a volley is sounded, then a stately rising, and the procession again moves on to the Riesen-Thor, where all again enter the cathedral for still mass, after which the Emperor, archdukes, and others enter their crystal carriages to be driven slowly to the Hofburg, his Majesty everywhere being received with acclamations of joy and thankfulness.

In the days when the Empress, the archduchesses, the *grandes dames*, and other ladies of rank took part in this pageant, all wearing rich court trains wrought in gold and precious stones, their diamond diadems and



PROCESSION CORPUS CHRISTI DAY

other precious stones scintillating in the sun from their brows, necks, arms, and gowns, the splendour must have been such as to quite baffle description.

The Sunday following this procession, others are held in the different districts of the city. These are very beautiful, though there are none to take part in them but the parish priests and the children who have been confirmed, even little tots toddling along with baskets filled with flowers, ready and happy to throw them at the feet of the chief father as he passes by, host in hand, badalchin held high. Girls as well as boys take part in these, many of them carrying banners or images of the Virgin. This is their great day, they are all in white, even to their shoes; it falls cruelly upon them should the weather be unfavourable.

If it is wet on Corpus Christi Day the Emperor drives to the cathedral in an ordinary closed carriage, and there are no ceremonies in the streets, all being carried on within the dome itself. Curiously enough, the Corpus Christi processions began in Austria later than in England. In Vienna they were first introduced in 1334, the pomp, it is said, being even greater than at the present time, for all their old state was kept up till 1848. Till then the Guilds also played their part in the scene, the volunteer corps with their bands took the place of the militia, and it bore more the nature of a general festival than the religious ceremony of to-day.

Though these rites are all beautiful, they savour too much of the picturesque to rouse feelings of solemnity in the onlooker. This is not the case with funeral pageants. I have seen many of these in Vienna—archdukes and archduchesses, grey-headed, old, as also those of the young, all borne to the cold Capuchin crypt, there to rest with their ancestors. The way from the Hofburg Chapel, where the bodies lie in state open to all to see, is not long, a few turns through narrow

streets and "home" is reached. The procession is always the same, always magnificently solemn, always forming that indescribable interchange of varying colour and movement, always poetical. The Viennese seem to have an inborn aptitude for involuntary artistic arrangement; it was so when they bore the victim of the fatal tenth of September back to the capital.

Never can I forget that night when they brought the murdered Empress back to Vienna. Nothing more grand or more impressive could be imagined. It was a warm September night, a dead silence reigned over all, the very air seemed motionless, and a deep and solemn hush fell over the stricken city. Hours before the time appointed for the arrival of all that remained of her who had been their Empress and Queen, the streets were lined with sorrowing people eager to offer a last token of respect, and to show their sympathy with the heavy-hearted old monarch waiting to receive her who had been the love of his youth, the mother of his beloved children. The Westbahn, at which station the funeral train arrived, is situated at the head of an incline, and the descent from there to the Hofburg is somewhat steep, the distance being something under two miles. The whole of this long line of route, even the houses, was plunged in darkness, relieved only by the lighted torches attached to the street lamps, which shed an uncertain lurid light on the faces of the expectant and silent crowd. The hush seemed to grow deeper and deeper as the tramping of the horses was heard first in the distance, and then nearer and nearer, till the sad procession gradually loomed in sight of the spectators, only to slowly vanish like figures in a dream. And the colouring of that picture was as solemn as the occasion befitted, for the dull glare of the faggot lights cast its shadow on the brilliant gala uniforms of the officers and on the gay caparisons of the horses. The cortège was headed by a detachment of mounted

Austrian Guards, their scarlet coats richly embroidered in gold, the trappings of their steeds showing dimly in the obscurity of the night ; after them came a body of infantry, then more Austrian cavalry and Hungarian horse, magnificent and stately in those wonderful attilas of leopard skins. They surrounded the hearse containing the remains of the Empress-Queen, behind it the carriage in which sat Countess Sztaray, the lady-in-waiting who was with her when she met her death, then more cavalry, and finally a detachment of infantry. The spiritual beauty, the majesty, the sublimity will remain ever in my memory.

And just one more ceremony, though the Emperor takes no part in it—that of initiating a knight into the Order of the Golden Fleece or Teutonic Order. This is performed in the church of the latter order, in the Singerstrasse, such ceremonies being very rare, the last investiture having taken place some five years ago. The service is a very solemn one, especially when the master of the order, the Archduke Eugene, waves his sword in the direction of the four winds before placing it on the shoulders of the knight kneeling before him. Here, too, are all those assembled wearing their jewels and orders, and here, too, is that never-failing richness of colouring, be it for festive or for holy occasion..

CHAPTER XII

COURT FESTIVITIES

OF these there are many besides balls, which will be dealt with in another chapter—marriages coming first in order, these varying according to the rank of the contracting parties. Should both be of equal birth, the ceremony is very pompous; should one of them be of lower rank, the marriage is a private one, even though the Emperor be present at the nuptials. In either case the trousseau is always on view for some days, men being almost as eager as the weaker sex to get a glance at it.

On all such occasions the guests assemble in the different ceremonial apartments at the Hofburg, through which the bridal train is to pass, those who are to take part in the ceremony being allotted the Alexandra chamber, where the Emperor joins them. Those privileged to witness the marriage itself take their places beforehand in the Hofburg chapel, where the space, however, is too limited to allow any except the wives and daughters of the ambassadors and nobility to have a place. There are always a number of officers—men of the highest rank—in attendance, and the diplomatists. The latter have their place in the Trabanten Saal. The other apartments are assigned to ladies fortunate enough to have “friends at court,” and eager to catch a glimpse of the cortège. It is not much more, for the guards who form the spaliers are so very tall that one cannot possibly see over their heads, and there is even

much craning of necks to see between their broad shoulders ; but that is only a minor matter, for they at any rate have a good view of those making their way to the gallery of the church through the private door. And in this way curiosity is satisfied.

One word of praise must be given, too, for the kindness shown to accredited journalists, for whom at all festivities a good place is always reserved that their reports may be correct. At the court balls, a gallery ; at the weddings, at any rate a favourable point of view is reserved for them where they can see all. At a *théâtre paré* they have their boxes, and whenever refreshments are served out to the Emperor's guests the fourth estatists are not forgotten.

At the Austrian court no young girls are allowed to take part in the marriage ceremony, though they may be present in the church. Consequently there are no bridesmaids, neither are there best men. The bride does not carry a bouquet, and her veil is always thrown back from the bride's face, leaving it fully exposed to view.

Usually the way is led by the officers in attendance, then comes the bridegroom, to his right the Emperor, to his left his father, or the one who is to do duty as such. Behind are the archdukes and male friends of the bride and bridegroom, who are followed immediately by the bride, her mother and the Archduchess Maria Josefa on either side of her, their trains carried by pages in scarlet coats and white knee-breeches. Then follow the married archduchesses, their ladies-in-waiting, the ladies of the families of the bride and bridegroom, all also wearing court trains carried by pages, except those of the ladies-in-waiting, which are allowed to sweep the floor. The way to the church is made by way of the "Adler" staircase, across the Schweizer Hof, and so into the church, and after the nuptial knot has been tied, the procession

returns to the Hofburg, again passing through all the State rooms. The Kaiser then receives the newly-married couple in the Alexandra apartments, there to wish them God-speed, after which congratulations are general.

But before a wedding in the Imperial family takes place there are certain ceremonies to be gone through. First comes the act of renunciation, which, now, every member (no matter how remote from the Crown he or she may be) must sign when marrying out of the Imperial family. Nobody is allowed to be present except those absolutely concerned in it.

The festivities preceding the marriage consist of family dinners given by the Emperor and other members of the Imperial family, and as a rule a State concert, at which singers and instrumentalists chosen from the members of the Imperial Opera-House provide the entertainment. This lasts about an hour and a half, after which tea is served, and the guests return home. Such concerts are held in the large redoute hall. These are as a rule very stiff affairs, though at one of them great diversion was caused by an impertinent little mouse, who evidently was tempted by the sweet sound of Madame Saville's voice to come and listen to what was going on. Unfortunately its uninvited presence did not escape notice, and there was much furtive shaking of dresses till the innocent cause of the suppressed panic was seen to rush up a curtain and disappear.

After the wedding is over there is generally a family *déjeuner*—that concludes the festivities.

The festivities in honour of the Emperor's invited guests vary according to their rank. At times when the German Emperor has been here, or the German Crown Prince, the Shah, the Kings of Saxony, England, and Sweden, there has always been a *théâtre parlé* at

the Imperial Opera-House, which is then filled with the Emperor's guests, for even the box-holders have no rights on that night; the opera-house is for that occasion as the Emperor's palace, it belongs to him.

The display is a very splendid one. Here the brightness of the ladies' attire has for once an opportunity of showing itself to the fullest advantage, the officers and magnates being seated all together in the stalls and pit where the colours of their uniforms do not show at all to advantage. All stand up as the Emperor, with his guests and the members of his family, enters the Imperial box, though the National Hymn is not played. The programme generally consists of the grand act of an opera, followed by scenes from a ballet, and these vie with one another in brilliancy of costume and scenic effect. It is simply impossible for anything to be more magnificent; no effort in art or money is spared, all the costumes are new for the occasion, as also the scenery and arrangements. Last year when the King of England was in Vienna, the "Bajazzo" and a grand scene from a ballet were represented; and lately, when the King of Saxony was present, the second act of "Aida." Apart from the orchestra and singing, including the chorus, all being glorious—for what word of praise is enough for the Vienna Opera Company?—the richness of the spectacular scene baffles all attempts to describe. For the Shah only ballets were produced, and here, too, was the same magnificence of display and splendour of colour.

Outside the opera-house also there is gala, for faggots are burning in the "frogs" on the stone roof, their light being seen in the distance; everything and everybody connected with the Imperial House is in holiday attire, even to the very attendants.

For his guests the Emperor also provides other entertainments—a hunt in the Imperial preserves, inspection of troops, or a grand parade, as the occasion

requires. There are gala dinners, too, as well as more intimate ones ; of course, these varying with the rank and tastes of the guest.

Either the Emperor or his deputy make their way to the station to await the coming of the "stranger" to the city, accompanying him to the Hofburg or hotel where apartments have been secured for him, saying adieu at the door. Two hours later the formal visit is paid, to be returned about an hour later. This often amounts to mere leaving of cards. In the evening there is a dinner at the Hofburg, and this heralds the festivities in honour of the guest, as far as the Emperor is concerned, which have already been described. There are many other entertainments given by the archdukes and archduchesses as well as the diplomatic corps, dinners, concerts, dances, while in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales a Ball bei Hof was arranged.

CHAPTER XIII

IMPERIAL PALACES

SCHÖNBRUNN, the Emperor's summer residence in Vienna, lies between two of the oldest suburbs of the city, Hietzing and Meidling, which villages already existed as far back as the twelfth century, the former belonging to the knights of the Teutonic Order, who gave it over to the monks of Klosterneuburg, to whom Meidling already belonged. This was in the year 1253. The district surrounding Schönbrunn was known as the Gatterhölzl, the name "Gatter" being that of the owners, while "hölzl" is a Vienna diminutive for "a little forest." But in spite of smallness, the trees grew very closely together, providing good hiding-places for robbers and lawless men, who entrapped people into the thicket only to rob, and perhaps murder them afterwards. This must have gone on for generations and generations, but anyway the story goes that at length it came to the ears of Josef II., who, as usual, determined to go and see for himself. Unaccompanied by any of his suite, and unarmed, the Emperor entered the forest, and as there were no paths, he naturally lost his way, noticing, however, that a ragged and evil-looking man, with a heavy stick in his hand, was following him. Seeing that he was watched, the robber began to beg, but the Kaiser told him to lead the way out of the wood. The villain only drew him farther and farther into it, till suddenly another abandoned-looking wretch appeared on the scene. The monarch knew the danger in which he was, but nevertheless did not lose his courage, saying

to them, "You men, I have neither money nor anything of value about me, and therefore cannot give you even the smallest coin for your trouble if you lead me out of the maze. You can also spare yourselves the trouble of taking me farther into the forest in order to obtain a greater reward when I am at length free of it, so show me the nearest way to Schönbrunn, for look at me well, I live at Schönbrunn." At these words they were so frightened that one of them ran away, but the other man accompanied the Emperor till they came to the road. Josef II. almost immediately began to have the forest cleared and paths made, and the citizens followed the example of their Emperor, for in Vienna everything "commences with the Kaiser," and in a short time all danger of thieves and robbers was over.

The old Gatterburg or castle was totally destroyed by the Turks in 1529, but was rebuilt, and a large house attached to it, by one Bazer, a Viennese, and after his death Peter von Mollart acquired it for the sum of four thousand florins. It was Kaiser Maximilian II., however, who first took the management of the Gatterburg into his own hands, and in the year 1529 he began the laying out of the deer-park which he had enclosed. His son Rudolf II. resided in Prague, and he let the estate to Alegidius Gattermayer, granting special privileges to him and his successors, and it continued in the hands of this family till the coming of the Hungarians under Stephan Bocskay in 1605, when it was set on fire; and not only the Gatterburg was destroyed, but also the surrounding district.

In 1608 Mathias, the brother of the Emperor Rudolf II., was proclaimed head of the House of Austria, and he also came into possession of the Katterburg or Gatterburg. It is to this Mathias to whom legend attributes the name being changed to Schönbrunn, for he often used to hunt in the neighbouring Vienna forests, and one day



SCHÖNBRUNN

returning tired and thirsty, he espied a little spring which on account of its lovely surroundings the Emperor named "Schönbrunn"—*i.e.* beautiful spring. This is still to be seen, and very many decades later, near it was found a stone with "Kaiser Mathias" cut into it. Close to this natural fountain a little hunting-box was erected, while the hounds were kept at some distance away in the "Hundsthurm"—*i.e.* dog-tower—a name now borne by the whole district of the city in which this Hundsthurm formerly stood. Many additions were made to the gardens and hunting-box till the time of Ferdinand II., who gave it over to his consort, Eleanor of Mantua, who loved hunting and everything connected with it; and on the death of her husband, her son Ferdinand III. gave it to her as a dower-house. It was in the year 1655 that the name "Schönbrunn" was officially given to this hunting-box. Thirty years later it was again desolate and in ruins, for the Turks had entirely destroyed it, and for twelve years it lay untouched, till the Emperor Leopold I. determined to have the débris removed and a summer residence built for his son Josef I., the Roman Emperor. That was the beginning of the present Schönbrunn. Fischer von Erlach was entrusted with the plans and the carrying out of the building, the expense of which was paid partly by the Emperor from his privy purse and partly by a grant from the Diet. The joy was so great that a medal was struck in honour of its building bearing the inscription :

"Sol ubi romanus curis percurrerit orbem
hoc pulchro fessos fonte relaxat equos."

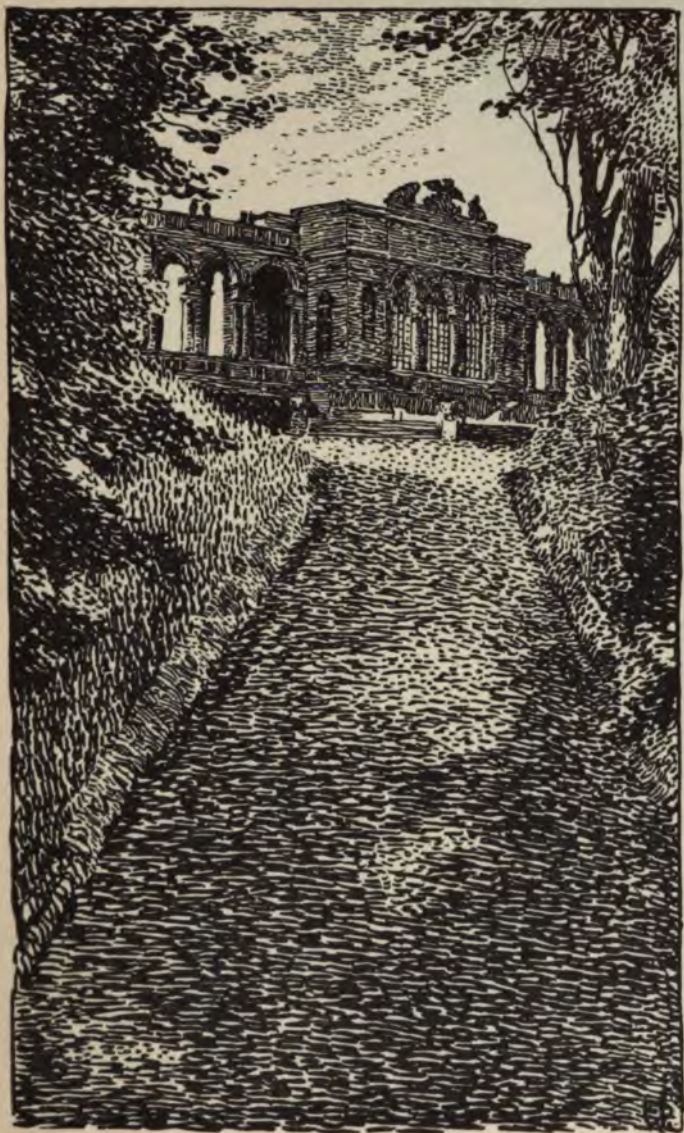
So much for the early history of Schönbrunn, one of the most historically romantic places in Vienna, the favourite residence of Josef I., of Maria Theresia, and of the present Emperor; Napoleon's chosen residence, and later that of his son the Duke of Reichstadt, whose title

was settled in one of the rooms of the palace. The Peace of Pressburg was signed here.

The old Gatterburg was built in the old German Renaissance style of the sixteenth century, with high corner-towers flanking the gateways, gable roofs, and a chapel, as an old engraving by Georg Matthäus shows us.

Fischer von Erlach intended raising a much more imposing-looking edifice than the present one. The simpler plans which he afterwards made were also much changed by the Court architect, Nicola von Pacassi, for Fischer von Erlach died long before his work was completed; and still further changes were made by Johann Aman during the three years he was occupied in renovating the castle from 1817-1820. There is a beautiful picture by Canaletto which shows Maria Theresia on the balcony overlooking the French garden just as she is receiving the news of the victory of Kunersdorf, that battle at which the united Austrians and Russians under General Laudon defeated Frederick the Great in 1759, so raising new hopes in the hearts of the Empress and her people.

Fischer von Erlach's idea was to build a palace which should put Versailles in the shade, and intended erecting it on the same spot where the Gloriette, built under Josef II., now stands, overlooking the beautiful wolds of Schönbrunn. Had his intentions been carried out—for Josef I. was himself not only a great musician but also a great lover of art—Schönbrunn had been so magnificent as to have attracted of itself many strangers to the city, but the necessary funds failed for so imposing a structure. So Pacassi was allowed to simplify matters, and the palace, instead of being at the top of the incline, lies in the plain some little distance from its foot, the garden being between; that garden laid out after the French fashion, with stiff



GLORIETTE, SCHÖNBRUNN

walls of clipped trees, but still with a certain grace of their own. Marble statues line the many walks, the background of trees casting their shadow upon them. The greenhouses and conservatories are filled with tropical and sub-tropical plants and flowers, and to the left are zoological gardens, the delight of the young, where even the Emperor may often be seen leading his grandchildren by the hand. The whole of the grounds, zoological gardens included, have been thrown open to the public since the time of Josef II., and they do not abuse the trust. Sundays and holidays they are crowded with holiday-makers, seeking rest in the beautiful fresh green and the mountain breezes borne by the winds from above. In the morning hours it is a favourite walk of the less busy people and those more favoured with the world's goods, deep silence reigns, and one can think oneself back into the dreams of childhood and enchanted parks.

Numerous and varied are the flowers and plants grown, especially those to be used at the court ceremonies, and which are chosen a year in advance, so that every care may be taken that the required number and the right ones are grown. In Schönbrunn alone there are fifty trained gardeners and over a hundred assistants, not to speak of those whose duty it is to keep the paths clean. A dozen men are told off every night to watch the various conservatories and greenhouses, to take the required steps should the temperature fall or rise, and to sound the alarm for the gardeners, who all reside in Schönbrunn. They have also to look after the plants in the open air. Next year another conservatory for tropical plants will be erected. This will be an additional charm, for already the gardens and conservatories attract people from far and near.

In 1744 Maria Theresa, feeling the desire of her ancestors within her to create something great in architec-

ture worthy of the monarchs of Austria, continued the work of her uncle Josef I., which she carried on with her usual energy, watching the palace grow day by day, till in six years Pacassi could say, "It is completed."

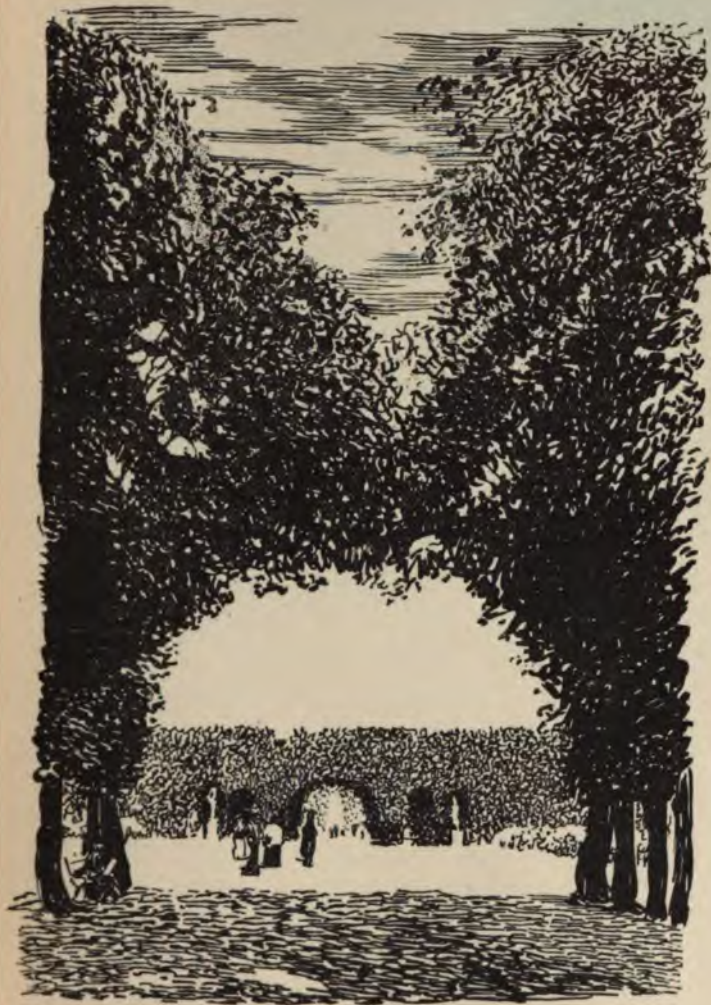
The slender obelisks of the outer gate had to serve for the Trajan columns of Fischer von Erlach's phantasy; nor can one regret this, for the spot is an idyllic one. The central façade contains the ceremonial apartments, and the east wing the guest apartments; the west wing is inhabited by the Emperor. All his rooms are furnished in rococo style, the pictures are family portraits. The audience-chamber is more elaborate, Meixner's bust of Radetzky being placed in a prominent position.

The central hall, through which the palace is entered, formerly served as a ball-room. The festivities for the marriage of Josef II. to Isabella, Princess of Parma, were held here. To the apartments on the ground floor Maria Theresia withdrew after the death of her beloved husband, Francis of Lorraine. There in silence and undisturbed by the cares of government for a short while, she could ease her heavy heart. The same rooms were occupied by the Crown Prince Rudolf before his marriage to Stefanie, Princess of Belgium. The hunting trophies of his boyhood years are still to be seen; the furniture scents of the chase, it is simple, and such as is to be seen in Styria or other parts of the Austrian dominions.

An oval staircase leads to the ceremonial apartments on the first floor—and a magnificent suite they are, too. The ceiling over the staircase is covered by Johann Franz Rottmayr von Rosenbaum's fresco, "The Greeks before Aulis," a colossal work.

Most of the rooms are furnished in rococo style and the usual white and gold, with red damask, but some of them are of peculiar interest, they are so unusual—being Chinese in decoration, in furniture, and orna-

Schönbrunn. -



A SCHÖNBRUNN GARDEN

ments, a fashion very common here in Maria Theresia's days. Among the Chinese chambers the blue salon is the most beautiful; all is in *touche*, only the faces and hands of the figures being the natural colours; the ground tone is Chinese blue, the wall-paper being peach colour, but the work is so excellently done that it seems as if they were welded in one. Another Chinese room is the blue porcelain cabinet, arranged by the Empress Isabella, and remains as in her days, except for the blue *touche* drawings, which are the work of the husband and daughters of Maria Theresia, those by Marie Antoinette being very good. Many of the salons have examples of the great Empress' daughters' handiwork, for she had them not only educated in household duties, but also in music, painting, and art embroidery. So beautiful is this work that it has been copied stitch for stitch, this copy being now in the Austrian Museum. The three who so distinguished themselves were Marie Anne, Marie Antoinette, and Marie Christine. One of the rooms, the miniature or Greek cabinet, is entirely filled with their artistic productions. In the apartment once inhabited by their august father there are more examples of their work, as also two pictures by Maria Christine depicting pretty family scenes, the St. Nicolas distribution of presents by Maria Theresia, and Josef II. sitting at the bedside of his first wife Isabella, shortly after their child was born—their only one.

There are many other things to remind us of Maria Theresia, one picture by Meytens, representing her and her husband surrounded by their twelve children; but it is the portraits and busts of Marie Antoinette which rouse our attention the most, for our minds revert to the sad fate of the young archduchess, who left Schönbrunn—to become Dauphine of France—for her new home with hopes high and head erect, as she bore it throughout her misery. She was then just fifteen and a half.

Maria Theresia lived at Schönbrunn, and held her ministerial conferences there. Naturally she did not wish to be disturbed, so dinner or refreshments were literally served by unseen hands, for by means of a trap-door in the floor the table could be raised or sunk when a new course was served, or plates or dishes to be changed.

The palace is rich in family portraits and historical pictures by Austrian and Italian artists. The great masters are not there, for the simple reason that when the Emperor Franz Josef presented the Imperial Museum of Art to the city he at the same time gave her his valuable art collection.

Of the other two palaces belonging to the Emperor, Laxenburg does not concern us here, for it lies outside Vienna. It too was built by Maria Theresia, and was one of the favourite resting-places of Josef II., as was also Hetzendorf, which lies not far from Schönbrunn, which palace Josef II. hardly ever stayed at. But Hetzendorf just suited his taste. It is Renaissance in style, but a very simple Renaissance, and is more like a country house than a palace. It also is situated on the borders of the Vienna forest, close by the Imperial preserves, but still in the midst of what used to be a most flourishing vine district. There are still many vineyards round Vienna and on the sides of the hills, both in Hietzing and other districts. There is a very beautiful rococo room in Hetzendorf, but nothing more of great beauty. For many years the "Schloss" was uninhabited, except for servants, for it was here that the beautiful Archduchess Mathilde, daughter of the late Archduke Albrecht, died. She was only eighteen, and her father never got over the shock of her death, for in sealing a letter her dress caught fire, and she died of her injuries.

Augarten Palace was the favourite residence of Ferdinand III., but it was destroyed by the Turks, and lay in ruins for about a hundred years. Leopold I. raised it



MINIATURE CABINET, SCHÖNBRUNN

from its ashes, and called it Favorita; but on the building of the new Favorita, now the Theresianum, the palace was called in contradistinction the Old Favorita, and then "Augarten," *au* being the German for meadow. The gardens are laid out like those of Schönbrunn, for the French fashion of clipping the branches of the trees found good soil in Vienna. The house or palace is square and low, and not particularly large. It is the home of the Archduke Otto, nephew of the Emperor, and the Archduchess Maria Josefa, daughter of the King of Saxony. They have two sons, the Archduke Franz Carl, a bright, intelligent lad of seventeen, who is being educated at the Schotten-Gymnasium, and the Archduke Max, a little fellow of nine. The Archduchess Maria Josefa is greatly beloved by all, "the angel" the people call her. She is fond of doing good by stealth, for though the first lady in the land, she is modest and unassuming. A noble and fair woman, with beautiful blonde hair and a sweet face. She is particularly fond of visiting the sick and those in distress, the hospitals and convalescent homes for the poor. The children, too, she takes under her care, for she is such a perfect mother herself, visiting the orphan asylums, and helping in every way to give them pleasure. She gives her gardens for charity fêtes, herself assisting, as do her sons and the Archduke Otto. This year she has taken the children of the very poor under her protection, for a society was formed for sending them every day into the Vienna forests, there to give them the benefit of the fresh green woods. They are taken from the town in electric cars, and are received by those in charge at the other end, fed, amused, and otherwise well cared for. Such parents as are able, pay the sum of six hellers (remember ten hellers make a penny) for the tramway fare there and back, everything else being gratis. The archduchess spends many an hour with the little ones, chatting and playing with them.

Belvedere Palace is the home of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, elder brother of the Archduke Otto, and heir-apparent to the throne of Austria-Hungary. His



BELVEDERE PALACE

wife is the Princess Hohenberg, a lady of great intellectual power and charm of manners and person, with whom the archduke fell in love and married some three years ago. They have three little ones, a girl and two boys.



AUGARTEN PALACE





ALBRECHT'S PALACE





SCHWARZENBERG PALACE—THE TERRACE

Belvedere was built for Prince Eugene of Savoy. The spot where Belvedere Palace now stands was in olden times a Roman camp. Here was the high-road between Petronel and Deutsch-Altenburg, the headquarters of the Roman Legion. It was the desire of Leopold I., after the Turks were driven off in 1683, to build a second wall round the city from this point, which should not only protect her against the enemy, but also her suburbs. But the plan had to be abandoned, for money was too scarce. The Emperor proposed to Prince Eugene of Savoy to build himself a summer residence there; but the general's purse was not long enough. Leopold, on learning this, himself provided the means, for he was only too happy to be obliged to abandon his project. The prince's enemies thought that he wished to outdo the Emperor, and went with their complaints to the monarch, thinking thereby to harm him, but what was their astonishment to hear that he himself had put the idea into the general's mind? In 1693 the ground was bought, and the same year Prince Eugene took the superior command of the army in Hungary; and during his absence his opponents sought another means of annoying him, for his chief enemy, Prince Heinrich Fondi, Count of Mansfeld, was persuaded to have a palace built of such an imposing size that it should cast the Belvedere in the shade, Bernard Fischer von Erlach, son of the great architect, being commissioned to make the plans. This palace was afterwards sold to Prince Schwarzenberg before it was finished, for in the meantime Prince Fondi had died. The building was commenced in 1694, and had progressed so far that the lower Belvedere was ready in 1714, and two years later the upper part was finished.

Prince Eugene was to have another disagreeable surprise, for the beautiful vineyards which surrounded it had during his absence been sold to the Sales Sisters

by the widow of Josef, who had no idea that they intended having a nunnery erected on it; but such was the case, and in his anger Prince Eugene is said to have complained, "I can do nothing without being watched by the nuns."

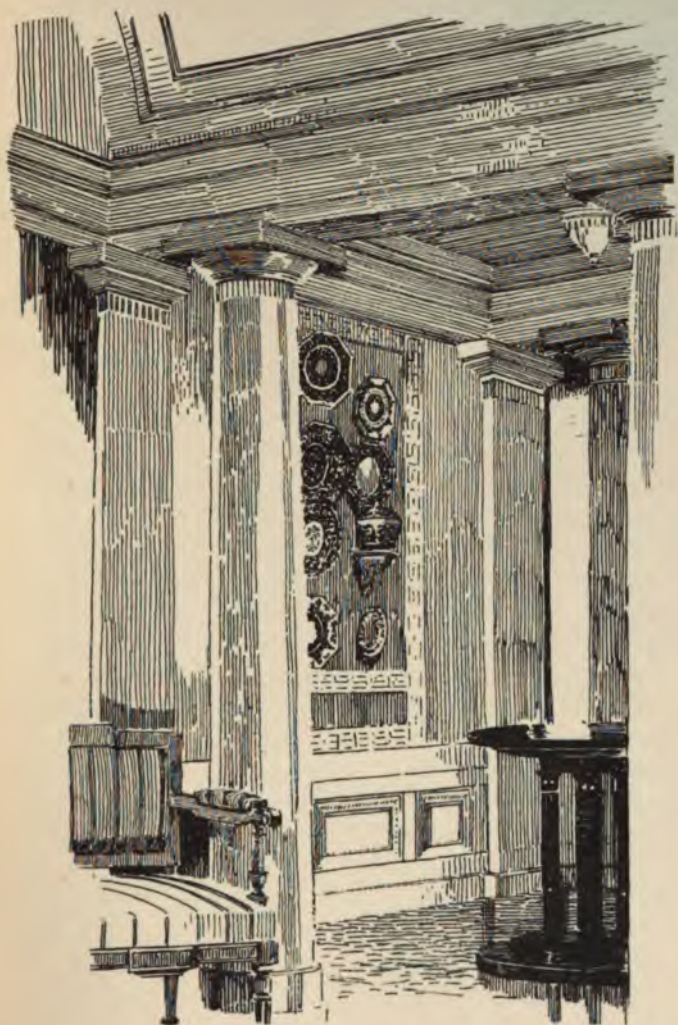
The palace is on the Rennweg, so called because here was the old racecourse of former days. It commands a fine view over the city, being on a hill. The building is very massive, and a fine example of Austrian baroque, for it bears that distinctive something which is peculiar to each nation. The interior is well in keeping with the exterior, the magnificent suite of rooms on the first floor hardly having an equal in size and beauty of decoration in the work of the great artists of the time which saw the erection of the palace.

The gardens are very extensive; Prince Eugene, it is said, had a menagerie in them. Two great fêtes are held almost every year, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and the Princess Hohenberg placing them at the disposal of one or other of the various charitable societies.

Schloss Lainz, or the Hermes Villa, was built for the late Empress Elizabeth by Professor Hellmer. It is situated in the midst of the Imperial deer-forest, so hidden from the world that only on the finest days can the weathercock on the tower be seen from the highland surrounding the castle. This was the favourite home of the Empress when in Vienna, for it is enclosed within the city boundaries. She bequeathed it to her younger daughter, the Archduchess Marie Valerie, the wife of the Archduke Franz Salvator—"the Valerie," as the Viennese call her among themselves. This cognomen does not mean anything familiar, but it is a peculiar way the Viennese have of expressing what is near and dear to them. The archduchess, her husband, and their seven children now live at the Hermes Villa during the season, for the education of their children



IMPERIAL. HERMES VILLA



CORNER IN THE ALBRECHT'S PALACE

demands that they live near the city. At other times they live at Wallsee, a beautiful spot in Styria. The view from the terrace of the villa is most enchanting, whichever way one turns; nothing but the distant forests and the valleys below. These forests are so extensive that it would take from eight to ten hours to walk round them; there are plenty of deer, not too wild, for many of them are artificially reared, others, particularly those in the park round Lainz, being almost tame, hardly taking the trouble to get out of the way of those who are fortunate enough to obtain permission to visit the villa.

The decoration of the villa is the work of Hugo Charlemont, Klimt, and Matsch, the sculpture being by Tilgner, Weyr, and other famous masters.

The Albrechts' Palace is interesting because it is erected on the old ramparts of the city, close by where the old Burg-Thor stood. It was built under Maria Theresia for the use of her daughter, the Archduchess Marie Christine, after her marriage to Duke Albert von Sachsen-Teschen. It is connected with the Hofburg by means of a subterranean passage. Afterwards it came into the possession of the Archduke Albrecht, the son of the Archduke Charles, the hero of Aspern; himself a soldier, afterwards Field-Marshal of the Austrian Army; and on his death in 1896 it passed to the Archduke Frederick, who married Isabella, Princess of Croy-Dülmen. They have a large family of daughters, and one son and heir. The Archduchess Isabella has taken upon herself the protection of the Hungarian art needlewomen, and has been successful in bringing much trade to them, and not only increase of pay, but has the women taught designing and everything connected with their art, so that their work is really artistic and not mere copying.

The interior of the palace is very beautiful, especially the ball-room, which contains twelve marble statues.

The present archduke is a collector of coins, of which he has many fine examples. Here, too, is a collection of old Empire furniture, of rare beauty and great value. The Archduchess Isabella came across it hidden away in the attics, and of course had it removed to the lower rooms. She, as do the other archduchesses, superintends personally the affairs of her household.

The fountain at the foot of the rampart was presented to the city by the Emperor Franz Josef. The figures in the niches represent the tributaries of the Danube, each one bearing the attributes of the land through which it flows.

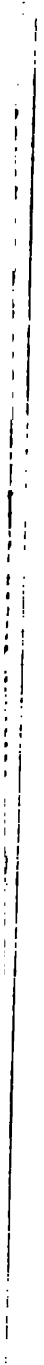
The Albertina Museum is one of the sights of the city, and there artists may be moved to many new inspirations. This contains a collection of original drawings which was commenced by Duke Albrecht of Sachsen-Teschen, and continued by his brother-in-law, the Archduke Charles. A hundred and fifty are from the pencil of Raphael, one of which he presented to Albrecht Dürer in 1515. There are about 2500 drawings, and about 200,000 engravings. In addition there is also a library containing about 50,000 volumes on art, illuminated folios, and illustrated works, as well as many historical military plans.

The Archduke Rainer and his wife, the Archduchess Marie—he is uncle to the Emperor—have their palace in the Favoritenstrasse. They are a charming old couple. He has done much to further art, in which she also takes a keen interest. They have no children, but look after other people's, and are of the sort that "do good by stealth, and blush to find it known."

The Archduke Ludwig Victor lives in a new palace built by H. V. Ferstel, in the Schwarzenberg Place. He is unmarried. The Archduke Eugene is one of the tallest men in the Austrian Empire, being over six feet four. He is Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, and as such



SCHLOSS LAINZ, TERRACE
HERMES VILLA



may not marry. His palace in the Park Ring was built under the architect Hansen.

The Archduchess Maria Theresia, sister-in-law of the Emperor, has her palace in the Allégasse, where she lives with her only unmarried daughter, the Archduchess Marie Annunziata. The Archduchess Maria Theresia, too, has her *penchant* lace and lacemakers, and is President of the Society for the Promotion of Lace-making in Austria, and another hobby is photography. In fact, all the members of the Imperial family have some quality which distinguishes them from one another.



CHAPTER XIV

PALACES

THERE are so many beautiful palaces in Vienna—two residences might be a better word—that it is impossible to speak of all. We must even content ourselves with a few. The Pallavicini Palace in the Josefs Platz, opposite the Court Library, is one of the finest palaces in Vienna; the portal being very beautiful, at once attracting the notice of the passers-by. The whole façade is a mixture of renaissance, baroque, and rococo, more particularly the Italian, for the architect, Ferdinand von Hohenberg, planned it soon after having returned from a journey in Italy, when considerably under the influence of the beauties he had seen there. The sculptor was Zauner, who at the same time as he was engaged on this palace, was just finishing his statue of Josef II. The fine caryatides flanking the portal are a noble work though apparently too heavy for the building. The impression, however, vanishes on nearer inspection; for then it is recognised how fine the adjustment of the architectural proportions is, and how perfectly this is in keeping with the general tone of the edifice.

The spot on which the palace stands has an interesting history, for here Count Nicolas Salm lived, the hero of the Turkish siege in 1529, to whom a magnificent monument has been placed in the Votive Church. After the death of his son the house passed into the hands of the Emperor. Later, here stood the nunner

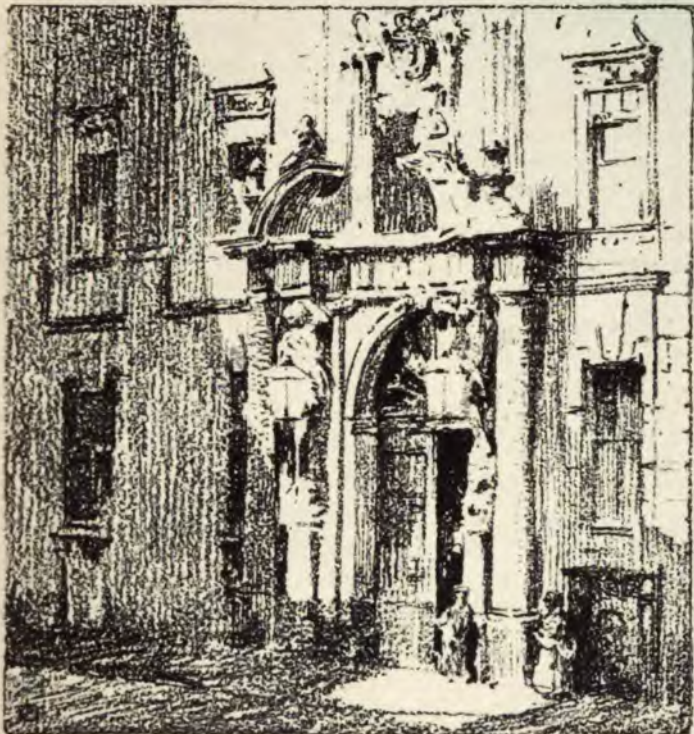


PORTAL OF THE PALLAVICINI PALACE, JOSEFSPLATZ

of the Clarissinen—Königs-Klöster—and it was here that Elizabeth, widow of Charles IX. of France and daughter of Maximilian II., returned to the home of her fathers after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, to become the abbess of the cloister which she founded. She had witnessed the terrible Bartholomew night, which had filled her with such horror that on the death of her husband nothing could persuade her to stay in France. Maria Theresia often came to the church of this nunnery, which was connected with the Hofburg by an archway. The bridge is no longer there, but the church still remains, having been given over to the Lutherans. In the year 1782 Josef II. dissolved this monastery, together with many others. The land was bought by Count Moriz Fries, who erected the present palace on the ground, and here began a second romance. He married Theresa, Princess Hohenlohe, who was so beautiful that Goethe minutely describes a picture of her with her baby on her lap. In winter they lived here, in summer in Vöslau, where one day his father was found dead in the garden. Nobody was ever able to tell by whose hands he met his death. He was a passionate collector, and filled his palace with the most beautiful works of art he could find on his journeys. He met Goethe in Italy, who very often mentions him in his letters, as also Gérard, as the "Comte de Frise," and in this form his name has gone over into the history of French art. Count Moriz turned his palace into a veritable museum of art. On the ground floor he had copper engravings and drawings, and more than a hundred thousand copper-plates and hand-drawings. On the first floor were more than three hundred pictures, among them Dürer's "To the Maria," being the portrait of Maria von Burgundy, first wife of Maximilian I. There were many other valuable pictures, including Rembrandt's "Vertumnus and Pomona." Be-

sides painting, the count also collected books. He had more than sixteen thousand, among them a copy of the first folios of Shakespeare. There were also collections of minerals and other objects, among them coins and sculptures.

But all these splendours and glories were to vanish. The year 1822 was the great bankruptcy year for Vienna, for the occupation by Napoleon was followed by bad times, and to these were added the expenses of the Congress. The banking firm of Frise was ruined with others. The count bore his disaster courageously, and leaving behind the least of all his treasures—for he left all to his creditors—he vanished, to die in Switzerland unknown and uncared for in 1825. Between 1826 and 1827 his copper-plates and drawings were put up for auction in Amsterdam. The banker Baron Sina bought the palace, and sold it in 1844 to Markgraf Alphons Pallavicini, father of the present owner, who entirely renovated the interior of the house. To him is owed the granite staircase supported by four magnificent marble pillars bearing a rounded arch. The balustrades are formed of a very beautiful and interesting iron scroll-work. In the reception-room there is a colossal bronze candelabra by Hollenbach, ornamented with Chinese porcelain, fine crystal lustres, a lovely chandelier of wood gilded over by Lobmeyr, and many other works of art. The colours of the Gobelins which cover the walls are very rich and the subjects historical. Many of them illustrate La Fontaine's fables. Some of the Gobelins came from a master-hand, the Markgraf having acquired them from the Matzleinsdorf Church, where they were used as ordinary carpets. The furniture is of various styles, one room being entirely Louis XV. In the palace is a magnificent collection of old Vienna china. In the rooms themselves there is only one of each service, and they fill many tables. The number of



OLD PORTAL.



services must be legion. This crystal, porcelain, and Gobelins are the treasures of this palace.

The Palais Kinsky, in the Herrengasse, was built in the time of Leopold I. by Lukas von Hildebrandt, one of the celebrated architects of his time, who was born in 1666. He also built the Belvedere and the Liechtensteinpalais. Ten years were occupied in building, it having been commenced in 1710. The palace faces the Freyung; this gives it a point of vantage. It is attractive for the beauty of its form, the front of the building being ornamented with eight large stone statues, those flanking the portal being the finest. The staircase is particularly noble, although this is not at first seen, owing to the limited space allotted to the hall. The ceiling was painted by Marcantonio Chiarini, and represents the Ascension of Christ, the colours being very harmonious and rich. The sculpture is bordered by a frieze, which in its turn is edged by a stone tracery. The finest room is the dining-room, which has panels of dark oak, intercepted with niches whose arches are ornamented with marble vases. The marqueterie was brought from the cathedral at Pressburg more than a hundred years ago. In the corners of the rooms there are also niches which contain a quantity of valuable and rare china. There is also very much other valuable china—Sèvres, old Saxony, and old Vienna—as well as glass and crystal.

Here, too, are fine Gobelins, one of which was a present from Louis XIV. to Prince Stefan Kinsky, its duplicate being in the Garde-Meubles in Paris. There is also a very valuable scarf-pin by Benvenuto Cellini. Among the pictures are several by Richter, Angeli, Horowitz, and Daffinger, as well as sculptures by Tilgner and Weyr.

Of the two Liechtenstein palaces one is in the Bankgasse and the other in the Liechtensteinstrasse, the former

being entailed on the heirs and the latter containing the famous picture-gallery, which is always open free of charge to the public.

The palace was commenced by Count Adam von Liechtenstein in 1699, on the land which he had bought from Count Dominik Kaunitz, and was completed in 1701. The front façade is 171 feet long and 81 feet high. The character is Italian. It is on the whole noble in proportions, the substratum being very felicitous. The artistic relation between light and shade is particularly effective, and the stucco and ornamental execution in material is very powerful. What is perhaps less praiseworthy is the fact that the column is too weak in comparison to the Herme. The moulding above is somewhat overloaded, both in respect of ornamentation and articulation.

The entrance in the Minoriten Place is one of the finest portals in the city, the Atlantes being extremely imposing. The material is brick, with mouldings of freestone. The plaster ornamentation is the work of a Venetian, Giovanni Giuliani (1603-1744), who was the teacher of Raphael Donner, but the stucco is from the school of Santino Busse, who was then the famous man for such work, and who ornamented all the baroque palaces of the residence with reliefs ; but in spite of this, he died so poor that there was not even enough money to pay for his funeral. Giuliani was unfortunate too. He fell in love with a gardener's daughter, who proved such a she-devil that he was obliged to divorce her and enter the monastery of Heiligenkreuz, which he had also decorated, as a lay brother. Besides this man, Antonio Bellucci also did his share in making the palace beautiful, for it was he who decorated the ceiling with beautiful allegorical paintings. The three ceiling-pieces are by Andreas Lanzoni of Milan, who was a pupil of Maratta. He was knighted for his glorious work, and died in Vienna.



OLD PORTAL, WECHTENSTEIN PALACE



OLD PORTAL



The staircase is one of the chief beauties of the palace, the stone balustrade being covered with large mythological and allegorical reliefs—statues of men in armour, dancing women, and other stucco ornamentations.

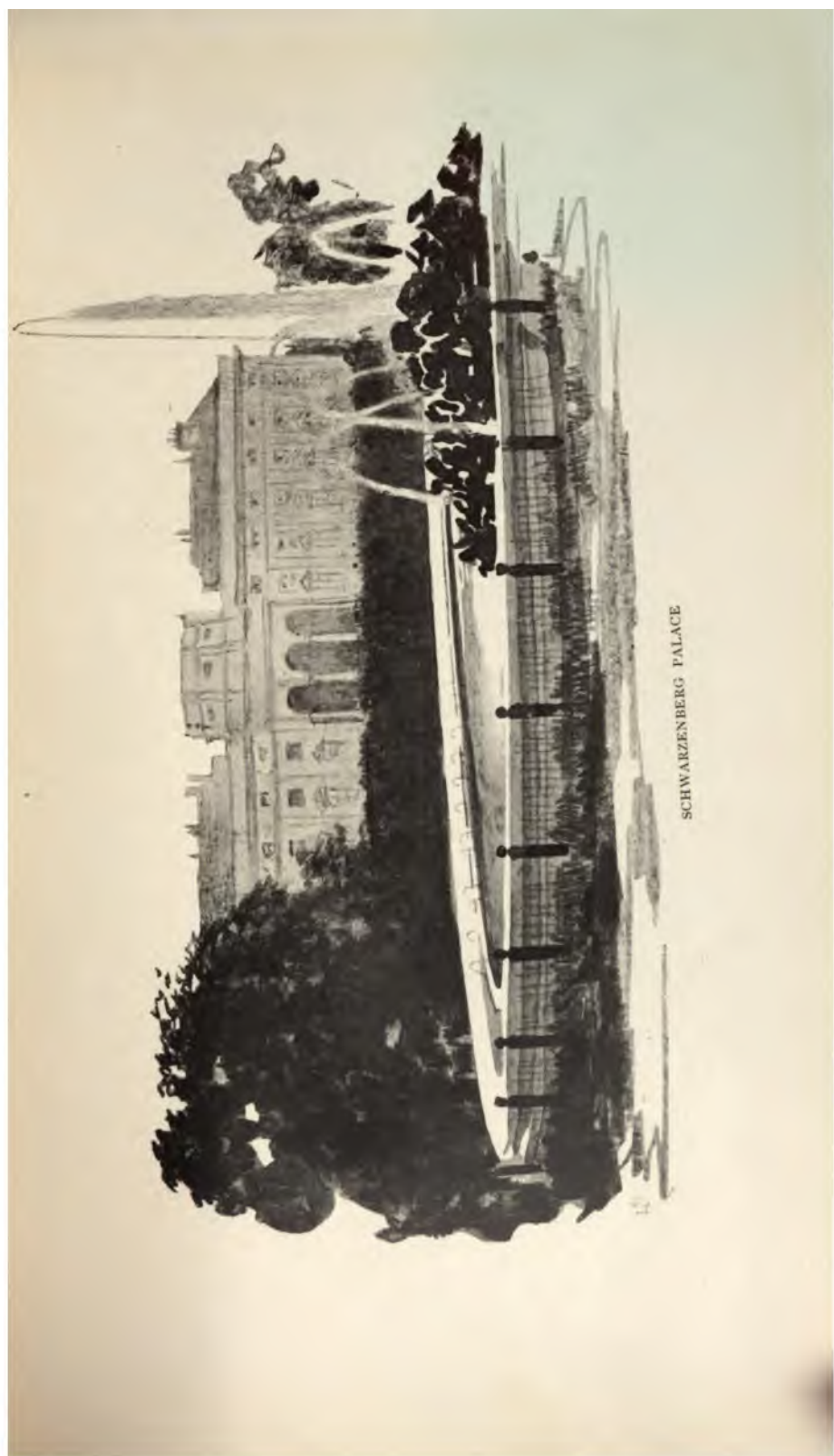
In 1836-1846 the palace was restored, no less than a million florins being spent on the alteration. Workmen were brought from London and from Paris, because in Vienna there were not enough to do the work. The interior is somewhat too garish, though very magnificent. The ceilings have double stuccos, from which the priceless lustres hang.

Another noble palace is that of Prince Schönborn, in the Rainergasse, which is generally attributed to Fischer von Erlach. It was built in 1706, and came over into the Schönborn family sixty years later, in 1846. It, too, was thoroughly renewed and made into a Fideikommiss. The façade is one of the finest of the baroque period. The round-arch portal is flanked by fluted columns, a very unusual thing in the architecture of Fischer von Erlach. The main entrance has to the right and left other doors, over which are two large oval windows, each containing magnificent vases, the effect being very imposing. These two side-windows, which are much lower than the others, have ornamented reliefs depicting mythological scenes, the sequel to one of them being carried out in the projection. The vestibule is one of the finest in Vienna palace architecture. The staircase has two arms. Here, too, the ceilings are ornamented with stucco, somewhat rococo in style, and for this reason, for a long time it was supposed that Niemann was the architect of the palace. The picture-gallery is small but the contents are priceless. Many of the pictures are masterpieces of the seventeenth century, and some of them are from the Flemish school. Those of the German school are the least valuable. There is Rembrandt's "Blinding of Samson," one of the master's

greatest works. It is dated 1636, which was when the artist was at his best, when he was enjoying the fruits of happy married life, and when his struggles were over. The picture is great in its awfulness, in light, colours, and expression. Samson is lying on the floor, and Delia is about to escape with the locks which have been cut from his head. Two Philistines are holding Samson down, he burning with rage and torture, and a third Philistine is driving the burning iron into his eye; two others are standing by. He who has once looked at this picture, whose figures are almost life size, will never forget it, it is so horribly painful and yet so great. It is probably this picture Rembrandt mentions in two letters dated 1639, that he would sell it to Huygens because he had been the means of the governor of the province having bought his pictures. Another masterpiece of Rembrandt's is to be seen, that of Hagar in the wilderness being comforted by an angel. There are three other pictures bearing Rembrandt's name: "Jacob's Dream," "The Descent from the Cross," and a "Mother and Child." Among the other paintings is a Madonna by Van Dyck, an interior by Jan Steen, Tenier's "Advocate," some landscapes by Ruysdael, Van de Velde, Giorgione, and others. It is one of the choicest picture-galleries in Vienna.

There are numerous other palaces, most of them dating from the baroque period of the eighteenth century, and all having many attributes in common, especially those built by the same architects. Many of these are filled with the most wonderful treasures, for instance that of Count Czernin, containing an admirable collection of paintings.

Then there is the already-mentioned Lichtenstein gallery and the gallery of Count Harrach, both of which are open to strangers visiting the city, and here one can see many of the most glorious monuments of art of



SCHWARZENBERG PALACE



the old masters, Rubens, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Murillo, Titian, Michael Angelo, Tintoretto, Holbein, Dürer, Van Dyck, Van Hals, Tenier, Millet, Watteau, and many others.

One of the newest palaces in the city is that of Count Lanckoronski in the Jacquingasse, which, though baroque in style, was built seven years ago by Messrs. Fellner and Helmer, two of the most celebrated of modern architects in Vienna. The interior has been so arranged as to contain all the wonderful works of art collected in all parts of the world. This collection was begun by the present Lanckoronski's father, and is being continued by his son. Every country is represented. The Count has gone far in his love of the beautiful to find treasures for his museum, and has obtained such as one rarely finds even in greater exhibitions. The present Count has travelled all over the world, and when he returned from his journey in 1889, he exhibited all the rare works of art he had collected during his voyage; and the last two years, he, in conjunction with many princes, counts, and others whose houses contain treasures otherwise hidden from the world, opened their doors for charity, and allowed everybody who would pay the modest sum of K. 20.¹ to visit their homes. Hundreds came to see these riches, every room except the bedrooms was open to strangers—even the valuable and beautiful carpets were not removed. It is this same Count Lanckoronski who made the famous journey to Pamphylia and Pisidia accompanied by Niemann, Luschan, and others, where excavations were made and many treasure finds transported to Vienna.

The interior is arranged in such a manner as not only to be a home for the count, the countess, and their family, but at the same time one for the museum. The hall is oval, and contains a gallery leading to the living

¹ 16s. 8d.

apartments. It would be impossible to describe all the beauties to be seen here. There are pictures by Madame Lebrun, Pompeo Battoni, Van Meytens, Rudolf von Alt; a frieze, embroidered in silk, from the Palazzo Borghese, from the sixteenth century; Tilgner's marble bust of Charlotte Wollter and Makart's old woodcuts, Benjamin West's "Romeo and Juliet," bronze busts by Zumbusch, supraporte by Hugo Charlemont, and Madame Lebrun's "Duchess of Lothringen," afterwards the famous beauty, Countess Potocka. It would take a book to describe even those works of art in the hall.

In the room devoted to the masters of the Dutch school we see Rembrandt's "Judenbraut" ("The Jewish Bride"), for which Frau Saskia sat in 1641, and the "Father of the Bride," and the "Repenting Peter." There are also pictures by Van Dyck, and Flemish artists. There are also old frescoes from the fourteenth century, old Japanese kakemonos, pearls, sculptures in wood, many of Makart's finest paintings, Böcklin's "Triton," landscapes by Schindler and Pettenkofen, rare sculptures and frescoes from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and beautiful Gobelins by the master-hand of Van Schoor.

To reach the dining-room one must go through a passage hung with fine old Gobelins and Japanese wood-carvings. The room itself is entirely panelled with oak and hung with rare old Dutch Gobelins, one representing the sun-god, and dating from the time of Louis XIV. Here are other pictures of the rarest schools, both the Holbeins, Francois Clouet, Cranach, Botticelli, Mariotto Albertinelli, Falerino, Giovanni Bellini, Fra Angelico, Allesso; Baldovinetti, Dosso, and Dossi being represented. The rooms in which the paintings are hung are harmoniously adapted to show these works of art.

All the rooms in which sculpture is shown have painted ceilings, the rooms in which the pictures are



LIBRARY IN COUNT LANCKORONSKI'S PALACE





AUERSBERG PALACE

hung having stuccoed ones, and this contrast is very effective. The large sculpture hall is octagonal, the wall frescoes are by Domenichino, and were brought from a villa in Allobrandini in Frascati, the count having acquired them at an auction in the Palazzo Borghese. In the corner is a scene showing a house-and-court dwarf in Allobrandini chains. The motives are taken from the surroundings of Rome. The ceiling paintings are by Brioschi, and are copies of Raphael's "Eight Planets," from the Cappella Chigi in Santa Maria del Popolo. The contents of this hall are antique. The centre is formed by a sarcophagus from the third century B.C., ornamented with scenes representing children at play. Another great treasure is a frieze, which the count bought at Symrna unseen, for he had first to excavate it from the wall where it was enclosed. This frieze goes through the whole of the hall.

The Auersperg Palace was built in the years from 1721-23 by Giovanni Cajetano Neupauer, the plans are supposed to have been made by Bernhard Fischer von Erlach. The whole impression is very noble and pure in form, this being one of the most beautiful of the Vienna baroque palaces. The staircase is very handsome, and, owing to the fact that the palace lies lower than the garden, the effect is very artistic.

Nor must one forget to mention the present Finance Ministerium in the Himmelpfortgasse, which was built for Prince Eugene of Savoy as a town residence, Belvedere being his summer one, the distance between the two being about half-an-hour's easy walk. In those days, it must be remembered, to live in the Faubourg was tantamount to residing in the country. This palace is one of the finest existing monuments of Catholic baroque, and was built by Johann Bernhard Fischer von Erlach between 1703 and 1711; but additions were afterwards made, the palace being finally ready in 1725, but it is not

known whether Fischer von Erlach or Von Hildebrand carried out the extension of the palace.

Here, in this palace, Prince Eugene lived after he had fought against the Turks at Zenta, putting an end to their hopes of mastering Hungary; and after he had fought with Marlborough in the War of the Spanish Succession, winning with him Blenheim, Malplaquet, and Oudenarde, and had made a fruitless visit to England to try to prevent the making of the Treaty of Utrecht.

As Blenheim Palace was given by the nation to Marlborough, so was this palace to the other hero, with freedom from taxes and other grants for his lifetime. Here, too, did the prince breathe his last. Unfortunately he left no will, and the palace fell to the Emperor, who gave it to the niece of Prince Eugene, Anna Victoria of Savoy, afterwards Duchess of Saxe-Hilurghshausen, who scattered the treasures the hero had collected with so much care in all directions, for she sold all she could sell, even the land surrounding the building. At last, in 1754, the State bought the palace and the neighbouring house which they had demolished, and in its place had additions made to the edifice. It was used for various public purposes till 1848, since which time it has been the office of the Ministerium of Finance.

In the course of ages the palace has been restored several times; not always with pious hands, but the thorough renovation made in 1889 and 1890 brought many beauties again to light.

The length of the building is 234 feet, the façade having seventeen window niches and three entrances. The chief ornamentation of the façade is on the first floor. Unfortunately the street is very narrow, and the full beauties cannot be seen to advantage. The entrances have round arches, supported by pilasters ornamented with fine reliefs. The figures are life-sized, and repre-

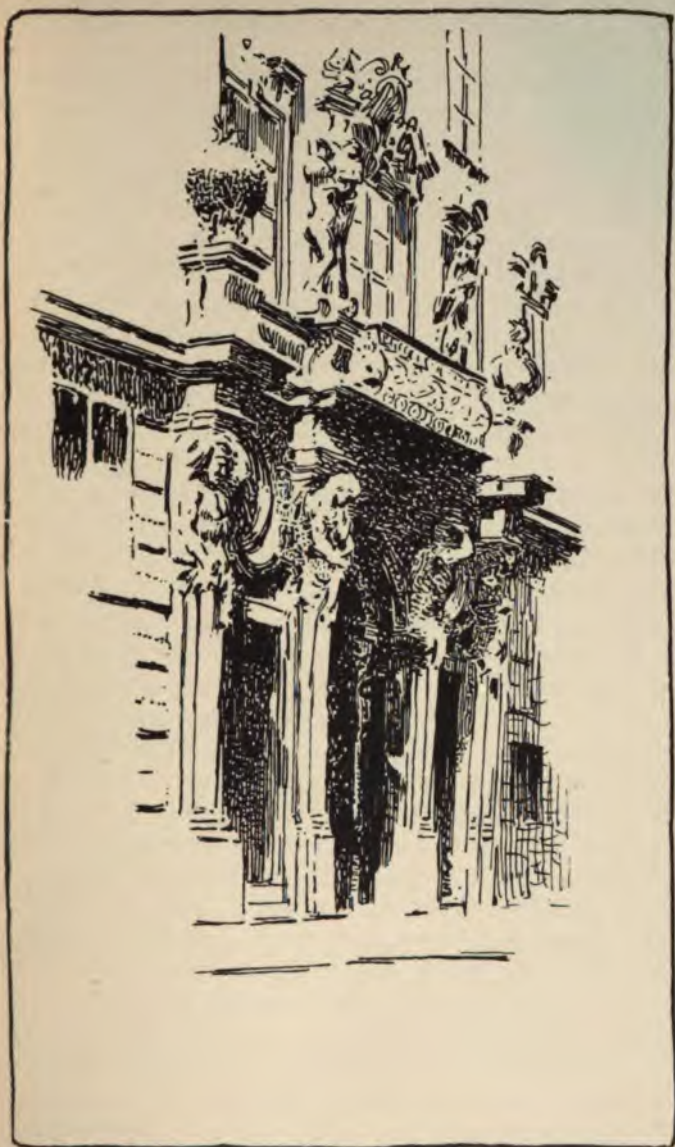


FINANZ MINISTERIUM
FORMERLY PALACE OF PRINCE EUGEN OF SAVOY





RUSSIAN CHURCH



PORTAL, FINANCE MINISTERIUM



sent scenes from the Greek and Roman myths and allegories, that of the central door being Æneas rescuing his father Anchises from Troy, to the left Hercules conquering Antæus; on the eastern portal, to the right, is Perseus with the head of the Gorgon, and to the left Achilles before Troy casting the noose over Patrocles. These are by Lorenzo Mattielli, who died in Dresden in 1748. The reliefs on the third portal are from the hands of a less skilful master; they represent Peace and War. Above these stone reliefs are three balconies, with emblems of war in keeping with the other decorations. The whole is descriptive of heroes such as Prince Eugene.

The finest part of the interior is that over the central portal. The vestibule is very fine, and has three distinctive parts, the panels being ornamented with stucco panneaux illustrative of the implements of siege. In a niche is a fountain placed there by express permission of the Emperor, from which, "at meal times, and at all times for refreshment, water might be drawn from the taps of the Imperial springs."

The grand staircase is magnificently constructed. In the centre of the back of the staircase is a portrait in relief of the Prince of Savoy, to the right and left are oval reliefs representing Hercules struggling with the Nemean Lion and Hydra, the work of Santino Bussi.

The blue Saal is the largest room, it being about thirty-four feet high, forty long, and thirty broad. The ceiling is ornamented with fresco paintings by Marcantonio Chiarini of Bologna, picturing Hercules' marriage with Hebe in Olympus, this being framed by painted gallery architectures, the work of Giovanni Gaetano Fanti of Bologna. In the four corners are scenes from the Hercules Saga. The walls in Prince Eugene's time were hung with fine paintings and tapestries descriptive of his deeds, but are now covered with brocade. The gold

cabinet, indispensable in those times, is extremely beautiful, a veritable work of wonder, with its rich decoration. The ball-room is a hundred square metres in size, the walls being covered with silk damask tapestry. Here are portraits of Francis I., Ferdinand I., Franz Josef, and the Empress Elizabeth. The stucco reliefs of the ceiling are very characteristic, while the fine old wooden chandelier is alone worth a visit to the palace. The red chamber is somewhat smaller than the blue one, and the ceiling has fresco paintings by Chiarini and Fanti representing Hercules' reception in Olympus. The medallions of the painted architecture also picture scenes of which Hercules is the hero. Here too is a portrait of Prince Eugene as a general, and copies of the portraits of Leopold I. and Josef I., the originals being in the Rathhaus.



CHANCEL, BRITISH EMBASSY CHURCH

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CHAPTER XV

ARCHITECTURE

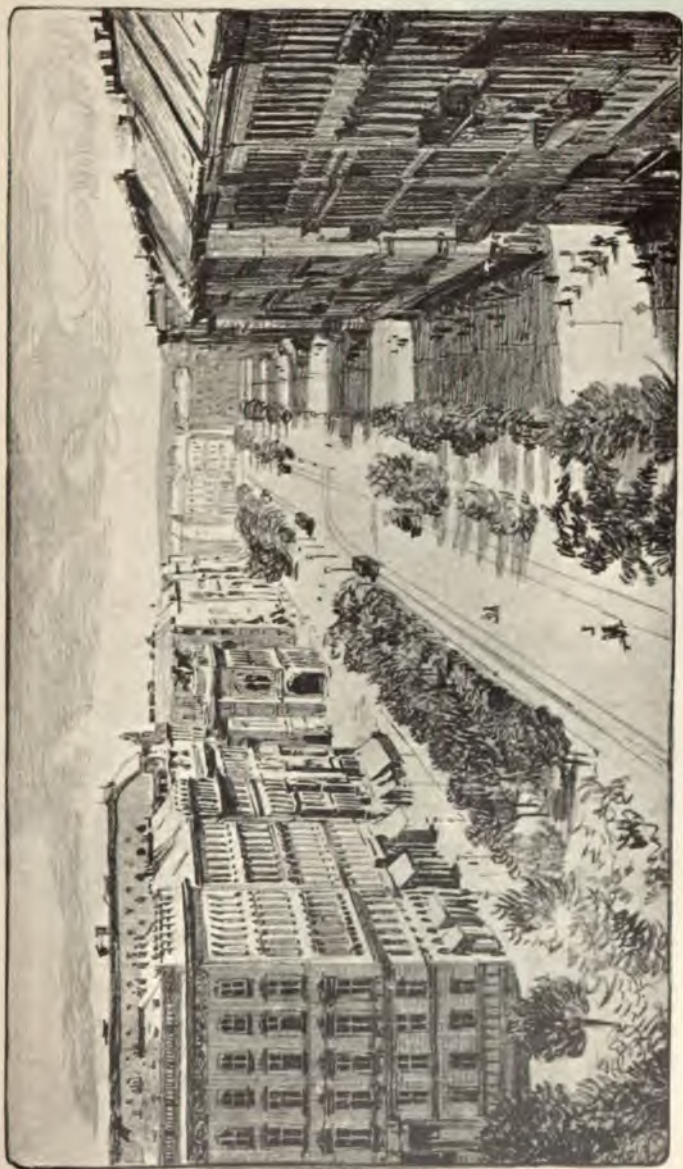
LEAVING out for the moment the few monuments remaining of the Middle Ages, one can distinguish different periods of architecture in Vienna: that of the seventeenth century consisting of churches; that of the eighteenth, when the great palaces came into life, that is, the great baroque era; the Biedermaier period under Francis I. and Ferdinand I.; the Franz Josef period; and the modern, dating from some eight years ago, which expresses itself in the many houses built during this space of time, as also in many new palaces, while the city railway, of which the architect was Otto Wagner, will remain a monument to the genius of the last three years of the nineteenth century. The extreme modern is also to be seen in the "Cottage" quarter of the city, Währing Cottage, where the houses are built like English villas, with gardens attached. At the beginning of the present century Professor Josef Hoffmann began the building of his Artists' Colony in Heiligenstadt.

That which gives the peculiar tone to Vienna is the "Ring," where there are so very many beautiful buildings, that it is no wonder that the stranger coming to the city for the first time is struck with admiration at the magnificent piles rising on either side of the broad thoroughfare. An idea of the length of street may be gained by the fact that it takes a quick walker an hour and a quarter to go round it.

With the exception of the Franz Josef's Quay, which answers to the Thames Embankment, and is occupied by business houses, there is no part of the Ring which has not some great masterpiece of architecture. If we omit the Imperial Opera-House, built by Van der Nüll and Sicardsburg, it was chiefly the genius of five men which evolved these edifices. These were Hansen, Schmidt, Ferstel, Semper, and Hasenauer. But even such men would have been powerless had they lived in the era of bureaucraticism, for during the first half of the nineteenth century nothing of any architectural value was erected beyond the Theseus Temple and the Outer Gate of the Hofburg. Architecture was at its lowest ebb and was with difficulty able to keep head above water. It needed a strong hand to guide it to the shore, and the pilot-ship was steered by Franz Josef. Ludwig Förster, too, gave some help. He was the editor of an architectural paper, and to him is due the honour of having called Theophil Hansen from Athens to Vienna. Van der Nüll and Sicardsburg were already in the city, but they were hemmed in by the narrowness which even the breaking up of the Metternich system had not been able to surmount. "Things should continue as they had been, there was no need for a change." So their fantasy could take no greater flight than is seen in the Sofiensaal, where many balls are held during the season.

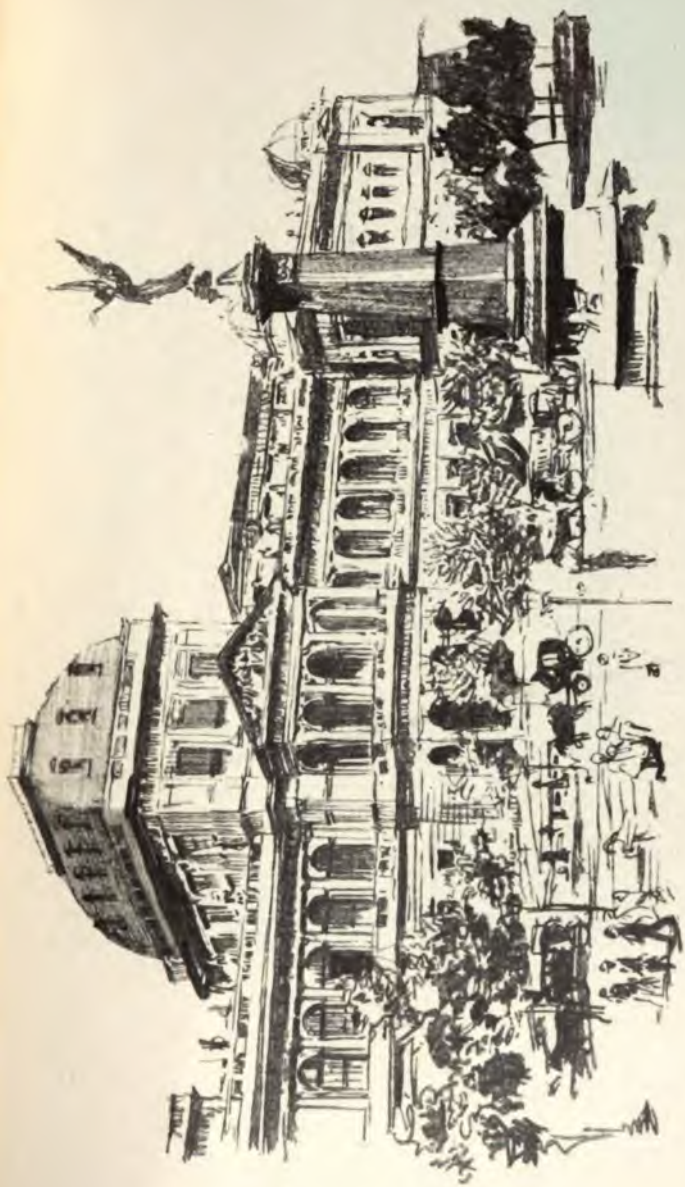
It was left to a young man, a Swiss by birth, named George Müller, to pioneer the way for freedom, to show that architecture should be left to architects, and was a thing apart from politics. He was young, free in his ideas, and accustomed to unrestrained thought; the outcome of all this was the Altlerchenfelder Church, in the seventh district, which marks a new era in church-building in Vienna.

The change was not brought about without many struggles, for the ministerial architect had begun the

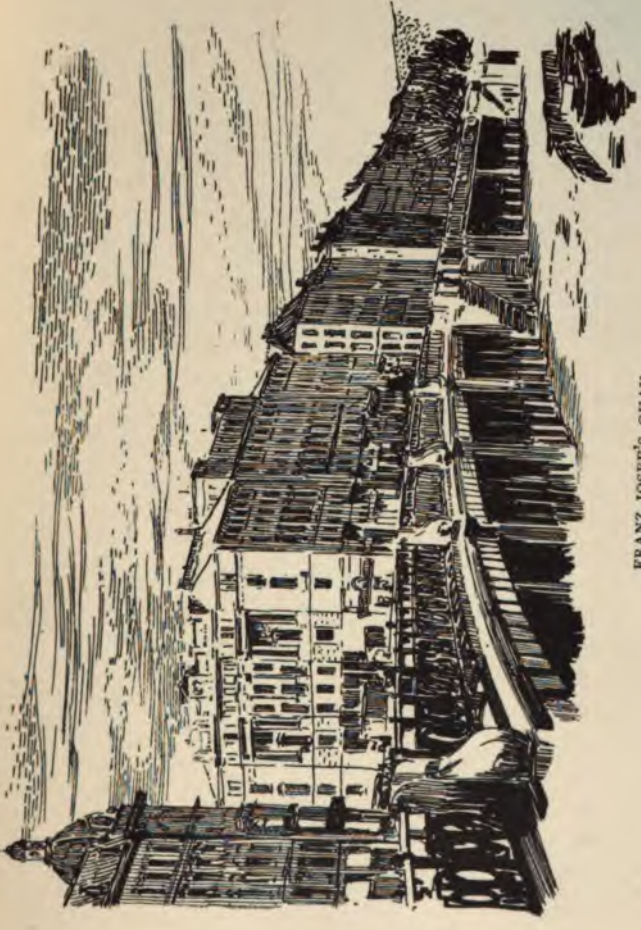


OPERA RING





IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY



FRANZ JOSEF'S QUAY

building, and already had made some progress on it, when the work was taken out of his hands, and a new competition started—fourteen days being granted for the making of the new plans. Müller won, and so instead of the ordinary Jesuit church arose a noble house of God.

The style is a mixture of the Middle Ages and Gothic, the idea being to construct something like the Florentine churches of the fourteenth century, with a touch of something new. The architect succeeded well; all Vienna looked on with astonishment, as it grew under the hand of the builder. Van der Nüll decorated the interior, and gave full rein to his fancy for plastic ornamentation. Führich, Mayer, Engerth, Blaas, and Kuppelwieser painted the frescoes and pictures, which treat of the Crucifixion and scenes during the agony. The new church satisfied artistic longings, it was seen that there was something to be learnt from architecture, that it too had a share in the education of the race; enthusiasm was high, hopes burned among the artistic, and a road was laid open from which there was no desire to turn back. Seven years, from 1854 to 1861, did it require till the church was ready, and the Emperor looked on with satisfied eye. But all, of course, were not content, for though the Metternich system was broken up, still many disliked the thought of anything differing from the old, and Müller's new-fangled ideas were looked upon with a pitying contempt by the uninitiated, and even by the critics of that day. Unfortunately, Müller died of consumption the year after the building was commenced, when he was only twenty-six, his early death putting an end to a very promising, nay, great career.

At this time there were many talented architects in the city; besides Van der Nüll and Sicardsburg, there were Hansen, Schmidt, Hasenauer, and Ferstel (who was only twenty-seven when he won the competition for

the Votive Church, Friedrich Schmidt, the great master of Gothic, gaining only the third prize). Among the judges was Louis I. of Bavaria, that sovereign whose knowledge of art is world-known, though he was an old man, even at that time. It was the wish of Archduke Ferdinand Max, afterwards Emperor of Mexico, to have a Gothic church, and it arose one of the most beautiful and the largest of Gothic edifices. It was completed in 1879. "Shortly after Sir Tatton Sykes came to Vienna, after having been through many lands and cities in search of a model modern church, in order to have one built like it on his estate in Yorkshire. His choice fell on the Votive Church, but the English Catholics, with Cardinal Manning at their head, persuaded him to have the building erected in London, to serve as a Catholic Cathedral; and so arose the New Westminster Cathedral, a direct copy of the Votive Church in Vienna."¹

The Votive Church was from the first moment a favourite in Vienna, it marked the conquest of the new over the old. It went harder with the architects of the Imperial Opera-House, Van der Nüll and Sicardsburg. These two men had so much in common, that together they built this temple of music, celebrated all over the world, and together they won the competition. That was in 1861, seven years later these "inseparables" died; the former was "guilty of his own death." In April 1868, two months later, Sicardsburg was found dead at his writing-table; he had died suddenly of heart disease. So neither was able to witness the "consecration" of that opera-house which had brought about so much adverse criticism and sorrow to both architects. These men were well adapted by nature to become fellow-workers. Sicardsburg was the great constructor,

¹ See Ferstel's "Biography." It seems this idea was afterwards abandoned, for the New Westminster Cathedral does not bear the slightest resemblance to the Votive Church.—*The Author.*

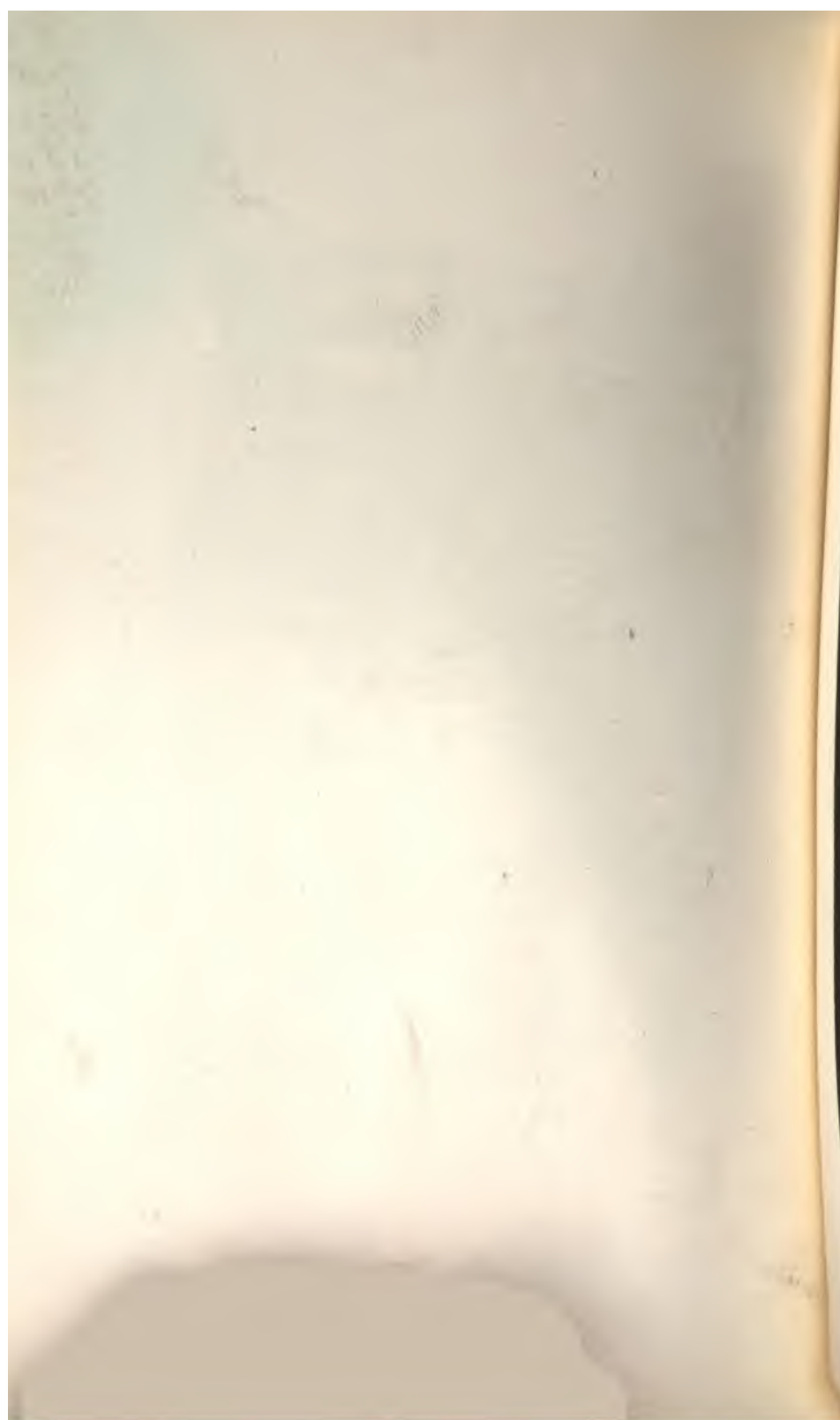


RATHHAUS (GUILDHALL)





BALL-ROOM, RATHHAUS



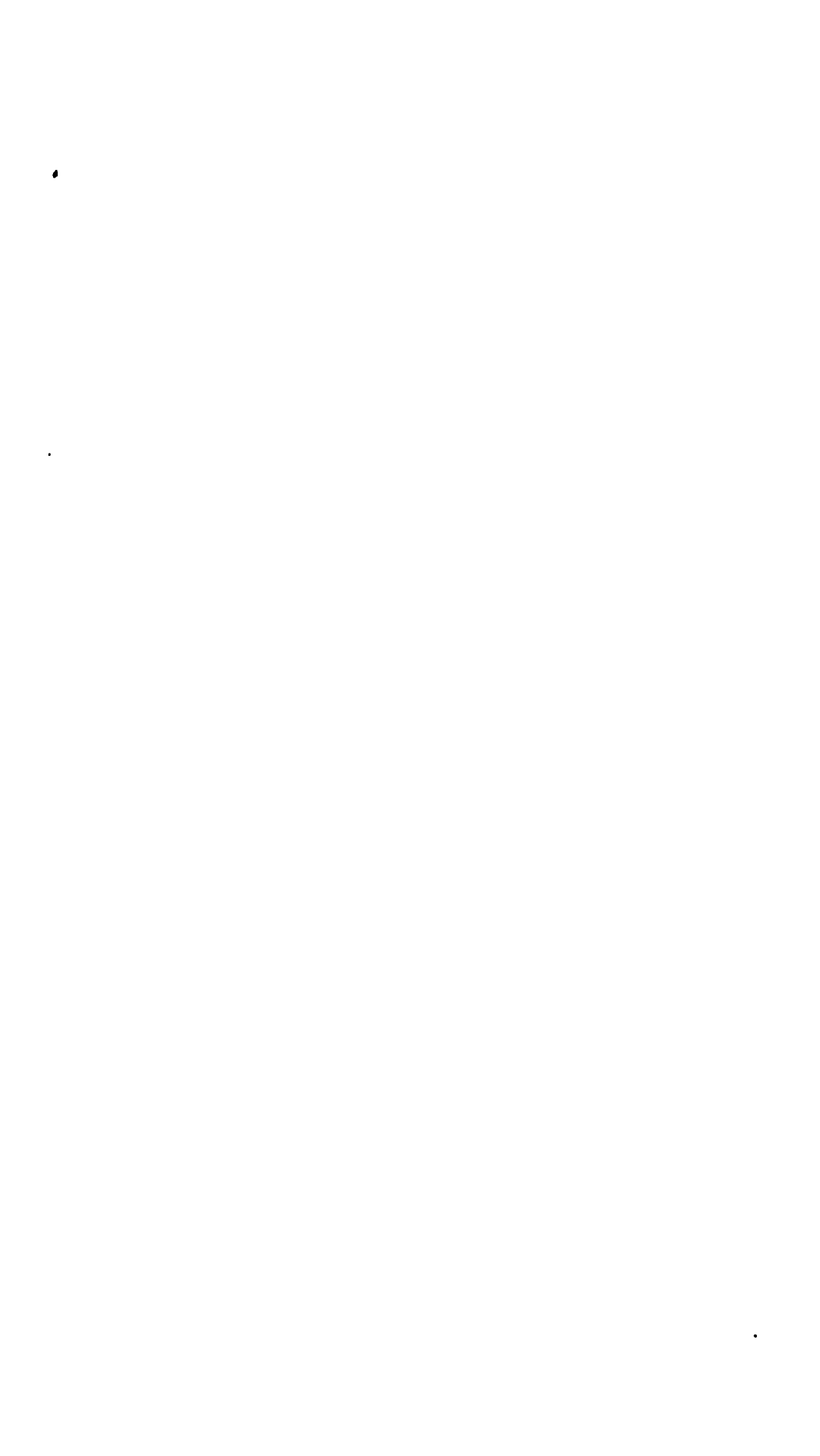


RATHHAUS BALL-ROOM BY NIGHT





VOTIVE CHURCH



an der Nüll, the great decorator ; the work of one
end supplemented the work of the other, they were the
two halves of a perfect whole.

And so it was left for others to make a New
Vienna. But the old fetters were broken, and each
architect was free to soar to distant lands and bring
something fresh to the city. The "Stadterweiterung,"
as it was called, brought new ideas to the coming
generation ; and the men who were to perform this magic
art were Theophilus Hansen, Friedrich Schmidt, Ferstel,
Hasenauer, and Semper. Hansen has only been dead
twelve years ; they gave him a funeral such as even
Vienna had hardly seen before. He brought "Athens
to Vienna" in the House of Parliament (Reichsrath),
that is his greatest work. Till they put the Pallas Athene
in front, the view was glorious ; now it is foreshortened,
there is not enough space, and so one can no longer
enjoy the full beauties of the building. In the interior
the magnificent hall, which is 128 by 72 by 42 feet, has
twenty-four colossal pillars of red marble which form a
beautiful contrast to the black and white marble walls.
This Greek temple serves to connect the two semi-
circular halls in which the Upper and Lower Houses
hold their sittings. The one contains space for three
hundred members, the other for five hundred. The
suites of rooms are rich in many hues, the walls being
decorated with coloured stucco, while the ceilings are
painted with fantastic pictures. Hansen built many
more edifices with Greek columns, including the Musik-
vereinsaal, where all the great concerts are held, and the
Exchange or Börse. He was also architect of the Hein-
richshof on the Ring, *vis-d-vis* the Imperial Opera, one
of the largest and finest mansions existing ; and the
palace of the Archduke Eugen and other buildings.

If Hansen went to Greece, Friedrich Schmidt went
to Italy for his *Rathhaus* (Guildhall). He also died in

1891, and his statue stands behind the Guildhall. Both these men, as all great men of Vienna, have honorary graves in the Central Friedhof—it is Vienna's tribute to greatness. Schmidt had studied under Zwirner in Cologne; the cathedral there was his food. In 1859 he was called to Vienna from Milan, to become Professor of the Academy, and three years later he was appointed Master architect of St. Stefan's Cathedral. He had uphill work in Vienna before his Rathhaus arose. He commenced with church-building, the most important one being that at Fünfhaus, which was again something new in church architecture and remains one of the finest in the city. Here he has struck the true Vienna chord, he has broken from the canons of the Rhine Gothic and given that indescribable touch of "echt Wienerisch."

But Schmidt's chief work is undoubtedly the Rathhaus. In this he won against no less than sixty-eight competitors. Loud were the cries against its Gothic form, for "after having ejected the Middle Ages with so much hard work, we must not let it in again through the back door of the Park Ring." Vienna wanted a late Italian Renaissance, such as Charles VI. would have erected—"that was the Vienna style, whereas a Vienna Gothic had never existed."

Instead of being built on the Park Ring, the Rathhaus occupies the space opposite the Hofburg Theatre on the Burg Ring, but with a park between. It is rectangular in form, being 80 feet deep by 390 wide. Its height from ground to roof is 114 feet; the great tower, however, is 300 feet high. The ground floor has open arcades, the upper double storey having pointed arch windows. The whole expression is something massive and noble, the windows of the festal hall, which is 108 by 48 feet, being ornamented with a Gothic richness.

The material is Wöllersdorf limestone and sandstone from St. Margarethen; both warm in colour and



IMPERIAL THEATRE





EMPEROR'S STAIRCASE, HOFBURG THEATRE





FRANZ-JOSEF FOUNDATION, ON THE SITE OF THE OLD
RING THEATRE



lending a rich tone to the structure. Schmidt used the same material for the Gothic house he built for the Emperor on the site of the Ring Theatre. This is pure Gothic, but at the same time peculiar, for the centre is formed by a chapel from which branch the residence flats.

The next building to the Rathhaus on the Ring, yet separated from it by a sufficient space—it is in the direct line but level with the Rathhaus Park—is the New University, for which Ferstel also won the prize. He was a true son of Vienna, and educated in her city under Van der Nüll and Sicardsburg at the Academy. He is called the Schubert of architecture; a great lover of music he was too, and was influenced by his surroundings, the real Vienna atmosphere being expressed in his architectural creations. He was one of the jury of the Stadterweiterungs Commission, then went to Italy; he also made journeys to Paris, London, Oxford, and other cities. In London he studied the library systems, in Oxford the buildings, and then he returned and built the University. The building occupies a space of 161 metres broad by 133 deep, its surface measurement being 21,412 square metres. The building is composed of four parts connected by the central hall. The front is occupied by the state rooms and the main entrance, which is reached by a sloping rampart; behind is the library, which contains space for 500,000 books and 400 readers. To the right and left are the lecture theatres, these being reached by handsome staircases. The ornamentation of the inside is a question of the future, the ceiling paintings for the aula, where the students hold their "Bummel," is in the hands of Klimt and Matsch; the former artist has finished his work, philosophy, medicine, and jurisprudence being his subjects. The size of the University quadrangle is not recognisable, for it is closed in on every side, and besides one can only walk under the arcades,

where memorials to and busts of all the famous University men are placed.

Ferstel's other great building in the Ring is fully three-quarters of an hour's walk from the University. It is the Austrian Museum of Art and Industry, which was finished in 1871.

The interior is far more beautiful than the exterior would lead one to expect. The octagon hall is surrounded by a glass dome, and supported by massive granite pillars, and has a handsome staircase in the background. The rooms are arranged with an eye to utility, which the extension of the work of the museum has justified.

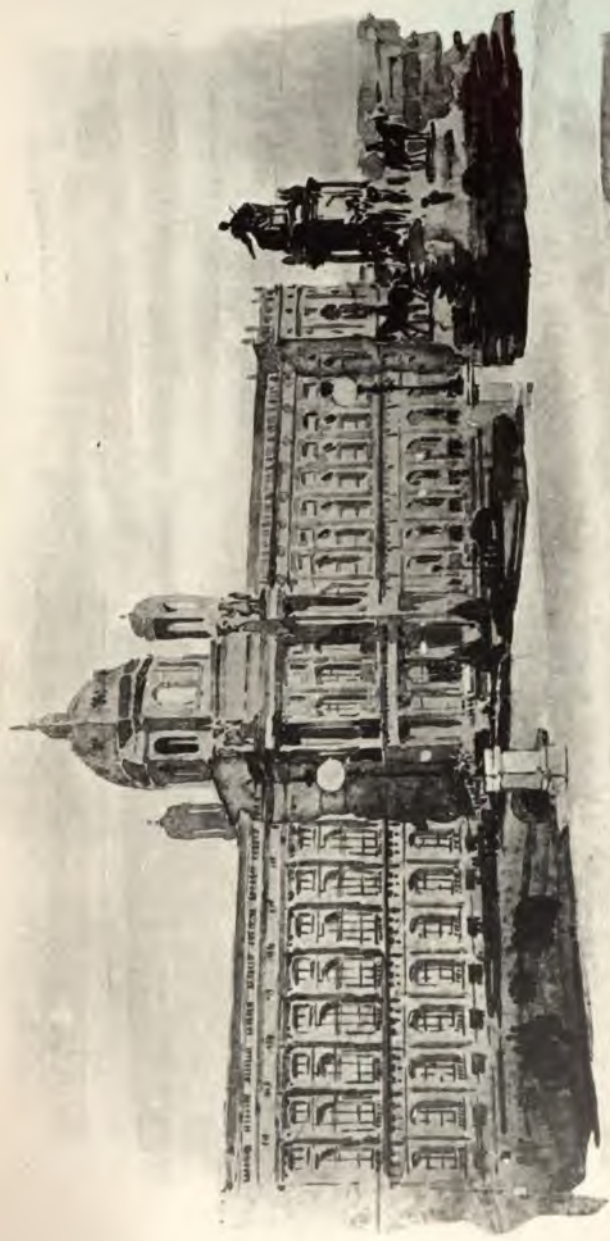
Ferstel also built many mansions in different parts of the city, and it may be well to mention here that all these architects have erected great buildings in other countries and cities.

Semper and Hasenauer, like Van der Nüll and Sicardsburg, always worked in unison, Semper checking his fellow-architect when the disposition of this real Viennese was apt to cut the traces. Their efforts in beautifying the city are shown in the Burg Theatre and Imperial Museums, as also in the new wing of the Hofburg. The Hofburg Theatre caused as much sorrow to her architects, and brought forth as much adverse criticism, as did the Imperial Opera-House, however, happily not with such a tragic result; and besides the critics were more just, for it was only when the original lyre form of the auditorium was transformed, some six years ago, into the conventional form, that the audience otherwise than the fourth gallery could understand what was being said on the stage. Whereas the blame that was attached to Van der Nüll and Sicardsburg, owing to the Imperial Opera-House being lower than the other buildings near, was not deserved, for their work was nearly completed when



HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT





IMPERIAL MUSEUM OF ART AND MARIA THERESIA MONUMENT





EMPEROR'S STATION ON THE CITY RAILWAY (ARCHITECT OTTO WAGNER)

the idea of raising the other part of the Ring was promulgated. No picture can give an idea of the size of the theatre, for there are three distinct parts, each being full of architectural beauty. As in the Opera-House, there are three central staircases. What distinguishes the theatres in Vienna from those in London and America is the fact that all the staircases leading to the different parts of the house are attained from one corridor, all the entrances being in the main façade, the grand staircase being in the centre of the corridor. The stone frieze representing a Bacchanalian procession is the work of the sculptor Rudolf Weyr, the statues of Apollo, Thalia, and Melpomene are by Kundmann, and the other figures by Tilgner. The effect of the central front of the theatre is very imposing, and one is always struck with wonder in passing it. The figures occupying the niches are by Tilgner, and they represent Phedra, Don Juan, Falstaff, and Hanswurst, and they are the finest of the outward sculpture.

The auditorium has three tiers of boxes, the lower one edging on to the parquet or stalls, and the parterre which is the same as the pit except that fashionable people go there, for the seats are dear. Behind the parterre is what is called the *steh-parterre*, for all who go there must stand. It is filled with officers and students, being reserved for males. In the centre of the second tier is the Imperial box. The third gallery is bounded on each side by boxes, while the fourth includes the usual London amphitheatre and gallery, only on either side is a box, one for the actors of the theatre and the other for the actresses. The custom of separating the sexes of artists prevails in all the Vienna theatres.

In the Imperial Opera-House there is the same distribution of seats. The colours of both the Imperial theatres are white and gold, the upholstery being red.

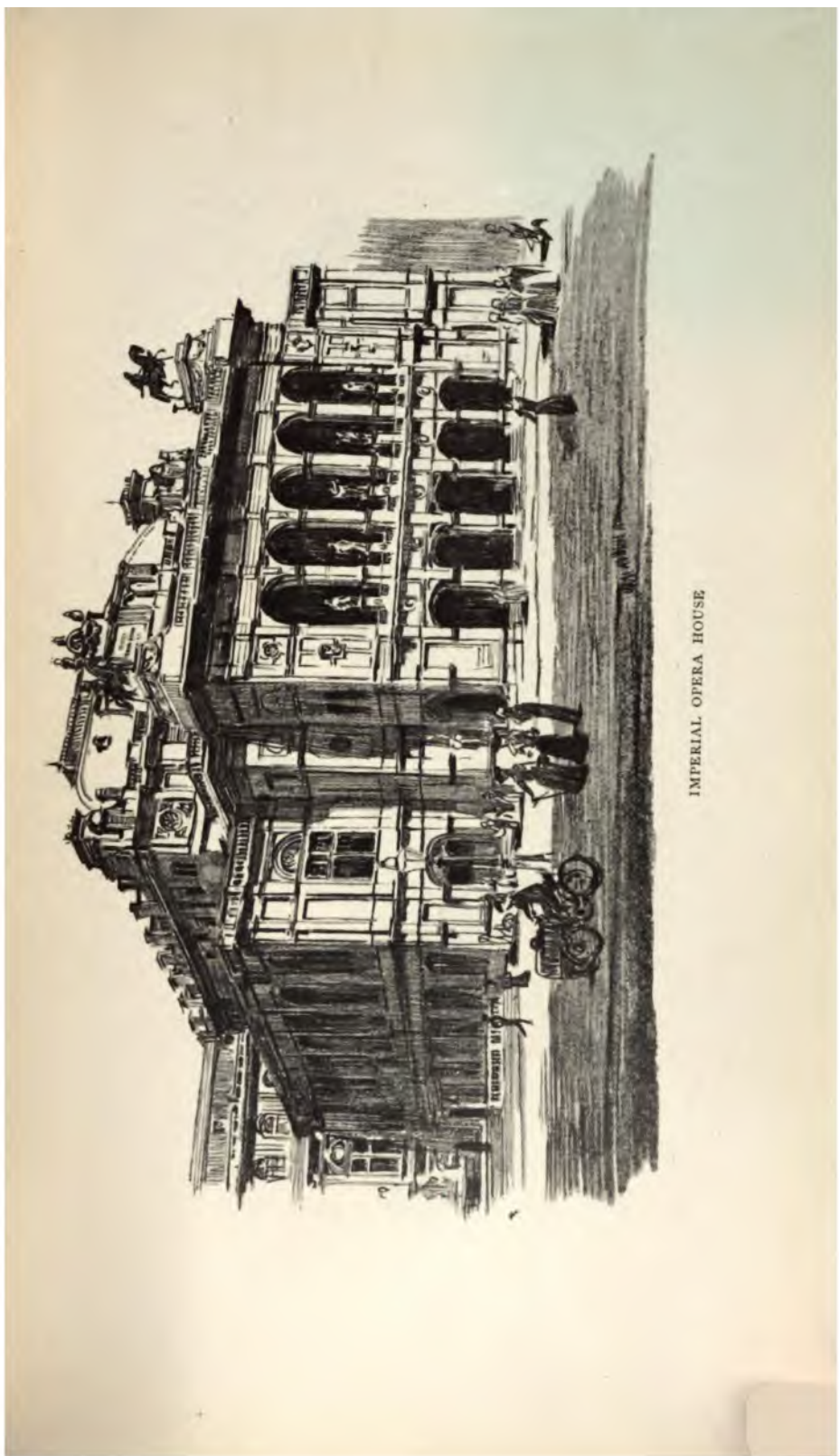
The balustrades of the boxes are ornamented with the marble busts of the most prominent artists of the old Burg Theatre. The ceiling is ornamented with powerful stucco reliefs by Weyr, as is also the stone relief over the proscenium, which describes "poetical fantasy." The drop curtain illustrates an allegory with Frau Wolter as the tragic muse, and Frau Schrott as the comic one. The ceiling painting, by Hynais, shows eight groups of poets and four of dramatists.

The interior of the theatre is much enhanced by the beauty of the sculpture and paintings of the frescoes and ceilings. In the foyer are the portraits of great actors and actresses in their favourite parts. The ceiling has paintings by Edward Charlemont.

A few words must be said of the entrance only used by members of the Imperial family. Benk created the Clytia which serves as a candelabra. Most beautiful of all is the staircase leading to the Imperial box, where there is a frieze by Eisenmenger. The staircase itself is of alabaster marble, and here also are two candelabras of marble and bronze, masterpieces of Tilgner.

The stage mechanism of both the Imperial Theatres has brought many experts to the city. Whole scenes vanish and new ones appear as if by magic, and in the Opera-House there is a revolving stage.

The Imperial Museums, also by Semper and Hasenauer, are two distinct buildings, separated by an open square, in the centre of which is the celebrated statue of Maria Theresia by Zumbusch. Behind are the Imperial stalls, and facing is Nobile's entrance to the Hofburg. The buildings are exactly alike, are rectangular, being 360 feet long, 243.3 deep, and 90 high. One of these is devoted to works of art, the other to natural history and antiquities. In neither has expense of talent, time, and labour been spared. Their halls are octagonal, with



IMPERIAL OPERA HOUSE





KARL'S PLATZ STATION TO THE LEFT. IN THE BACKGROUND THE KARL'S CHURCH



onyx marble walls, and pillars of red granite ; and here again the contrast of colours is glorious. The Museum of Art is the more richly decorated ; at the top of the central staircase is Canova's "Theseus and the Centaur." All the great talent in Vienna was employed in its decoration, Makart, Klimt, Matsch, Julius Berger, and many others contributing their share. The ceiling painting is by Munkacsy, the subject being Helios hunting through the clouds, scaring away the spirits of the night as he hurries along.

Many new mansions have been lately erected on that part of the Ring where the barracks and drill-ground formerly stood, and many more are in course of building. Though far from being outwardly ultra-modern, they can easily be distinguished from those mansions of some standing, which, though not built by master-architects, are still well devised. What one notices most in Vienna is the absence of anything like jerry buildings. In the course of a few years a new ornament will be given to the wonderful Ring, when the building for the Ministry of War on the Stuben Ring will be completed. Of the great theatre-builders, Messrs. Helmer and Fellner, and other great modern architects, there is no space to speak here.

With the victory of Catholicism over Protestantism at the beginning of the seventeenth century came a new era in architecture in Vienna. This is to be seen in the churches and monasteries, the former being Italian baroque in style with just that indiscribable something peculiar to every land, and which distinguishes the erections of one country from those of another, although they may conform to certain general set rules and forms. There are many of these baroque churches in the city, the Schotten Church, St. Anna, and others which have already been described, the finest example being the Jesuit church in the University Platz. This is much

larger than the other baroque churches, and is besides built of more costly materials. Like others of the same form it consists of one central nave, with side altars; the walls are inlaid with rare marble, and the church is richly ornamented, but the ornamentations are of a far later date than the building itself, being the work of Pater Andrea del Pozzo in the year 1700. The monasteries attached to these churches are all singularly free from any sort of architectural beauty, except that bestowed upon them by time, though they are commodious enough.

Among the later baroque churches the finest examples are the Karl's Church, the church and nunnery of the Sales Sisters, on the Landstrasse, and St. Peter's Church on St. Peter's Platz. Of these the Karl's Church is by far the most beautiful, its proportions are noble, and it forms a great contrast to the baroque churches of the seventeenth century. It was founded by Charles VI. in 1715; the architect was Fischer von Erlach, senior, who won in the competition against Lucas von Hildebrand and others. The costliness of the materials of the interior, its great size, and the distribution of light, make this church a valuable monument, as does also the exterior with its magnificent dome and fine Corinthian pillars. Its position is imposing, for the church dominates from afar, and not even the very modern city railway station, which has been erected just before it, can detract from the nobility of the structure.

Nor is it necessary to say more than a word of Charles VI., who loved all things artistic and pertaining to the æsthetic. The times, too, were favourable for a great building period, for at the beginning of the eighteenth century there was peace, and no fear of the Turks ever being able to venture another attack on the city. So the work of building went on, the Emperor enlarged the Hofburg, the nobles built their palaces, many noble



WORKMEN'S DWELLINGS

1



ST. LAZARETH'S





MARIA VOM SIEGE (FÜNFFHAUS)

churches were erected, and the Kaiserstadt became a city beautiful. And to three men more than all others is due the honour of bringing her noble erections into existence; these were Johann Bernhard Fischer von Erlach, his son Josef Emanuel, and Lucas von Hildebrand.



KARL'S CHURCH

Their names are all famous in the annals of architecture. Except for these religious houses there is very little left in the city of the architecture of the early days of the city. The reasons are obvious. War, siege, siege and war, everywhere destruction, and the little that did remain was pulled down with merciless

hands to make room for the more hygienic requirements of time. Of the Renaissance in Vienna there is little trace, the richly decorated portal of the St. Salvator Church, in the Salvatorgasse, being the finest specimen.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BEGINNINGS OF ART

VIENNA has always been considered *the* city of Art. Her right to this nomenclature has been universally recognised, her artistic productions find purchasers in every land. But it was not without great struggles that she burst through the bonds of bureaucraticism, which hemmed her in on every side, and achieved her greatness. The difficulties in her way have made this achievement more valuable. Now the artists can breathe, and say "We are free," or in the delight of having thrown off their chains, they forget that they were ever bound. They had had freedom decades sooner had they had a Ruskin to fight their battle. The artist was there, in the person of Ferdinand Waldmüller, a Viennese, who was the apostle of nature, and finding no purchasers for his abnormal productions, he left his native country, intending to go to Philadelphia; but his pictures met with so much approbation in London, where he first exhibited them, that there was no need for him to travel further. Her Majesty, the late Queen Victoria, bought some of them; other purchasers followed her example, till at last only a few were left, not worth the trouble of journeying to America to sell, and so they were put up for auction.

It is instructive to look into the causes of this evolution in art, and for this we must go back to the beginning of the eighteenth century, and even earlier.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the artists

had their guilds, but little interest was taken in art till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when, in 1704, Leopold I., that true lover of art, as well as her twin-sister, music, who has been unjustly called a man of very weak intellect,¹ commanded the court painter, Peter Strudl, to form an academy of art after the pattern of the French, so freeing the artists from the guilds and taking them under his own wing.

But Leopold I. was not to see the fulfilment of his wishes. Josef I. was as devoted to art as to music, and he carried out his father's intentions to the utmost, the result being the Academy in the Tuchlauben, which soon became renowned and brought pupils from far and near; but unfortunately, when Strudl died in 1717, for twelve years no suitable successor could be found willing to undertake the arduous task. So the Academy was closed, to be reopened under Charles VI. in 1726, Jacob van Schuppen being induced to come from Antwerp to undertake the management and duties of a teacher, and a very able man he proved. But things did not go on smoothly, for though when Charles VI. died Maria Theresia patronised the school, still, when Van Schuppen died in 1751, for eight years the Academy was again without a master, till in 1759 Martin von Meytens was persuaded to come from Stockholm and take the duty upon himself. This was a great gain, for he was not only an artist of renown but had studied in many lands, including England. During all this time the Academy had been wandering about in search of a roof. Josef II. gave it a home in the Annagasse, and there it remained for about eighty years, till the new building erected by Hansen in the Schillerplatz was finished in 1869.

In the meantime Vienna had turned out many artists, all more or less of the stereotyped school. On the other

¹ See "Germany," J. Sime, M.A., p. 163. Macmillan & Co. Historical Course, edited by E. A. Freeman.

hand, the fame of Maria Theresia's beautiful daughters had brought many well-known artists to Vienna, among them Alexander Roslin and Madame Lebrun. But it was the Congress that revealed to the Viennese what true art was, that the old historical school was not nature, and that there was something deeper underlying the surface of painting which could only be learned by studying nature.

"New blood was introduced into portrait-painting by Lawrence and Isabey, and David's influence had already been felt, and it was David with his French Romanism who bore fruit on Viennese art. The true republican art of the French found no real place in monarch-loyal Austria, for it proceeded here, as on the other side of the Rhine, from the trend of *Zeitgeist*. Nevertheless it exerted a fascinating power, from its sharp contrast to the immediate past: it was the icy cold current after the sultriness which preceded it, and forced an involuntary breath of relief. The compulsion, as it were, to be free expresses the real characteristic of this period, the paradox on which it was bound to suffer shipwreck."¹

If one casts a glance back to the times preceding the Vienna Congress, one finds that worthy work was executed by Martin Altomonte, Meytens, Van Schuppen, Rottmayr, Daniel Gran, Peter Strudl, Mengs, and others. But a new era came in. Friedrich Föger, the most important artist of the pedantic school, though not born in the city, lived and worked there, and afterwards received the Rome Prize given by Josef II. "His fault lay in that he did not go from un-nature to nature, as was the tendency of the times, but returned to the antique." But still he is an artist worthy of note, as is to be seen in many of his pictures and miniatures in the Imperial and other galleries. Föger was also director of the Imperial Gallery in the upper Belvedere, where

¹ L. Hevesi.

the modern gallery has now its home till a new one be got ready for it, and later became head of the Academy schools. None of his pupils showed much talent, and except for the master himself, Nobile, and Zauner, this period is barren of artists. It is as a miniature-painter that Füger is at his best. He was only eleven years old when he commenced his career, which lasted over half a century. But he did not live long enough to be influenced by Isabey, for he died in 1818.

Franz Zauner, a sculptor, also fought a battle against the stereotyped school, and sought new laws for himself, always, however, going back to the antique. His best work one sees in the portal of the Pallavicini Palace in the Josefsplatz, the beautiful monument to Leopold II. in the Augustine Church, and his monument to Josef II. He was a Tyrolean, but came to Vienna, studied at the Academy, and rose by degrees to become director of the Schools of Painting and Sculpture—a great position for a little orphan boy who began life, as so many of these Tyrolean artists do, as a wood-carver. Peter Nobile, on the other hand, was an architect. It was he who built the Theseus Temple in the Volksgarten, which was erected to shelter Canova's famous "Theseus and the Centaur," now in the Imperial Gallery, which Francis II., on a visit to Rome, saw, purchased, and presented to his citizens. Nobile it was, too, who conceived the outer Burg-Thor of the Hofburg. He also went back to the antique, but his limits were too narrow.

Miniature-painting has always been a favourite occupation of the Viennese. In this branch Isabey's mantle soon fell upon Karl Josef Alois Agricola, whose miniatures of the Duke of Reichstadt are among his best work. Examples, too, are to be seen in the various collections, for he painted many of the Imperial children and those of the aristocracy and nobility. Michael Daffinger was another miniaturist of renown. He was a pupil of Füger's



THESEUS TEMPLE, PEOPLE'S GARDEN (FOLK'S GARTEN)

at the Academy, and a Viennese to the core. He began his artistic career as a painter on porcelain for the Vienna porcelain manufactories. From this he turned to miniature-painting, and lastly to the Austrian flora, of which he painted two hundred species—a very thankful task. He, too, was influenced by Lawrence, and knew him, for he was only twenty-four years old when the English artist came to Vienna. Daffinger also painted portraits, many of them being of the Imperial family.

Painting on porcelain was very profitable during the eighteenth century. The art of china-making in Vienna commenced in 1718, and the business of manufacturing it was at first a private undertaking. Only under Maria Theresia was it taken under the protection of the State. Between the years 1789 and 1805 was its most flourishing period; after that both interest and art began to decay. Many of the best artists of the time, including Daffinger and Anton Grassi, a Viennese who was sent by the manufacturers to study in Italy, were engaged in designing and painting it, and here especially one sees to how high a degree the art of flower-painting developed itself. The forms were antique, but the floral decorations are carried out, as far as colouring goes, true to nature. A beautiful dinner-service was made ready as a present to George IV., which was manufactured in the Imperial porcelain factory; but he never came and so he never had the present, and it remains as an example of the art of that time. The Imperial Porcelain Manufactory has long ceased to exist, though the Porzellangasse reminds us it once lived; but efforts are now being made to restore the art and the original designs. This year there is to be an exhibition of old Vienna porcelain at the Austrian Museum. It may be well to remark that the "real" is marked apparently with a beehive, but in reality it is the Austrian arms with a crossbar. This same mark appears on the old Vienna biscuit porcelain.

That there was a great demand for artistic productions is seen by the number of copperplate engravings made by Schmutzer, a Viennese, who reproduced Rubens' pictures. There were many art-dealers at that time; Fischer, who lived Am Neuermarkt, then the Mehlmarkt, invented a mechanical visiting-card such as the old Valentine cards, which by pulling a slip the picture was transformed. Another one, Josef Eder by name, sold artistic New-Year cards, and it is said that the demand was so great for them that the assistance of a watchman had to be obtained to keep order. Neumann and Artaria, whose businesses have passed on to their descendants, are still flourishing, and carry on a prosperous trade in art productions and pictures, also in engravings. And so preparations were being made for the future, which was, however, for a time to keep on the old lines.

There is a broad line between what the Viennese call the "Vormärz," that is, the days in March '48 which ended in the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand in favour of the present Emperor and the flight of Metternich. Many of the artists of that time lived far over into the Franz Josef period, where, less trammelled, they could produce worthy work. Others produced good work even before those decisive days.

The triennial exhibition gave little opportunity for the artists. Now things are better. There are many exhibitions every year, and there is difficulty in keeping up with them.

In 1808 the picture-gallery at Belvedere was reopened, then the students of the Academy took advantage of this, and painted as the old Dutch masters had done. Herr Hevesi calls the Vormärz (pre-March) period "*Bürgerlich und Romantisch*." The former is a word that has no exact equivalent in English; let us call it "Homely and Romantic." Romanticism was brought

to Vienna through the German romances by Zacharias Werner, Körner, and others. Byron, too, soon became popular, and has remained so since Erich Bollmann came to Vienna from Philadelphia to represent Messrs. Baring at the Congress of 1814-15. He dressed *à la* Byron, and quoted Byron. The Grand Chancellor himself could recite many of his poems, including the whole of the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," with his young daughter, whose portrait Lawrence painted, as prompter. Engerth and Rahl, two Viennese artists, painted Manfred pictures. Faust, too, became a subject of interest. Dobyschofky painted his "Faust and Gretchen," prints of which were at one time frequent in England in spite of the fact that his Faust was clad in the costume of '48, and Margaret in one of a somewhat earlier period; but for the rest, nothing but historical subjects which could be produced at home in the artists' studios.

Nevertheless a few names stand out from the multitudinous artists of that time. Schwind, the friend of Schubert, and, as long as the musician lived, his inseparable companion. Schwind, like Schubert, was a child of the people. He was the best illustrator of fairy stories, he painted scenes from operas, made sketches of the country where he and his friends Schubert, Spaun, Bauernfeld, and others spent their free hours. Every year the friends invited other friends to go to Atzenbruck in Lower Austria. Schwind sketched the company, and afterwards painted them in water-colours. And these and many of his other efforts show how far in advance of the times he was. Schubert, too, composed his "Atzenbrucker Tänze" on one such occasion. One sees the musician in the "*Geschichte eines Liebespaares*," in the numerous sketches, in their afternoons at Grinzing with Bauernfeld, Spaun, Grillparzer, and others. Had his music not perpetuated Schubert's memory, Schwind's had

done so. On the occasion of the Schubert exhibition all those among whom the musician lived found a place. Kupelwieser and Danhauser among them. In his criticism, Herr Hevesi wrote, "Had not Schwind had the misfortune to be born in the colourless Schubert period, and to have worked himself into the old, oil-apprehensive German cartoon period of Cornelius and Kaulbach, he would have been by now the leader of the Secessionists." Schwind went against the stream, and painted in water-colours and was lost to them. But his work is important, for it shows how great a friend to nature he was, as were the companions of his youth. What Schubert sang, he painted. He thoroughly understood the German nature, and depicted it. There are numerous lithographs, enough to prove this even though his pictures are not at everybody's disposal.

His friend and Schubert's, Leopold Kupelwieser, is of less importance than Schwind; he devoted himself to religious painting, but Josef Danhauser, another friend of the friends, deserves a foremost place. He was much influenced by David Wilkie, and his pictures at first sight seem to be English ones. But, however much he felt the power of the Englishman, the real "Wienerisch" is still there. Many of his pictures are in the Imperial Gallery. "Der Prasser" ("The Glutton") is so powerful as to at once attract attention. The delights of the feast are broken in upon by an old beggar, who suddenly appears on the scene from behind an arras; the glutton, heedless, continues gormandising. The two extremes, conviviality and beggary, were the favourite themes of the times. Raimund and other dramatists also made use of the subject.

Another great man of this Biedermaier or Vormärz period was Matthias Ranftl, a self-taught man. His love of art he inherited from his mother, who was passionately fond of pictures and everything connected with art. He,

too, began on the old lines. His first picture was bought by the Archduke Maximilian d'Este at double the price asked. Later he went to Russia, visiting Moscow and Petersburg, where he painted the portraits of many Russians, made the acquaintance of the Russian poet Alexander Pusckin, and illustrated his tragedy "Onegin." On his return to Vienna, Prince Paul Esterhazy, who had befriended the artist (the Esterhazys were always true friends to art), took him to London and introduced him to Landseer and Constable, who recognised Ranftl's worth as an artist. He soon found work, too, on *Punch*. From London the young artist went to Paris, where he studied under Delaroche and Vernet. But in vain; portraits were not his *métier*, and only by accident did he find that his strength lay in painting dogs in company with mankind. At the auctions which have lately been held at the Dorotheum, his pictures reached high prices.

Anton Strassgschwandter, too, loved men and horses, the horse being the central point of his pictures, and many are the stories told of how he used to follow the circus from place to place to obtain "copy."

Friedrich Gauer mann, too, deserves recognition. His pictures have the real Viennese touch, though the technique be Dutch. Landseer, it is said, was so struck with a picture by this artist that he sent him all his etchings. He, too, painted from nature, as also did Ferdinand Georg Waldmüller, whose life was one long struggle, for his longing to go "back to nature" burned within him. He was the son of an innkeeper, and was born in the Tiefer Graben in 1793. He was intended for the Church, but he had other wishes, and in the end won. His life was a chequered one. The first money he earned was by painting sweets. Then he went to the Vienna Academy and copied, and copied, but was dissatisfied; only nature would satisfy him. He would be nature's portraiteur. In vain he wrote and painted after nature, he was

laughed at for his pains, and as has already been said, there was no Ruskin, and Waldmüller's writings passed unheeded. He travelled to Paris, to Sicily, to London, to the Netherlands, and everywhere he gained experience and always returned more sure than ever that he was right—only nature. He painted in the blazing sun, he painted in the shadows. He felt the atmosphere, we feel it in his work, and know that there is something more than bare colouring before us. But nobody would buy his pictures. He returned again—painted, but still against the stream, the Academy was against him. At last he was obliged to go to Metternich, who understood what great pictures were, and could never forget that Lawrence had been his friend. The Grand Chancellor wrote off-hand, very short and to the point, "The Academy is not an institution for labour, which can forbid the teacher or pupil to be obedient to his own genius," but the Academy remained the Academy. Some of the artists would liked to have formed such a society as the present Secession, who recognise Waldmüller's enemies were stronger than he. His attempt to reform the Academy cost him his position as professor there. He was obliged to retire with half his salary as pension, about £34 a year. Later the Emperor Franz Josef gave him his full salary as pension, and granted him the Franz Josef medal. This was not before Waldmüller's talents had been recognised in other lands, and he had received the Order of the Red Eagle in Cologne. But his pension he was only to enjoy one year. The Emperor received him in audience in 1864, the next year he was dead; with him the hopes of the Secessionists for the moment.

Waldmüller had many contemporaries, among them Johann Nepomuk Geiger, who carved meerschaum pipes, one of them, representing the "Destruction of Troy" and having no less than eighty figures, being sold to

an Englishman for two thousand florins. From meerschäum-carving Geiger went on to illustrating books, the works of Dickens among them; and so on to portrait-painting, being commissioned by the Archduchess Sophie to paint "The Battle of Lützen," that battle which cost Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden his life, Wallenstein remaining victor. [That was in 1632, during the Thirty Years' War in Bohemia.] Later he painted the two archdukes, Franz Josef and his brother Maximilian, afterwards Emperor of Mexico, whom he accompanied on his journey to the Orient, painting twenty-five water-colours for the young Archduke representing scenes from his august mother's life, as a present for her silver wedding.

The Biedermaier period also produced landscape-painters. Franz Steinfeld, who was a favourite teacher at the Academy, also chose out his own path, painting ideal landscapes as he conceived they ought to be. But he took his students to nature, to the Salzkammergut, that glorious land which offers so much to the artist, and he there painted from nature. "Father" Steinfeld his pupils called him, they honoured him so; and the people in the Salzkammergut or in Carinthia spoke of teacher and taught as the "hen and her chickens," for they were inseparable. But he too had many struggles to go through in his early days. His father was a sculptor, and Steinfeld helped to make the statues for Schönbrunn Park. Then he painted china boxes at less than four-pence apiece. As soon as circumstances allowed it, he crossed the Rhine and learnt what he could from nature. He was an artist with the best possible intentions, but his intentions were not great enough, and the lakes of Styria were somewhat beyond him, but nevertheless his school bore good fruit.

Ignaz Raffalt was self-taught. He was born in 1800, and lived fifty-seven years. From earliest childhood he began drawing everything around him. That was his

school. Then he went to Vienna and painted the lights and shades of her forests. He loved the greys of the fogs, the rains, and the warmth of the sun, and prepared the way for the next generation of artists.

In lithography, too, some progress was made. Jacob Alt, who, though born in Frankfort in 1789, came to Vienna at the age of twenty-two, and, it may be added, took the Christmas-tree to that city. He was the first to lithograph the picturesque Danube from its source to Belgrade, and all the views of Vienna. His work is worthy of a high place; he was a true artist, as are his sons, who will be dealt with in the next chapter, though the greater of them, Rudolf von Alt, is now in his ninety-third year. Sigmund Perger, too, and the two Gurks published coloured etchings of the most prominent buildings and monuments in Vienna.

Another artist, Adolf Bäuerle, produced interesting scenes from the Vienna stage, and there are many other such works by different artists, so that we have a clear picture of what the city was in days past.

In woodcuts Blasius Höfel is worthy of a prominent place. He was born in Vienna in 1792, and died in 1863. He became Professor of Freehand Drawing at the Military Academy at Wiener Neustadt, now about an hour's railway journey from Vienna. He was the first wood-cutter in Austria, and his school in Wiener Neustadt became famous, Prince Metternich encouraging him in his work. Unfortunately the great fire which broke out there destroyed his workshop, and with it his productions and his collection of old German pictures. He soon was on his legs again, working at coloured reproductions, galvano-plastic, and made a name for himself also in foreign lands, reproducing many of the best pictures of his time.

Of plastics during the Biedermaier period there is practically nothing to say, the energy in this direction

being confined to meerschaum carving, for which there was a great demand.

But the dawn was coming, the clouds had broken, and a few rays of light penetrated into the darkness. It needed the Emperor's Christmas present in 1857—the old walls—to separate the clouds and bring awakening to the city.

CHAPTER XVII

ART, SCULPTURE, AND PAINTING UNDER FRANZ JOSEF

"THE art historian of the future will doubtless consider the second half of the nineteenth century as his peculiar domain. The Franz Josef period unfolds an era in Art between two epochs of transition. The year 1848 gave Art her freedom and independent thought. The beaucratic standpoint had to give place to the artistic, and now we see that the equally thorough revolution in modern art has also taken hold in Austria. The dawn of a new style, coming this time not from the East, but from the West, irradiates the old tower of St. Stephan's. What lies between these two points may appear to us who have lived through it, as an age of transition only, or better still as a series of points of transition, but the future with its perspective retrospection will certainly discern the multifarious characteristic features. They will picture to themselves a Franz Josef style, and this style will be decidedly more national, even though it be more a Viennese than an Austrian. For Vienna soil, climate, and the character of her people have created it; from Vienna it has invaded the provinces, and through such men as Schwind, Makart, Hansen, Schmidt, and Eitelberger, has made itself felt even in foreign lands."¹

No book was ever written on Austrian art till Herr Hevesi's book appeared at Christmas 1902. It opened the eyes of many as to what they had seen happening among them for half a century, and of others to what had been done since the beginnings of art in Vienna. To this book

¹ *Oesterreichische Kunst des 19 Jahrhunderts*, von Ludwig Hevesi.

I am indebted for much of my information. The throwing down of the city walls gave new blood to the inhabitants and new fire to the artists; it roused all the latent strength of many who thought never to have been anything but dreamers. Their dreams were made real; they could express them. They were free, free from all academical bonds, free to do as they wished, and a new Vienna arose outside the old city boundaries; the Ringstrasse was made possible; the keynote was sounded.

That was Franz Josef's doing, he was the centre of everything, and is so still. Fifty-six years he has been sovereign—who is there but will echo, "Long may he reign"?

All the monarchs of the House of Habsburg have been promoters of art. In the Austrian line Franz Josef stands far above all as the lover of the beautiful; Maximilian I. had more the stamp of an enlightened taste; the activity of Rudolf II. was that of a collector of the most really remarkable mementoes of art, which in any case may have technical beauties. The brilliant reign of Charles VI. is the grand era of royal furtherance of art, the Vienna Louis XIV. period.

Franz Josef understands art and the value of its culture to a nation, and for that reason he has always furthered it, for that reason he has encouraged it in every way, with his voice, his presence, and his purse. As a boy he showed great taste for drawing and engraving, his teacher having been Johann Nepomuk Geiger, many of the pictures which he first sketched and then engraved on steel plates being still in existence. Among them is an etching, "The death of Andreas Hofer," which he made when a boy of eleven, and the "Adieu," done at the same age. But Franz Josef's talents were required for greater things even than the practice of the pen in etching or the needle in engraving. He must have been a beautiful child. There is a picture of him by Daffinger

at the age of about four. An aureole of lovely golden curls surrounded the beautiful child face with its broad forehead, finely arched eyebrows, and intelligent and bright eyes. The mouth is fine, and even at that early age showed decision. At eleven, as we know from other pictures, he was a well-grown, bright, and intelligent lad.

Having already dealt with architecture, we will pass on to sculpture, which perhaps owes more to the Emperor than any other branch of art.

In 1867, among two hundred Austrian artists who exhibited at the Paris World Exhibition, only a few sculptors were represented; while at the one in 1900 many Austrian sculptors as well as other Austrian artists gained distinction. At the present time there is a general multiplicity and even an original Viennese art of sculpturing. Many names arise before me as I write—Zumbusch, Tilgner, Edgar Böhm, Weyr Hellmer, Kundmann, Strasser, Benk, Wagner, Friedel, and others. Many of them are dead. Nor must one forget others who preceded those already mentioned, Hans Gasser, whose *Donauweibchen* (Danube Nixie), marks the beginning of the romantic.

Among Gasser's other works is a statuette of Jenny Lind, and one of Adam Smith, at Oxford. He also designed many statues of members of the House of Habsburg, but he is best known in Vienna for the first-mentioned statue, for that of Sonnenfels the great statesman and dramaturgist, and his share of the decoration of the Votive Church, the "Coronation of the Virgin" on the chief gable, the "Trinity," the statue of the Saviour, the large and beautiful bas-reliefs, and the tympanum reliefs on the three portals of the main façade. Gasser was a Tyrolean, the son of a wood-carver, but his learning he received in Vienna, gaining the Rome prize at the academy, and passed most of his days in the capital. Of his sculpture outside Vienna

this is not the place to speak, and in treating of all artists space necessitates, as well as the scope of this book, that matter be strictly confined to what is in Vienna.

A. D. Fernkorn must be mentioned. Though he was not a Viennese, he lived, worked, and died here, and many of his best monuments are within the city. He, too, came from Munich, where he had studied, for it is another proof of the greatness of Franz Josef that he called the best talent from other lands to refresh the old academy and bring new life into it and its pupils. The result can already be seen.

The chief work of K. von Zumbusch is undoubtedly the Maria Theresia monument *vis-à-vis* the Hofburg main gate and between the two Imperial Museums. Fifteen full years did Von Zumbusch work at this monument. The great Empress is seated on high, around her are her great generals and statesmen, some on horseback, others standing upright, all the figures being of colossal proportion. The architecture, with its tall pillars and excess of decorations, is by Hasenauer. Zumbusch would have had it even more antique, realistic riders galloping at full speed, but fortunately more artistic thoughts prevailed, and the realism of the ancient was abandoned. There is in his work a kind of liking for the ancient school of sculpture, and it is shown in the arrangement of the drapery of the Empress, as also the mantle of fame thrown over the musician's knees in the Beethoven monument in the Beethoven Platz. The same love of the antique is seen in the Schubert monument in the Stadt Park by Karl Kundmann, a Viennese born and bred, who studied at the Vienna Academy. The bridge from the antique to modern was too long to be taken at a jump, even a long one—the public had to be gently led across by the hand, so that the awakening

came much later ; otherwise had both these sculptors, who loved nothing more than the fresh free air, something characteristic of this love in their monuments. Zumbusch's statue of Father Radetzky has its place Am Hof, Kundmann's Tegetthoff at the end of the Praterstrasse and facing the Prater. Tegetthoff was the great Austrian admiral who conquered the Danes off Heligoland, May 9, 1864 ; again in 1866 he won the battle off Lissa against the Italians, who fought with obstinate bravery worthy of their cause. In many other sea-fights did the admiral distinguish himself ; it was his sad lot to be ordered to Mexico to bring the body of the Emperor Maximilian back to his native country. The monument loses in effect from the fact that the red granite column has a superfluity of ornament, even though they be of such things as the mariner's emblems. Moreover, the column is far too high for one to see the figure, however one may crane one's neck in search of a view. The mythological figures at the base are the tribute to antique art.

With Victor Tilgner we come to a sculptor more near our own times. Born at Pressburg in 1844, he came to Vienna, studied at the Academy, and afterwards became one of her professors. When he died in 1896, it seemed as though a mother had lost her son, so great and deep was the sorrow for him. His last work, the Mozart Monument, was unveiled after his death. It has caused much criticism, for his Mozart is clad in the garb of Louis XVI., with violin and other musical instruments on the socle and child musicians endeavouring in vain to reach up to him. The conception is not great enough for Mozart. The position in which the monument stands is very unfavourable, for it is overpowered by the equestrian statue of the Archduke Albrecht looking down from the ramparts of the Albrechts' Palace. But it is to be moved, for it is

characteristic of the Viennese to move the statues about till a suitable place be found. His monument to Makart in the Stadtpark represents that artist in the Rubens costume he wore at the silver wedding of the Emperor Franz Josef, which procession Makart arranged. His work at the Burg Theatre will be spoken of in another place. Tilgner's grave-monuments are many. It is worth a visit to the Central-Friedhof (cemetery) if only to see them, besides there are also many other fine pieces of sculpture by various masters there. One by Tilgner is in the cemetery at Hietzing over the grave of Count O'Sullivan, a descendant of one of those many Irish nobles who sought service and gained honour under the Austrian flag. His wife, the ever-to-be-remembered Charlotte Wolter, sits at his grave, her attitude full of grief. Vienna and round Vienna has much of Tilgner's work.

Edgar Böhm, who died suddenly in presence of Queen Victoria in 1890, was a Viennese and studied at her Academy.

Emil Fuchs, who has also made a name for himself in England, is an Austrian. Edmund Hellmer is one of the greatest of monumental sculptors of Vienna, and also a son of the city. He has gained many of the competition prizes, but his prize works have not always been executed. He assisted with the decoration of many of the city buildings. One of his finest monuments has a place just at the entrance to St. Stephan's from the south door, and represents Count Rüdiger von Starhemberg high on his horse, riding out of the city gate, which appears a veritable arch of triumph. The columns are ornamented with historical figures, as is also the base. In 1900 his Gœthe Monument in bronze on the Opera Ring caused much comment. The poet is represented sitting comfortably back in his arm-chair, for he has chosen the

last years of the author's life as his subject. The monument is colossal in size, and is, like the Mozart Monument, at present disadvantageously placed—one comes upon it too suddenly for so great a work, and passes by without casting more than a glance at it. The marble monument to his friend the painter Schindler in the Stadtpark is very beautiful and natural. The master is reclining on a rock, intent in thought, clad in tourist's costume. His weather-mantle, thrown over one leg and foot, does duty for the antique drapery. Victor Tilgner has excelled himself in his monument to Werndl, the inventor of the breech-loader, who rose to be head of the Vienna Arsenal, and afterwards set up a model gun-factory for himself in Steyr.

Rudolf Weyr has already been mentioned in a previous chapter as having contributed the "Austrian Power at Sea," as Professor Hellmer did the "Power on Land," on either side of the grand entrance to the Hofburg. Professor Weyr, too, did much of the sculpture work in the great buildings, particularly of the Hofburg Theatre. He too is a Viennese, studied at the Academy, and is now Professor at the Technical College. One of his finest pieces of sculpture is the reliefs on the Grillparzer Monument in the Volksgarten, which represents scenes from six of that master's dramas. On the portal of the Palais Equitable, where the American Consulate has its quarters, there are some beautiful relief fillings by Professor Weyr. In the hall of the Technical College is a statue of the Emperor in ornate, which shows that the sculptor is also great in this branch of his art as well as in the small-figure plastics.

Arthur Strasser is an Austrian, and was educated at the Vienna Academy. His forte is small plastics—his one monumental work being the triumphal procession in bronze of Mark Antony in Vienna in a chariot drawn by lions, which has a good place next to the Secession, the

home of modern art. He for this work gained the Grand Prix at Paris in 1900. This is Strasser's only large work, but he excels in small plastics.

The "Gänse-Mädchen" ("Goose-Maiden") on the Rahlstiege by Anton Wagner is both beautiful and tender. Johannes Benk, has rich fantasy, his figures are full of charm; unfortunately his work is too far away, in the gables of the large buildings, and his "Clytia" is in the Imperial entrance to the Burg Theatre.

There are a host of others, Vienna is so rich in sculptors. The new architecture has given them employment, and a rich school is coming forward, young men, and women too, who will keep up the traditions of their country in general and their capital in particular.

In painting Vienna is equally well endowed, if not more so than in sculpture. The picture-galleries reveal what Vienna alone could produce. Rudolf von Alt, who, spite of his advanced years, still paints with a true and steady brush; and in the picture which he painted last summer at Goisern, in the Salzkammergut, where he invariably spends the summer, it is evident that his hand has not lost its cunning. That a man of eighty-six should become honorary president of the Secession shows where Rudolf von Alt's sympathies lie. He understands the young and the times, and knows art must move with them. Many of this artist's works are in the Imperial and other galleries, and have everywhere found that appreciation which the venerable artist so justly merits. Rudolf von Alt went to Venice and painted the interior of St. Mark's with a care and exactness to ornament and richness of colour such as one rarely finds. He came to Vienna and painted old bits, he revealed to the Viennese the beauties of the old University, St. Stephan's Place, of the Hofburg, of many an old street. He painted interiors, he painted landscapes, and everywhere found new beauties, and not

only taught them, but showed where they were to be sought for. No word is too great for this grand old pioneer, who is yet as modest as only such men can be. What a happy life he has had, what experiences he has met with—nearly a century of recollections.

Then again Makart, whom all the world knows. The study he painted for Nicolas Dumba, that great friend to art and all culture, in his mansion on the Park Ring. Makart brought the richness and warmth of colour to the city; he was daring, and soared high. His intrepidity carried all along; others arose and followed, he led the way. Emil Jakob Schindler, too, who taught what tree-painting was—the glory of the poplars, the rich sombreness of the yews. C. August Schäffer has a delicate touch, and his atmosphere we seem to feel. Amerling was a pupil of Lawrence. A. von Petteinkofen went to Hungary and to the villages on the hills for his subjects. He showed a new way and new problems. Hans Canon, too, in his religious subjects and his allegories, also brought new methods of treatment, while Alois Schönn went to the Orient, returning to the city with rich floods of colours.

Leopold Horovitz, F. Laszlo, Koppay, and Arthur Ferraris, though Hungarians, live and work in Vienna. They are all portrait-painters, and each of a different genre. Horovitz, with his great depth of character, seeking deep below the surface for causes of the peculiar characteristics, whose portraits attract by their force and energy. It was to this painter that the Emperor entrusted the stupendous task of painting a portrait of the Empress as she was some years before her death. The artist had only recollections and a few portraits to go by. The result was such as to astonish all those who had known or seen the Empress, so good was the picture which the Emperor presented to her chief lady-in-waiting, Countess Harrach, who is now court *doyenne*. The

portrait of the Kaiser by Herr Horovitz is the best existing.

Koppay has painted many of the ladies of the Imperial court; everybody knows his famous portrait of the present Czarina.

Arthur Ferraris has a very light brush; his finest picture is that of his wife and child as the Madonna.

Isidor Kaufmann's Jewish types are well-known. Rudolf Swoboda, who went to India and there painted much for Queen Victoria. Joseph Kriehuber, who left behind some five thousand sketches—all worthy ones. He was one of the first masters of portrait lithography.

In Kriehuber one finds, as in Rudolf von Alt, all the characteristics of the true Viennese. He drew from nature on the stone, and hardly ever corrected anything, which makes his productions the more valuable. His scenes from the Prater are among his best work; and it is said that he discovered the Prater landscape to the Viennese.

Theodor von Hörmann, who like so many of these artists, in common with those of other nations, had so much to struggle against. In the depth of winter he was at Znaim, that historical old city in Moravia. He painted his landscapes sitting day after day in the open air, in the face of bitter-cold weather, with snow high on the ground. He went to the other extreme, too, painting under the burning sun without any shade. How the man fought against the schools! His pictures were rejected over and over again; but he continued steadily on his way—and the result. The new era came just after his death in 1895; and when the artist's pictures were afterwards put up for sale, they were all sold, and, what is more, fetched good prices.

Julius von Payer, the discoverer of Franz Josef's Land, and who was the first to scale the Ortler group in South Tyrol, is an artist. Since his return from his Polar expedition he has devoted himself entirely to art

It was he who painted the series of pictures depicting scenes from the relics of the Franklin expedition and the phenomena of the Polar seas.

Otto von Thoren, the animal-painter, like so many Austrians, went to Paris, receiving recognition there before returning to his native city. Franz von Pausinger, whose forte was wild deer and other animals of the woods, Hugo Charlemont, H. Darnaut, B. Knüpfer—all good men, all painting different types of landscape. And so the list goes on. And we must not forget to mention Tina Blau, Olga Wisinger-Florian, Camilla von Friedländer—all gifted women—and Hans Schliessmann, who has made the Viennese types known to the world.

That the traditions of the Imperial House are hereditary as far as art is concerned was seen some two years ago, when a collection of pictures painted by the archdukes and archduchesses and many of the members of the aristocracy was exhibited and sold for the benefit of the poor. The Archduke Otto is best, and he is always good, in landscapes; his wife the Archduchess Maria Josefa's forte is pastel; that of the Archduke Karl Stefan, seascapes; his wife the Archduchess Maria Theresia, mountain flowers and rocks; the Archduchess Margarethe Klementine (Princess Thurn and Taxis), trees, particularly chestnut trees in autumn; the Archduchess Maria Theresia, the sister-in-law of the Emperor, has gone to another domain of art, photography, and her work is excellent.

Among the members of the aristocracy are Count Hans Wilczek, who has done so much for science, art, and literature, who encouraged Makart, Canon Payer, and others, himself designed and gave instructions for the building of his burg at Kreuzenstein. Countess Marie Harnoncourt is a gifted animal-painter. Prince Edward Auersperg and Princess Windisch-Graetz are devoted to the plastic art.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE UPHEAVAL IN ART

THERE were many factors which brought about the upheaval in art; firstly the exhibition at the Austrian Museum, Christmas 1867, which showed what beautiful things had been made in Austria in former times, and also exhibited specimens of the best English furniture. These caused much excitement both during the time the exhibition was open and long afterwards. It caused, too, the secession of the Archduke Rainer as protector of the museum. The very museum itself had been brought to life by the exertions of this archduke, for he was in London at the time of the Exhibition in 1861, and saw what progress had been made since the one of 1851. Rudolf von Eitelberger was also there, and the plan of having an Austrian Museum for art and industry was eagerly discussed, with the result that on May 12, 1864, the first exhibition was held—two thousand borrowed objects being exhibited—in the old Ball-house now no more. This brought new life to the city, for during the first fifty years of the nineteenth century the Viennese had had time to forget that they had ever manufactured beautiful porcelain and other works of art, and lo and behold! here they were before them.

The museum was opened in 1871. By that time a large collection of patterns and works of art had been gradually collected, and is going on increasing to this day. All parts of the globe have contributed; the collection of lace patterns is the largest in the world. The

manufacturers exerted themselves. A new world of art industry arose and trade grew brisk, and in 1873 came the exhibition which cost the Viennese so much that there was a crash, and only after long years was the city again able to raise her head.

No need to go into details. Nobody had money to buy the new goods ; they were forced to relapse into the Austrian substitute for the English six-chairs-and-sofa covered-with-rep, a sideboard—only here it was a cupboard—and an oval table. But to judge from the examples seen, it was not so common-looking as that of the same kind in England, for there is always more harmony in the tones of the wood used than in the walnut suites of the English.

But new innovations were introduced in 1897, when Hofrath von Scala became head of the Austrian Museum. He brought about the revolution ; he dared to defy criticism and go his own way. Hofrath von Scala had had world-wide experience ; he had travelled in the East, he had travelled in the West, and he had everywhere gained knowledge and seen what efforts were being made in other countries. This was a great gain. Herr von Scala made another step forward by starting the monthly periodical *Kunst und Kunsthandwerk*, to which the best critics of the subjects are invited to contribute.

At the winter exhibition, 1897, English furniture and ornaments were exhibited for the first time, Chippendale, Sheraton, Queen Anne, and other styles. Everybody was talking about the beauty of English furniture—they did not know about the rep period—everybody wanted everything English. It seemed a kind of mania ; and all the manufacturers thought they would be ruined. A few pulled themselves together. Josef Urban and Heinrich Lefler “created” a boudoir, everybody was delighted ; then other artists and architects combined, and now there is no fear of English fashion prevailing,

the danger is over. Artists and architects are being trained for useful purposes, the arts and crafts of Vienna are well known, a new school has arisen, and there may even be danger of going too far in the desire for modern. But things will right themselves in time; the schools have been reformed, of which more anon.

The other factor in the upheaval was art pure and simple. The movement began somewhat sooner than with the arts and crafts, for on the 3rd April 1897 a group of nineteen young artists, who felt they had no right place



"SECESSION"

in the Academy, formed themselves into a society, which is now known as the Vienna "Secession," the "*Vereinigung bildender Künstler Oesterreichs*." At the head of them was the Grand Old Man, Rudolf von Alt, and it was touching to see the reverence of the young artists to the old master, who enjoyed their fullest trust, and was in the fullest sympathy with them. He was their honorary president, Gustav Klimt the president. And so the Secession began. They had hard times before them. Their first exhibition, held in the Gartenbaugesellschaft¹ in March 1898, almost caused a revolution, to such ex-

¹ Horticultural Society.

tremes did some of the artists go; but things have righted themselves now, they had already begun to straighten out at the second exhibition. But even from the first Secession showed what it intended doing, namely, introducing the best artists of the world to the Viennese; so they have learned to know Rodin, Alexander, Charpentier, Macintosh, Whistler, Ashbee—their names are too multitudinous to mention exhaustively here; for Secession has kept her word, which she then openly expressed, and has always honestly upheld. In November 1898 the foundation-stone of the Secession was laid, Josef M. Olbrich having been entrusted with the plans. Its newness astonished everybody, nobody had ever dreamt of such a building. Outwardly it has too much trimming, the golden ball made of frizzled leaves the Naschmarkt women with their native wit have christened "*Das goldene Krauthappel*," which means the "golden head of cabbage," and the name well expresses its appearance. On its front it bears the inscription, "*Der Zeit ihre Kunst der Kunst ihre Freiheit*."¹ The frescoes on the outside of Secession are by Kolo Moser.

The interior of Secession cannot be too highly praised. The rooms can be easily transformed to any size or form required. The artistic value is very great, for it enables the exhibits to be placed at the best possible advantage. When one goes to a Secession exhibition one knows that, not only will the exhibits present something new, but also the very rooms in which they are placed.

The same year the Secession started their literary organ, *Ver Sacrum*, and from the very moment of its first entry into the world, the society has been successful; it was born with the proverbial "silver spoon" in its mouth. The original nineteen members have increased more than fourfold. Among their honorary members are

¹ L. Hevesi, who was invited by the Secession to write the inscription.



NASCH MARKET-WOMAN

Walter Crane, Briton Rivière, C. R. Ashbee, John Lavery, John Swan, Henri Rivière, Rodin, John Sargent, Whistler, Van de Velde, Rysselberghe, Max Liebermann, George Minne, and many other well-known artists.

The Secession is a success both artistically and materially. The word has taken on, and everything *outré* named after it, till one wishes that the society had chosen a far less adaptable word. But its members have every reason to be satisfied.

And Secession has caused a revolution in modern building. A new school of architects has arisen. Otto Wagner ventured with decoration on his house in the Wienzeile. He also built the metropolitan railway stations, which are essentially modern, especially the one in the Karlsplatz, which shows up bright and new against the old Karlskirche—almost startling is the contrast. The "Court Pavilion" of the city railway is ornamented with a cupola, but the decorations and form are modern. And Olbrich's pupils followed their master's example, Josef Hoffman, Leopold Bauer, and others; Baron Krauss and Rudolf Deck, who was so successful in American modern villas, are also valued in Vienna, and the time is past when one stood open-mouthed on seeing anything that was not of the old school. But the modern villas are in the suburbs, there is no place for them in the town. Professor Hoffmann has built an artists' colony at Heiligenstadt; Olbrich, many villas in Hietzing, and other architects in different districts.

But the Secession has not only brought about a revolution in building, but also in art. Though the artists were there when the society was formed, the society has made *the* society want them. *

A new school of young artists has arisen, Gustav Klimt, Josef Engelhart, Karl Moll, Ferdinand Andri, Professors Roller and Kolo Moser, Rudolf Bacher, J. V.

Krämer. Suffice it to say that the Secessionists are training a new school to adapt art to the requirements of daily life; in leatherwork, for which Vienna has always been famous; and in bronzes and other *objets d'art*, many of those sold in Paris being in reality of Viennese make.

In sculpture, too, a new school has arisen. Canciani, Richard Luksch, Franz Metzner, Adolf Böhm, Weigl, who is now no more, Schimkowitz, who worked under a Viennese sculptor in America named Karl Bitter, who made a name for himself there. In illustrations, too, have the Viennese made great strides; nor must one forget the great etchers—above all, Schmutzer.

And yet another society has been formed and is also successful, materially as well as artistically, the Hagenbund, which came into existence less than three years ago. They have their own home in the Zedlitzgasse, the architect having been Josef Urban, a pupil of Hasenauer. Funds would not allow of a very elaborate building, and if not great, it is at any rate pleasing, which is much. The decorations are by Heinrich Lefler, and the interior is as adaptable as the Secession, though smaller in dimensions. These two men also arranged and decorated the famous Rathhauskeller—that is, the city restaurant in the Guildhall. There are many good artists among the members—Eduard Kasparides, Max Suppantschitsch, Eduard Ameseder, Hans Ranzoni, Walter Fraenkel, Walter Hamper, Ludwig Ferdinand Graf, Wilhelm Hejda, R. Germela. Among the sculptors are Josef Heu, Hans Rathausky, Anton Hanak, and Gustav Gurschner, whose bronzes are full of talent and very well known in other lands. Nor must one forget Karl Mediz and his gifted wife, Emilie Pelikan Mediz, whose exhibitions at the Hagenbund this spring aroused such general admiration by the force and beauty of their work, and as showing a new field of art.

There is still another society, an offshoot of the Secession, whose desire is to bring art into private homes. The Government has at present given them a home, so that they may have the opportunity of exhibiting and selling. None of these societies have lady members, though lady artists are always invited and are welcome to exhibit their work, and they gladly avail themselves of the opportunity. There are many prominent women sculptors in Vienna, some of them well known—Therese Ries, who gained the gold medal at Paris for her *l'invincible* group of men pulling at a heavy load, Fräulein von Kalmer, Elsa Unger, Rosa Silberer, Elsa Konrat, and artists such as Baroness Falke, whose ceramics are so truly beautiful, Marietta Peyfuss, A. Krassnick, Baroness Myrbach, and many others.

Both the Secession and Hagenbund invite foreign artists to exhibit their work, paying all the expenses, and their invitations have been cordially responded to; only in America there are difficulties, not in getting their work over to Austria, but in sending it back again to America. The regulations of the American Custom-Houses, which require so many details and a few days' hard work before getting the exhibits off again, prove a great stumbling-block.

ART AND ARTS AND CRAFTS SCHOOLS

Enough has been said about the Academy, which includes the schools of painting, sculpture, and architecture. Its home is in the Schillerplatz, the building having been designed by Hansen.

The other schools are more interesting, because they are more novel. Austria is the only country in which the education in industrial arts is organised by the State. This is because the people imagine that everything must be begun from above, and are consequently very slow to

take the initiative—a mistaken idea, which it will be very hard to eradicate. But to the fact of it being under the control of the State is due the rapid strides which this department of education has made and is making. For this reason Russia has sent competent men to study her methods, which will be introduced in that country.

The Viennese possess particular adaptability for artistic work, and also much skilfulness in manipulation, for their fingers are very light and elastic, and they are fond of exercising them, taking a particular interest in manual training in art.

Nor is this alone in Vienna, but throughout Austria and in the Crown Lands. The cultivation of the land does not provide enough employment for the inhabitants, and especially during the winter, when, had they no other work to do, they would be in danger of starvation. For this reason the Ministerium für Cultus und Unterricht and the Gewerbekammer (Board of Education and Chamber of Commerce) have joined forces and established many training schools of applied art throughout the Crown Lands. In Vienna there are several such schools, the technical Gewerbe Museums, where students are trained in art joinery and carpentry, also in electricity and various other subjects; the Austrian Museum for Art and Industry, and the Arts and Crafts Schools. The Austrian Museum is the head of all the schools distributed about Austria and the Crown Lands—a hundred and thirty-four belonging to the State, and seventy which, though private speculations, receive State subvention. Hofrath von Scala, besides being director of the Austrian Museum, is also inspector of these Arts and Crafts Schools, which are assisted by the “mother” school, she sending them patterns, training their teachers, and exhibiting their products for sale at the winter exhibition held within her gates every year. In the drawing-school at the Austrian Museum new patterns are designed for

the various schools and distributed to them. In the Imperial and Royal Central School for lace-making, when it was first opened, peasant women were brought from the Austrian Erzgebirge to teach their art to the students. Things are different now, for the teachers are trained in the Vienna school, and sent out to teach the sister schools throughout the Austrian dominions. The designs are made in the *atelier* adjusted for that purpose in the Austrian Museum, Professor Hrdliscka being the head teacher. The patterns are then worked out in the central schools to see if they are feasible, and for the modern lace especially new stitches are invented, which are then taught in the branch schools.

The value of the collection of lace patterns at the Austrian Museum cannot be over-estimated in the production of new ones. The collection was begun by Hofrath von Scala's predecessor, Professor Storck, and has been continued by the Hofrath special additions being made of patterns of Irish lace, for this art is now being taught in the Austrian schools.

In this way a new means of earning money has been put in the hands of the peasants, but the work is close and arduous, and such as takes a long time to do a little, so only a small sum can be earned; but fortunately in the country the wants are far fewer than in towns, and the women are very glad to have the work, for it is that or none.

There are art schools for basket-weaving, for carpet-weaving, for ceramics, for all kinds of pottery, for gimp trimmings, for jet embroidery, in fact for everything artistic imaginable.

The Imperial and Royal School of Art Embroidery answers to the one at South Kensington. Very beautiful work is done there, and as with Austrian lace, its value was recognised at the last Paris Exhibition.

The Kunst Gewerbe Schule, too, has been reformed

since Professor Storck's time, when the great struggle for modern *versus* old took place, and he retired from the directorship. A new head was given in the person of Felician Freiherr von Myrbach, and modern teachers were appointed—young ones, free from any hankerings after the antique, many of them those men who helped to bring about the Secession. At these schools both male and female students are admitted, a contrast to the Academy, where no women are allowed to study. It was to fill up this gap that the Kunst Schule für Frauen und Mädchen was started some six years ago, where very good work is being done. It is a private undertaking.

There is also an Imperial School for leatherwork, where new methods of production and preparation are attempted, and one in which teachers and workers are trained for basketwork of every description, and many others, including one for textile industries.

Most interesting is the Imperial Royal Graphische-Lehr- und Versuchs-Anstalt, of which Professor Josef Maria Eder is the director. In this institution new methods of producing graphic art are tried, and the success is more than good, it is excellent. There is no branch of graphic art which does not receive attention, every encouragement being given to new methods, and none suggested is put aside without trial. In this manner results have been brought about which are quite astonishing. That is the benefit of being under State control, it places means at the hands of the teachers which would be harder to obtain in private concerns, and the knowledge to the teacher that what he requires for his science he may have is a great advantage in the hands of a conscientious man.

In this institution every branch of their art is taught to the students, who must learn the technique of what they are to produce; even a placard cannot be reproduced properly if the workman does not know the

manner in which it has been worked by the artist ; for this reason there are drawing, painting, and other classes—in photography too, and even open-air sketching and painting. Both men and women are admitted to the classes.

CHAPTER XIX

IMPERIAL GALLERY, CITY MUSEUM, AND PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

IN *das kunsthistorische Museum* (Imperial Art Gallery), Vienna possesses one of the finest collections of art and antiquities existing. It is at the same time one of the oldest, for it dates back to the fifteenth century, although most of her finest treasures came through the Archdukes Ernst and Leopold Wilhelm, who were respectively Statthälter of the Netherlands in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Emperor Leopold I. and his predecessors inherited their collections. It was this same Archduke Leopold who made a friend and companion of David Teniers the younger, and no doubt by his influence the works of the great Flemish artists were obtained for Vienna. He also spent large sums of money on the weaving of Gobelins, many of those then woven being now in the Imperial palaces and galleries. The Spanish branch of the Habsburgs were always in close touch with its cousins of Austria, for the love of art is inherent in this Imperial house; many fine works by Spanish artists being sent as presents both to the Netherlands and Austria. The Styrian Habsburgs also were great collectors, but chiefly of coins and armaments. These were brought to Vienna in the time of Maria Theresia, and are now in the museum. The Tyrolean Habsburgs were as enthusiastic about art as alert on war. Those works of art, collected by Ferdinand von Tyrol, were placed in Schloss Ambras. Napoleon knew

of their whereabouts, and carried them off to Paris, but they were returned after the Congress, when they were brought to Vienna, and placed in the Upper Belvedere for better safety. But besides these, the monarchs who succeeded Leopold I. did what they could to add to their treasures and make them representative. The present Emperor has helped in this, as in other things, not only by making purchases of great works by old and modern masters, but by making it possible for all to enjoy what was his private property, for, when the Imperial Museum was opened some twelve years ago, he fairly stripped his palaces of their riches for the public benefit. But Maria Theresia first thought of opening the picture gallery at stated times, her example being followed by Joseph II., who had the collection moved from the Hofstallgebäude to the upper Belvedere, where it remained till the present gallery was opened. Many of the finest works of the Austrian masters, ancient and modern, as well as those of other lands, have gone to enrich this collection, making it at once not only artistic but of historic value. The fact that the Imperial Gallery was built with the view to their reception has enabled the contents to be shown to their fullest artistic advantage. The finest ornament is the Netherland school, for nowhere, except in the Prado Museum in Madrid, is there such a fine collection of Rubens' works as here. Among others, the celebrated "Festival of Venus," the portrait of the artist's second wife, Frau Helene Fourman, and the "Ildefonso Altar." There are also paintings by Jacob van Amsterdam, Hugo van der Goes, Gerrit van Haarlem, Quintin Matsys; Vandyk's "Vision of St. Herman Joseph," his portrait of the sons of the Winter-king, nephews of Charles I., a series of lovely landscapes and *genre* pictures by Valkenborch, Brueghet the elder; animal paintings by Fyt, Ferdinand from Kessl, the two Hamiltons, Philip and Johann, and many paintings by

the two Teniers, the two Frans Franchen, and other famous Flemish artists. Among the gems of the Spanish school are Murillo's "John the Baptist as a Child," the portraits of Philip IV., the Infanta Margareta Theresia, and the Infant Prosper, by Velasquez, as also a family scene representing this artist's son-in-law, J. B. Martinez de Mago. There are also some fine paintings by Pantoja and Alonso S. Coelo.

Of the old German school there are many fine examples by Holbein, including his famous portrait of Lady Jane Seymour; the two Cranachs, Dürer, Martin Schongauer, Franz Hals, Jan Steen, Jacob von Ruisdael, Ostade, and Rembrandt, a portrait of himself, and a young Dutch couple.

The Venetian school is also very good. Among the finest works here are P. Perugino, Andrea del Sarto, "Mourning over Christ," "St. Sebastian," by A. Mantegna, "Madonna in Green," by Raffael; Corregio's "Jo"; Buiardinis' "Abduction of Diana"; "La Pieta," by Marco Zoppo; others by Fr. Francia, Benozzo Gozzoli, Antonello da Messina, Bartolomeo Vivarihi. Titian is also to the fore in a "Madonna," a "Gipsy," "The Burial of Christ," a large "Ecce Homo," and many fine portraits; Tintoretto by "Susanna in her Bath," and many of his best portraits; Palma the elder by "Santo Conversazione," and a number of his exquisite portraits of women; the younger Palma, B. Strozzi, Castiglione, Paolo Veronese by "Christ Healing Jairus's Daughter."

Of other later Italian painters Luca Giordana, Salvator Rosa, Sasso Ferrato, Gentileschi, Guido Reni, Caracci.

The French school is also well represented: Clouet, by two portraits of Charles IX.; Poussin, Rigau, and others.

Nor must the beautiful collection of water-colours and drawings be forgotten. The best masters have here their place; and there is also a library containing some

1700 numbers, as also smaller *objets d'art*. Here is also Benvenuto Cellini's famous salt-cellar, presented by Charles IX. of France to Ferdinand of the Tirol.

The Imperial Library (Hofbibliothek) was built under Charles VI., who, with his fine feeling for art and justice, spared no expense in making it a worthy home for the treasures he had inherited from his ancestors. The architect was Fischer von Erlach; the grand hall (Prachtsaal) is of great magnificence. It is surmounted by a cupola supported by marble columns, and has fine frescoes, the work of Daniel Grau, and these are so finely made that the dome seems to be of a greater height than it is in actuality. Successive sovereigns did their share in restoring and enlarging the building, the last addition being made only a few months ago, when the Emperor gave over the new wing of the Hofburg for the reception of those books and art collections which had in the course of ages grown too large for the limits of the old library. The library is open to all to read within its precincts, and under certain conditions books may be taken home, so that it serves at once both as a reference and a lending library. This was an act of grace on the part of the Emperor Franz Josef. The Hofbibliothek numbers among the finest existing, as also the largest.

The chief attraction of the Imperial Library, apart from its architectural beauty and books, is the very fine and exhaustive collection of copperplate and other engravings, etchings, drawings, portraits in tusch, pastel, aquarel, oils, and the miniature manuscript books. This collection owes its existence to Ferdinand III., other princes adding to it; but some of the finest additions came from the convent at Hall, in the Tyrol, from the Ambras Library in 1665, and from those left by Prince Eugen of Savoy, which were bought from his heirs. These miniatures are of rare beauty and great historical

worth, for they date from the fifth century, the most famous being the fragment of the Genesis containing forty-eight miniatures ; the miniature which Dioscorides wrote for Juliana Anicia, daughter of Placidia, which is particularly important as treating of medicinal plants, designs after nature of plants and birds, and the pictures it gives of the medical men of ancient times.

It is quite impossible to describe all these minute labours of bygone times here ; suffice it to say that here are Greek, Byzantine-Greek, German, Flemish, French, Arabian, Turkish, a collection of Buddhist legends in Chinese, with delicate pictures painted on fig leaves, old Indian, Mexican, Italian, trecento and quattrocento, many of those miniatures of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries being bound in the most delicate morocco with gold pressings, earlier ones are enclosed in ivory covers or parchment with fine illustrations.

The Imperial Treasury contains among other jewels and precious stones the fourth largest diamond known, weighing $133\frac{1}{2}$ carats, formerly belonging to Charles the Bold of Burgundy. Among other treasures are the regalia, the magnificent jewels which belonged to former empresses, and those of her late Imperial Majesty, the Empress Elizabeth, the insignia of the Golden Fleece, and other Orders.

In the Imperial Academy and various schools of art are also several fine examples of the old masters of painting and sculpture. Sketches by Rubens, Dierick Bout's "Coronation of Mary," Rembrandt's portrait of a young girl, "Sibylle of Tiour," attributed to Lucas van Leyden ; works by Weenix, Jacob and Salomon van Ruysdael. Of the Spanish school foremost are Murillo and Carreno. Of the Venetians Vittori Belliniano, whose "Martyrdom of St. Mark" (1526) was presented to the Academy by Ferdinand I, the immediate predecessor of Kaiser Franz Josef, who also gave works by

Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, Vittore Carpaccio, Bonifacio, a "Madonna and Child" by Botticelli, and Pieter Coddes' "Music and Dancing." Altogether there are some 1200 numbers in this Gallery, three-fourths being by old masters.

The Modern Gallery has yet to be built, but in the meantime it has a temporary home in the Upper Belvedere, and a good many works of art have already been acquired for it. These include a large number of Waldmüller's paintings, Schwindt, Ammerling, Makart, Segantini, and other Austrian artists, Alma Tadema's "Fredegunde," examples by John Swan, Böcklin, Axel Gallén, Claude Monet, Max Klinger, and other modern artists.

The Oriental Museum at the Chamber of Commerce was the first of its kind, and though small is valuable. It contains some of the finest specimens of Eastern carpets.

Das österreichische Museum für Kunst und Industrie, in addition to its valuable collection of lace, has some rare examples of early Renaissance furniture, gold ornaments dating from the twelfth century, as also very many beautiful works of art, such as are required for the students, for whom it is primarily intended.

The *Stadtmuseum* (City Museum) in the Rathhaus is very instructive for those interested in the history of Vienna, and offers plenty of opportunity for studying her development, as well as telling the story of some of the great men who were her citizens. The Grillparzer rooms have been arranged exactly as those he occupied during life. Here Beethoven's last home will also be ordered in a short time. The banners of the old guilds are there, as well as other old flags, and on such rare occasions as jubilee days these are all used in the grand procession which then takes place. There are many relics of the Turks in Vienna, particularly their

armaments, and many pictures by the best Vienna artists.

One of the greatest attractions in Vienna is the Liechtenstein Gallery. It is a gem in a beautiful setting. The palace is built after plans by Martinelli, and was originally intended for a summer residence. It is one of the most beautiful baroque buildings in the city. The lower hall is supported by massive pillars, the upper one by eighteen magnificent marble columns. The fine ceiling fresco, representing the "Apotheose of Hercules," is the work of Andreas Pozzo, a Jesuit father, who was one of the most famous fresco-painters of his day. The staircase is entirely of marble. The spacious rooms are ornamented with stucco and frescoes.

The palace was originally built by Prince Adam Liechtenstein in 1700 as a summer residence, it being then without the city walls. It was only at the beginning of the nineteenth century that the pictures were brought here at the instance of Prince Johann Liechtenstein, they having been previously hung in the other Liechtenstein palace. It was this same Prince who opened the gallery to the public. The collection is in entail. At the beginning of the seventeenth century Prince Karl Eusebius published a description of the pictures then in the Gallery.

Other additions have been made by successive princes of the house of Liechtenstein, and the Gallery is one of the finest existing. There is hardly a great master who has not his place here, and had Vienna nothing else to offer to lovers of art, this collection alone would be worth paying a visit to the city to see. Many of these pictures, as those in the Imperial Gallery, are among the masterpieces of the world. Van Dyke's "Wallenstein," and "Marie Louise von Tassis," and the "Burial of Christ" are here. Rubens' "Cyclus to the History of the Consul Decius," a series of seven great



LIECHTENSTEIN PALACE AND PICTURE GALLERY



pictures, including Rome, and the portrait of the artist's two sons. Franz Hal's portrait of himself. Rembrandt's "Bride's Toilette." Pictures by Hans Holbein, de Keyser, Quintin Matsys, de Heem, van Ess, van Haarlem, van Stein, Wynants, Goyen, Ruisdael, van Vliet, Lucas van Leyden, Titians, Paolo Veronese, Michael Angelo, Canaletto, Botticelli, Sassoferrato, Domenichino, Philippine Leppi, Moretto, da Brescia, Madame Lébrun, Chardin, Joseph Vernet—these are only a few of the great artists represented in the Liechtenstein Gallery.

It would be well were a book to be written on all the great works which have found a home in Vienna. The number of collectors is very large, and it is rarely that one gets an opportunity of seeing them. Some of these are of peculiar interest, because they are confined to particular schools as that of Dr. Augustus Heymann, whose home is filled with the choice works by Vienna artists. Here is Makart's original sketch to a "Midsummer Night's Dream," as also many beautiful miniatures also by Vienna artists, for this little gem is part and parcel of the history of art in the city. One of the pictures has a certain gruesome attraction to the onlooker, it is that of Count Jaroszynski, whose history was analogous to that of Eugene Aram, even to the manner of his death. Baron Bourgoing has confined himself to French works of art of the sixteenth and seventeenth century, one of chief interest being a picture of Louis the Sixteenth by Greuze, bearing the inscription, "Donne par le Roy a Monsieur de Bourgoing, son, Ministre Plénipotentiaire, près, S. M. Catholique."

In Herr Alfred Strasser, Vienna has also a true lover of art. Here we meet with old friends—Peter Lely, H. Raeburn, Thomas Lawrence, and it may not be out of place to mention Angelica Kauffmann, E. Wheatley, and Joshua Reynolds. The French school is represented by Lebrun, N. Largillière Leprince, Philiberte Ledoux.

There is also a fine selection of Flemish painters: Rubens, A. van Dyke, van Goyen, Aart van der Weer, Thom de Kayser, Jan Stein, Wijnants, the Spanish Zurbaran and the Italian Tintoretto. The Vienna masters occupy a worthy place in this collection. Among them, Rudolf von Alt, Pettenkofen, Schödl, Schönn, Eugen and Julius von Blass.

Ludwig Lobmeyer is another zealous collector who opens his doors to lovers of art. He has pictures by Salomon Ruisdael, Wijnants, Poelenburg, Brackenburg, Guyp, Craesbeke, and other old masters, as also a very choice number by modern ones. A particular feature of this collection is the series of water-colour drawings by Rudolf von Alt, and a hundred and twenty studies by Pettenkofen, together with many of his finest paintings.

Eugen Miller von Aichholz has a very beautiful home of art, with pictures by Carlo Crivelli, Perugino, van Dyke, Tiapolo, and also by Lenbach. His plastics number Verrochio among them. But even more interesting than these is the beautiful, though small, collection of old Gothic and Renaissance furniture, of singular beauty and well preserved, many of them masterpieces, as also Renaissance picture-frames. The student in art and crafts would find a great attraction in the articles in leather and iron work, dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

One of the finest collections imaginable is that of Dr. Albert Figdor and Karl Figdor, who really live among their antiquities. Their apartment is literally furnished with them, and these relics of past ages look as though they had been specially made to fit in the particular place they occupy. It is a veritable home of art. There are some hundred old chairs, many of them unique; old cupboards, old chests, tables, all of various sizes, shapes, and ages; old carved portals, all brought from

distant parts, and, although incongruous, a poetic harmony prevails. The children's corner has not been forgotten, for it would be hard to find a collection more illustrative of the life of the little ones of bygone centuries than here. One can see how they lived, how they thought, and in the old horn books how they learned. Here, too, are old masters: Quentin Matsys, Gillis de Hondecoeter, Egbert von Heemskerck, one attributed to Mostaert, the "Crucifixion" by Geertgen von Jans, a small altar-piece by Cappenberg, and many works of art, and also some by old Vienna artists. Of the numerous smaller *objets d'art* it would be impossible to speak here, but a few words would not be out of place regarding the autograph letters: one from Charles V. of Germany to the Pope, begging him not to consent to the divorce of Henry VIII. and Katharine of Aragon; from Marie Louise to a girl friend, telling her she was *afraid* they were going to marry her to Napoleon; from Raffael giving instructions regarding the building of the Sistine Chapel; a letter from Queen Victoria to her sister, the Empress Elisabeth of Austria. In this collection is also a daguerrotype of the late Queen of England.

It is impossible to write about the numerous collections in the Imperial Galleries and other homes of art in Vienna. Nor has it been thought necessary to write about the Imperial Natural History Museum and others of like ken. The aim of this chapter is to make known to the readers where some of the greatest art treasures of the world are to be seen.

CHAPTER XX

MUSIC—EARLY HISTORY—FERDINAND III.—LEOPOLD I.—
JOSEF I.—CHARLES VI.—HAYDN, MOZART, BEETHOVEN,
ABT VOGLER, SCHUBERT, SCHUMANN, WAGNER, ETC.

VIENNA and Music! These two words have been inseparable since the earliest times. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that almost all the great masters of music and composition have lived in the city, and inspired by the poetry of her surroundings, have created their masterpieces. Except Handel, Bach, and Mendelssohn, there has for ages been no great master who has not been sheltered within her hospitable walls. But for his early death, just at the time when his "Elijah" was performed in the city for the first time, Mendelssohn would have conducted his oratorio, and so been with the Viennese. In Vienna music has always had an honoured place. It began with the Archduke Albrecht or Albert I., who reigned at the very beginning of the thirteenth century. He collected a band of instrumentalists whom he entitled Royal Musicians, and from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the present day the chain is unbroken. Music no longer needs the protection of the Court. One sees all these men as the colours of a kaleidoscope, sometimes richer, sometimes paler, but together the harmony is perfect.

The Court at the beginning of the seventeenth century busied itself with musical productions. There was music at the royal dinners, and there were musical serenades in the Hofburg quadrangle; and to these came the

famous singers of the time, for they could always depend on the generosity of the monarch, who was known to reward their talent according to its merit.

These serenades, which were always given on state occasions, were in the nature of dramatic performances, or musical dramas, the singers, in suitable costumes, and musicians marching round the courtyard before taking up their position in its centre, when the performance began, the monarch and Court listening at the windows or from raised seats in the courtyard itself. On solemn occasions, such as during Carnival, Italian oratorios were given, and in later times at the Hof or the Kärnthner-Thor theatres. Nearly all the early Emperors of Germany were good musicians, as was also Ferdinand III., the last reigning Archduke of Austria, and first King of Rome. He was a man of great culture and learning, and also founded a literary society in 1640. He was passionately devoted to music, and did his best to encourage this art, for he sent musicians and students to Italy, and did away with what are known as beggars' "instruments" in the Court orchestra. He composed many works, among them a madrigal and a *Miserere*, which is his finest production. To Ferdinand III. is due the honour of having written the first German opera, as also of bringing the newly discovered Italian opera to Vienna. His son, Leopold I., the first Emperor of Germany, thanks to his father's care, was a great musician, though his works have fallen into oblivion, but it was to his exertions that Vienna owed her early fame for music. He was a man of great culture and understanding, and did all he could to protect musicians by exempting them from payment of the poll-tax, and granting them other favours, and encouraged good teachers to settle in Vienna, and also laid the foundation of classical music in the city. During his reign no less than four hundred performances of different operas

were given, many of them being the Emperor's own compositions. His Court musicians cost him 60,000 florins a year, and were the best in Europe. He favoured German singers, both for the solos and chorus, and raised music to so high a standard that Sir John Hawkins, in his "History of Music," published in 1776, says: "About the beginning of the present century music flourished greatly under the patronage of the Emperor Leopold, who was himself not only a judge, but a great master of the science, as an evidence whereof there are yet extant many compositions written by him for the service of his own musicians." In Italy, too, the greatness of Leopold as a musician has been recognised.

The Emperor played many instruments, his favourite being the flute. Of the dances Leopold I. wrote for the festivities "Am Hof," mention has already been made in a previous chapter. He also composed a large number of songs, both sacred and secular, no less than three hundred motettes, many operas and cantatas, a requiem on the death of his first wife, the Spanish Princess, Margarete Therese, a lamentation on the death of his second wife, Claudia Felicitas, which was also sung on the death of his third wife and over his own grave. It was Leopold's great love for music which, no doubt, gave rise to the beautiful and touching story of his death, which tells how, when the Emperor felt the hour of his dissolution approaching, he had all his musicians and singers assembled in a neighbouring chamber, where, at intervals, they played and sang his favourite melodies, and listening to their sweet strains he passed away. It was but natural that Leopold I. should have his sons Josef and Charles, each later becoming Emperor in his turn, educated in the theory and practice of music, that they too should keep up the traditions of their ancestors. We are told how the Emperor Josef I. called all the great musicians of his time to Vienna, that he was on friendly

terms with Scarlatti, the brothers Bononcini, Caldara, who died in Vienna, and others; and that every year many new operas were produced in the opera-house he had built on the ruins of the old one which had been burnt down, but of which unfortunately no traces exist. In all his work Josef I. was helped by his wife, Amelia, Princess of Hanover. Joseph I., like his father, performed on many instruments, his favourite one also being the flute, and in addition to this he wrote much, but only three of his compositions are extant. This Emperor was fond of the study of mathematics and architecture. Charles VI. was devoted to music and art from his earliest childhood. Johann Josef Fux was his teacher of counterpoint, as he had also been that of his brother and father, and it was as a mark of gratitude to him, that the Emperor Charles VI. had his master's work "Gradus ad Parnassum" printed and published at his own expense. Charles VI., too, played on many instruments, including the piano of his day; indeed we know that at least once he played the accompaniment to Caldara's opera, "Euristes," while his daughters, Maria Theresia, afterwards the great Empress, and Maria Anna, sang the solos. One can picture the scene and Caldara's satisfaction of what must have been an artistic performance, for the young Archduchesses possessed beautiful voices, and they had been well trained too, and drilled in harmony and counterpoint, for these subjects were looked upon as a necessary discipline in the education of the princes and princesses of those times. Charles VI., instead of sending the embryo musicians to Italy to be educated, founded a musical academy in Vienna, where they were trained. He had a hundred and forty musicians in his orchestra, who accompanied him when he went from city to city as did those of his predecessors. The Emperor is known to have written much music, but unfortunately all has

been lost. Many of Caldara's operas were produced under his care, as also those by Fux and other great masters of his time ; in fact, the culture of music under this Emperor had so developed that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu some years later could write to the effect that she had seen nothing so magnificent or heard anything so beautiful in all Europe.

Under Maria Theresia music flourished no longer at Court, it is true, but from her reign dates the beginning of public concerts

In 1782, under Josef II., a Court Musikgraf was appointed, who acted as mediator between the monarchs and musicians, but for hundreds of years previously there had been a Spielgraf whose duty it was to watch the guild musicians, who only concerned themselves with dance music, as distinct from the free musicians who were honoured as a class, and, as we have seen, were patronised by the Emperors, the Spielgraf having no control over them. Under Maria Theresia the office of Spielgraf degenerated, she adding that of collector of taxes from actors and low comedians to it. Under her, too, the Court orchestra degenerated, for she gave the administration of it into the hands of the city, till at last none of her father's famous band were left except old men and invalids. Josef II. would have dissolved it, but being convinced that music was as honourable as the drama, he appointed a Musikgraf, and this office continued to the forties of the last century. When the Court no longer favoured music the nobility encouraged the art, and the great princes and counts had their own orchestras and gave concerts, and protected the musicians. In 1812 a society of noble ladies, called into existence for the promotion of the good and useful, gave a grand concert for the benefit of those who had suffered from a great conflagration in Baden, near Vienna, and from the effects of the war. This was

a great success, and was the last of such concerts, for then the "Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde" was founded, and in 1814 began their archives and library and opened the conservatoire, which till this day is a private institution but world renowned. It was a performance of the "Messiah," with Mozart's extra parts for wind instruments, that brought life to this academy. It was given in the Winter Riding School, and the first Gesellschaft's concert in the Redoutensaal—for till the sixties of last century there was no concert hall in Vienna—and at this performance Emperor and Court were present. In 1831 the Archduke Rudolf left his musical library to the society, and the autograph letters and manuscripts of the great musicians bring many strangers, lovers of music, to the city.

With Maria Theresia's reign begin a series of illustrious composers and musicians, Glück being the first of the line. He came a poor wandering artist to the city, and having wandered further on to Milan, where he studied under Sammartinis, he, at the invitation of Lord Middlesex, went to England, but had no great success there, nor, indeed, can he be said to have had any lasting success till he forsook the formal Italian opera, the last in this form being "Orpheus and Eurydice," which was performed at the Kärnthner-Thor Theatre under his own direction, for he was then leader of the orchestra. Five years later his "Alceste" took Vienna by storm. It was Glück who taught Maria Antoinette music, and an apt pupil he had too. She finally persuaded him to go to Paris, but in spite of his success there with his "Iphigénie en Tauride," which opera put an end to the struggle for the Italian forms in favour of the German, he returned to die in Vienna.

Whichever way one turns one is reminded of the great musicians. Glück lived in the Wiedner Hauptstrasse. The "Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde" have had tablets

affixed on the houses where the great musicians dwelt, and so we are reminded of their presence.

Next came "Papa" Haydn; he lived in many different places, but the house where he died is sacred; the street is now called Haydngasse. He was one of twenty children. His beautiful boy's voice was oft lifted in praise in the grey walls of the Cathedral of St. Stephan's, where he was a chorister, and as is the nature of things, his voice gone, he was forced to leave the dome school. One day, penniless and homeless, and in the streets, he was found by a friend, Johann Michael Spangler—his name deserves to be remembered—who gave him a home in the Kohlmarkt. Haydn was always happy, except when Count Esterhazy thought of dismissing his orchestra and with it Haydn, who had been Kapellmeister for so many years; but the tones of his "Adieu" were too much for the Count, and he fortunately repented. Haydn was always the simple-minded "papa"; even his successes in England and his honorary degree at Oxford were not sufficient to make him proud. Haydn was not a Viennese, but he was born at Rohrau, near Petronel, the old Roman camp, but his education he owes to Vienna. He knew Beethoven and Abt Vogler. In his rondeaus and trills Haydn shows that he is thoroughly impregnated with the beautiful Viennese measure, the songs of the birds and the sighing of the forest trees, which after developed into the waltz.

It was in 1808 that the "Creation" was produced; Prince Schwarzenberg made it possible, for he invited all the guests and gave Haydn all the takings, and here in the Schwarzenberg Palace the immortal oratorio was first given. Haydn brought the text from England; it had been written for Handel, and Van Swieten, the son of Maria Theresia's famous doctor, translated it into German. It was owing to the devotion of ten men that the "Creation" was first performed in Vienna,



HOUSE WHERE HAYDN DIED

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for Haydn was uncertain whether London or Vienna would be better. All his doubts were set at rest, and even so with the "Seasons," for it was also in the Schwarzenberg Palace that this was heard in April 1801, less than two years after the "Creation." Haydn himself conducted the orchestra, and the princes behaved nobly to him, giving him all the gross takings—about £400—and the score, so that he might sell it to a publisher.

Somehow or other the Viennese do not seem to understand oratorio music now. Or is it one comes fresh from the traditions of the Albert Hall or, perhaps, the Birmingham Festival Choral Society, and expects a depth of religious enthusiasm in the choruses which the Viennese do not understand? In all other points where music is concerned, they are as nearly perfect as possible. It was in 1797 that Haydn startled Vienna with his National Hymn, "Gott erhalte unsern Kaiser." In 1809, after Napoleon had left the city, the Emperor Francis founded the Salvator Medal for those who had performed meritorious services. If Haydn expected to be among those who were to receive the honour, he was doomed to disappointment after all.

Mozart lived in Vienna and is buried in a third-class and common grave in the St. Marx Cemetery—nameless too, but we must not blame the Viennese for it; they have done their best to make this good, for they have given him a statue and a memorial stone in the Musicians' Corner of the Central-Friedhof, with Beethoven, Gluck, Schubert, Brahms, Strauss, and others of immortal fame. He died in the Rauhensteingasse, in the inner city; the house has been demolished and a new one built on its site, but the name Mozarthof given to it. On this spot his requiem was composed, while Mozart lay in a high fever—dying.

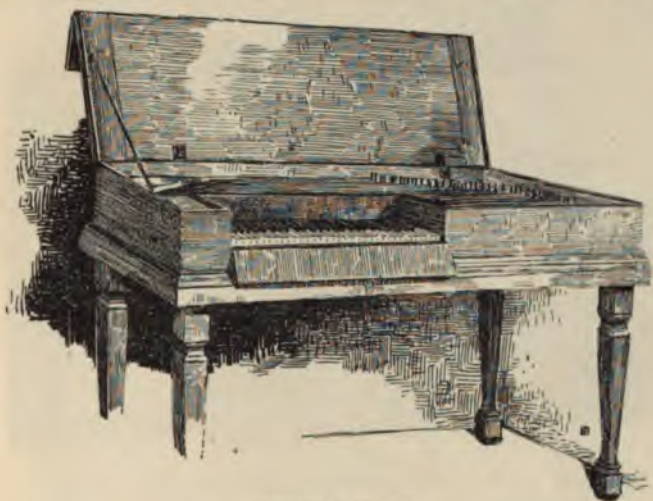
It was in 1762 that Mozart first came to Vienna from

Salzburg, where he was born. He came with his father and sister "Nannerl," and they both gave concerts and took the world by storm. Here in Vienna in later years he wrote his first opera, "La Finta Semplice," which was ordered by Josef II., who patronised little Mozart. It was at Am Peter 14 that he composed *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, his first German opera. It was in Vienna he learnt all those little intrigues and cabals which stood him in good stead in writing "Don Juan," "Il Flauto Magico," "Così Fan Tutte," and others. But although successful from an artistic point, none brought him money, and he was bitterly poor and in distress. It is strange that very few of his works were published in his lifetime, for one reads that for four ducats written copies of his quartettes or symphonies might be had at his residence.

Mozart also lived in the Juden Platz and in the Schulerstrasse and many other places, for he was often forced to change his residence. In the Schulerstrasse he composed "Le Mariage de Figaro," written in the four months from July to November of 1785. It was produced with great success at the Kärnthner-Thor Theatre, but he gained little money by it.

It was in the Schulerstrasse also that the famous concert was given for the benefit of Mozart's father, who visited his son there. Haydn is said to have played the second violin, Mozart the viola, Dittersdorf perhaps playing the first violin, and Vandhall the 'cello. Here two string quartettes were played, and when they were over Haydn said to the elder Mozart: "Before God, I tell you, as an honourable man, your son is the greatest composer I know either by name or personally. He has taste and, more than all, the greatest knowledge of the science of composition." Unfortunately for the truth of this, we are not sure whether Mozart and Haydn ever met, or even if the walls of the city sheltered them both at the

same time. Beethoven, however, visited Mozart the first time he came to Vienna, and took lessons from him in the Schulergasse. He was forced to return to Bonn owing to the illness of his mother, and when he returned Mozart was no more; he had removed to the Rauhensteingasse, and his friends had sung the last requiem over the dying man. He assisted with his last breath, his faithful wife Constance by his side. In the



MOZART'S SPINET

(Now in the Stadt Museum)

meantime Josef II. had died, he upon whom Mozart had staked his last hopes.

The fame of Vienna had brought Beethoven from Bonn, for the Curfürst of that place—brother of Josef II.—enabled the youth to come to this city to see Mozart. His musical education Beethoven received in Vienna, all his greatness came to him there.

Many tablets are affixed to the different houses where he lived; in Döbling he wrote the "Eroica"; the

Ninth Symphony was written in Baden, near Vienna; many of his other great works were composed at Heiligenstadt. Stories are still told how Beethoven used to walk from Heiligenstadt to Vienna, hat in hand and both hands behind his back, looking glum and savage if anybody broke in upon his thoughts. There too is "Beethoven's Walk" and "Beethoven's Rest," two lovely spots, his favourite ones, from where he could see the Kahlenberg and Leopoldsberg, and far



BEETHOVEN'S HOUSE IN HEILIGENSTADT

The window to the extreme left was his room

beyond to the little Carpathians. There he could breathe the sweet-scented pines and firs. The beauty of nature around inspired him; he wrote dances for the Viennese, and he lived among them. He never desired to return to his native town, yet he is called the Bonn Master. Beethoven failing, Mozart went to Haydn, and became dissatisfied with him because he did not think his master took sufficient care in correcting his compositions. It was a difficult thing for even a Haydn to satisfy a Beethoven, and he turned with the

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ENTRANCE TO BEETHOVEN'S LAST HOME (NOW DEMOLISHED)

imperfectly corrected work to Scheck, afterwards taking lessons from him.

It was in 1792 that he settled here for good. His first compositions were published in Vienna by subscription. The manuscript can still be seen at Artaria's, in the Kohlmarkt, as also the autograph letter agreeing to the conditions offered. Curiously enough, it was as a performer Beethoven first made his mark.

Beethoven gave concerts in Vienna, at the Redouten-Saal, the Winter Riding School, the hall of the University, and other places; he played there, and his great compositions were first heard there. The Theater an der Wien asked him and Abt Vogler to write operas—the Viennese are fond of such competitions to this day. "Fidelio" was the product of this, and it was accepted and first performed at the theatre. Who knows or cares what has become of Abt Vogler's composition? Browning might just as well have described Abt Vogler after his disappointment in finding himself so far behind Beethoven, instead of the story of his invention. But Abt Vogler was doomed to vexations, and wandered far from Vienna.

When the Ninth Symphony was first heard in Vienna, the whole city was full of delight. Henriette Sonntag was among those who sang the solos; she was then the glory of the Vienna Opera. Karoline Unger and Amalia Haizinger, too, lifted their voices in praise. It was glorious then, it is glorious now, and were it given a hundred times during the season, there would still be a dearth of seats for those wishing to hear it.

Beethoven then lived in the Tiefer Graben, and it was there he sold tickets for his concert on the 2nd of April 1800, at the Burg Theatre. On the notices one reads, "Tickets for the boxes to be had of Herr von Beethoven in his residence, Tiefer Graben 231, at three florins (five shillings) each." In 1803 he took up his quarters at the

Theater an der Wien, in order to be on the spot while the rehearsals for "Fidelio" were going on, but he soon became dissatisfied at the confinement; he wanted to breathe the free, fresh air, and he again moved. In 1804 he lived on the Mülkerbastei, on that part of the old ramparts of the town which is still to be seen. He was in Vienna during the occupation by the French, he was there when Napoleon sprung the bastions, he lived there all through the troubled times.

Cherubini also came to the city in 1805, just before Napoleon, who refused to recognise the artist's greatness. Here his operas "Lodoisca" and "Fanisca" were produced. Beethoven and Haydn were the first to acknowledge their value and the artist's worth as a dramatic composer. Afterwards Cherubini was chosen to conduct the concerts given for Napoleon's entertainment at Schönbrunn.

In 1803 Karl Maria von Weber came to Vienna, hoping that Haydn would accept him as a pupil. The latter, however, was obdurate in spite of the fact that Weber brought a letter of introduction from the musician's brother Michael, who lived in Salzburg, and whose pupil he had been. Therefore he turned to Abt Vogler, who learned in time to love and honour his pupil. He took lessons of Abt Vogler a second time, when the pater had gone to live at Mannheim. Many times did Weber return to Vienna, in 1813, when he wished to secure instrumentalists for his orchestra at Prague, for he was then Capellmeister in that city. During his stay, he too gave a famous and lucrative concert at the Redouten-Saal, for the Emperors always graciously lent the hall on such occasions. A third time he came, after his "Freischütz" had made him renowned, having been commissioned to write an opera—"Eury-anthe"—for the Kärnthner-Thor Theatre. He also conducted "Der Freischütz" at this theatre. In 1823 he



COUNTRY VILLA, HIETZING



ROOM IN WHICH BEETHOVEN DIED
NOW DEMOLISHED



again returned, to conduct "Euryanthe." This was his last visit, for in 1826 he died in London.

Who does not know Schubert? He was a true Viennese, every passage he wrote echoes of Vienna, every song speaks of the joyous nature underlying even the sadness. He was born in Vienna in 1797, in Vienna he died in 1828. He lived all too short a time, but during that short space he proved himself the most fruitful and creative genius. He was born in the Nussdorferstrasse, one of a very large family. He was trained in the Imperial Monastery School, both as a singer and instrumentalist; he was first violinist in the orchestra. This true-born son of nature hated the restraint; he returned to his father to escape conscription, and became a schoolmaster for three years. After that he was free, free to pour forth his song and delight. In the morning he worked, in the afternoons he wandered with his friends—Vogl, the singer, and Schwind, the artist—to Grinzing, where he refreshed himself, and in the woods gained new ideas for the next day. Vogl introduced him to Dr. Sonnleithner, a man ever ready to help young talent. It was at one of his receptions that the "Erl King" was first heard, those assembled being so enthusiastic that then and there money was subscribed to help the composer to publish his songs. He knew most of the great men of his time, including Grillparzer, and the beautiful sisters Fröhlich, all good musicians, and he used to play with them and for them. They were the first who listened to his flood of songs; their satisfaction was enough for him. The university students call their musical society the "Schubertbund," and to hear them sing his part-songs is a delight; one is filled with the rush of his melodies, with the freedom of nature and of soul which inspired him to their creation.

Schubert was always poor, but his was a happy nature,

no thought of jealousy touched his beautiful soul, which fact a simple story proves more conclusively than words. A concert was given in the palace of a princess, Schubert accompanying his own songs. The singer was applauded, the composer stood quietly by the piano, no one applauding him. This fact the princess noticed, and began to clap her hands, whereupon he turned to her and said, "It does not matter, I am used to it." He was happy in spite of his poverty and distress. He, too, was modest, he saw more beauty in the works of others than

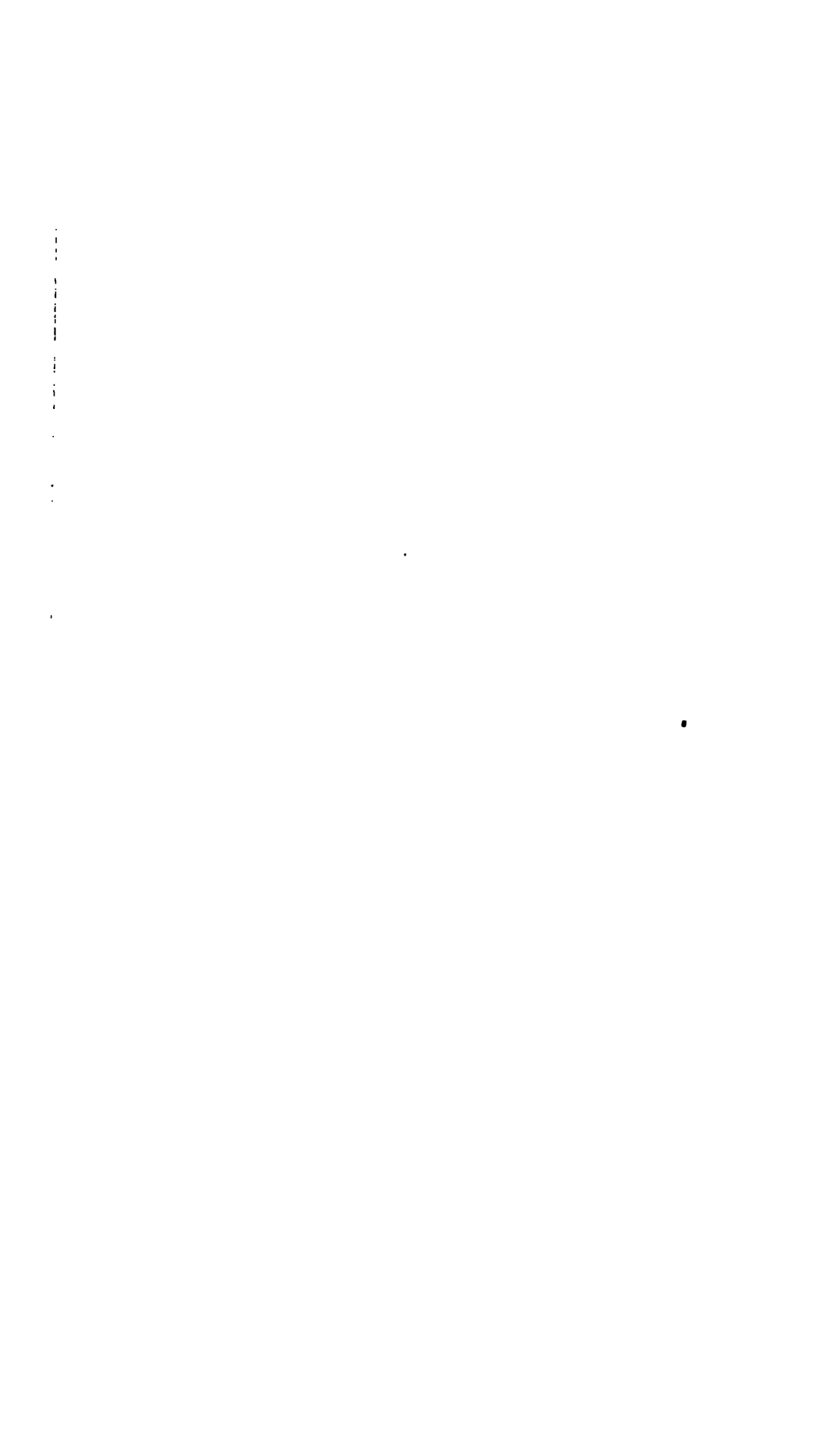


MUSICIANS' CORNER, CENTRAL CEMETERY—
BEETHOVEN, HAYDN, MOZART

in his own; he died too soon even to know his own greatness. And afterwards Vienna went Schubert-mad, and Schubertiades came in vogue as did the Robinsonades in Germany, when Robinson Crusoe first became known to the Germans. They buried him in the Währinger-Friedhof, near Beethoven. They both now lie in the Central-Friedhof in Ehren Gräber—the city of Vienna gives her great men honorary graves there—and on All Saints' and All Souls' Day these graves are watched by



GARDEN, WITH WINDOW OF ROOM IN WHICH SCHUBERT WAS BORN
NUSSDORFERSTRASSE



City servants, and tributes of flowers and laurels are still offered to them—a beautiful custom this!

And Czerny, too, was a Viennese. His master was Beethoven, who always remained his faithful friend. Clementi was also his teacher, and Liszt was his pupil, as were so many other famous men, including Thalberg. He taught in the pianoforte school founded by Mozart, where Hummel was also a teacher. Czerny hardly ever left his native city. It was in his home, Am Peter, that he wrote his famous "Études." Whichever way we go we meet old friends—Clementi, the companion of Haydn, and Mozart, the teacher of Czerny.

But we must move on, for there are so many musicians; the Italian Salieri, who studied under Gassmann in Italy and followed his master to Vienna, and who taught Beethoven and Liszt; Hüttenbrenner, the friend of Schubert and Beethoven, whose eyes he closed; Weigl, the godson of Haydn and pupil of Salieri, and who afterwards became conductor of the Kärnthner-Thor Theatre orchestra; and Johann Scheck.

Liszt, too, came to Vienna to study there under Czerny. In after years he paid frequent visits to the city, always staying at the Schottenhof with his cousins. He was only ten years old when he gave his first concert in the Redouten-Saal, that memorable concert, after which Beethoven expressed his satisfaction by embracing him. It was in Vienna that he gave his last concert—first and last.

Flotow came to Vienna not to learn, but to conduct his operas "Stradella" and "Martha." Joseph Lanner¹ and Johann Strauss the first, the inseparable friends who "even in their death were not divided," the former the creator of the Vienna folks' music. He was only eight years old when he gathered his first quartette together.

¹ Lanner's daughter is Madame Kathi Lanner, the famous ballet mistress. She was formerly engaged at the Imperial Opera-House.

Later he became acquainted with Johann Strauss. They played at hotels and inns, and soon gained renown. By the time he was eighteen his quartette had grown into an orchestra which he conducted at the famous Dom-meyer's Hotel, Hietzing, where all the aristocrats of the day went to hear him. Strauss was the creator of the waltz, now called the Waltz King; his sons, Johann Strauss the second, and Edward Strauss, followed in his footsteps.

Rubinstein, too, lived in Vienna for many years. He was artistic director of the Gesellschaft concerts. He dwelt in the Maximilian Strasse and kept open house, his *jours* being famous. No stranger ever came within the city without assisting at them. It was here that Liszt and Rubinstein astonished the guests by playing the latter's duet "Phantasie," Opus 97. Liszt had never seen the music before, while the author had composed but never played it. The hearers were astonished at the way in which Liszt read his part, chatting and nodding carelessly the while, this being one of the most difficult pieces of music ever written.

Otto Nicolai, the composer of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," was also a true Viennese. He was born near the Kärnthner-Thor Theatre, and it was he who founded the Vienna Philharmonic Concerts, and a musical society has been baptized by the name of Nicolai. Nicolai was a friend of Siegfried Kapper, who translated the "Merry Wives" into German, and this led the composer to write the opera, Mosenthal providing the text. Everybody interested in music knows about the Vienna Philharmonics, of which Hans Richter was afterwards the conductor, then followed Hellmesberger, Gustav Mahler, and others, but now this institution also stands between two epochs of greatness—we will hope.

It was the failure of his "Tannhäuser" in Paris which brought Wagner to Vienna, and to the Josefstädter

Theatre is due the honour of first producing it. But "Tristan and Isolde" saw the light at the Kärnthner-Thor Theatre, Frau Dustmann singing Isolde ; but the public was then not educated to a just appreciation of Wagner. Now when a Wagner opera is performed at the Imperial Opera-House it is almost impossible to get tickets, in spite of the fact that Wagner Cycluses are frequent during the year.

Schumann wrote much of his best work in Vienna, including the first movement of the "Carnival," for he had seen the Carnival festivities in the city. He lived in the Schönlaternstrasse, and also wrote the last movement of the G minor Sonata there. Ten years later he came, accompanied by his wife, Clara Schumann, whose playing enthralled the Viennese. Schumann would have become director of the Conservatoire, only Preyer, who had resigned, was persuaded to remain.

Hummel also received his musical education in Vienna. He was born in Pressburg, but soon after his birth in 1778 his family removed to the Kaiserstadt. Like Haydn before him, he entered the service of Prince Esterhazy as Capellmeister ; that was in 1803, but eight years later he returned to Vienna. Hummel took lessons of Mozart, of Salieri, and Albrechtsberger, also a teacher of Beethoven. Hummel visited England and other countries in the nineties of the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth. It was in 1829 that he published his "Pianoforte Exercises," which every player knows. That Mozart thought highly of his talents is proven by the fact that he taught him.

Thalberg, too, received his musical education in Vienna ; he was a pupil of Hummel and Sechter. His success as a pianist in England, America, and other countries was enormous—he was one of the fortunate few who grew rich materially in music.

Sechter learnt his art in Vienna and remained there

to practise it ; Vieuxtemps and other famous musicians came to the capital to study under the master. It would take books, not chapters, to tell of all the famous musicians who have gone out into the world from here. But one must not forget to mention Sulzer, who reformed the Jewish Church music, and Clementi, whose pianoforte exercises and sonatas are the daily bread of every pianoforte player, Franz von Suppé, Bruckner, Fuchs, Brahms, Johann Strauss, Edward Strauss, and Leschetizky.

CHAPTER XXI

BRAHMS, JOHANN STRAUSS, IGNAZ BRÜLL, AND OTHERS

I REMEMBER the first time I ever saw Brahms, his fine head with its thick locks and massive features at once attracted me to him ; Hanslick, his friend, sat next him. It was that evening that Hubermann, then a boy of eleven years, played Brahms' violin concerto and took Vienna by storm. I saw Brahms afterwards in the artists' room go up to the lad and embrace him, saying, "*So habe ich es mir gedacht.*" No word of praise could be greater, and I saw the boy's face flush with joy. Surely he too can never forget that moment.

Brahms was twenty-nine years of age when he came to live in Vienna ; except for occasional journeys, he never left the city. It was his appointment as conductor of the "Sing Akademie" which called him hence from his position as director of music to the Court of the Prince of Detmold. Vienna suited him, and he suited Vienna. Every summer he went to Ischl, the favourite resort of so many musicians, there with his friends the composers Ignaz Brüll, Leschetizky, Johann Strauss, his brother Edward, Hanslick, the great critic, and Billroth, who, had he not been a great surgeon, would certainly have become a great musician. He and the Strausses are no more, but they still live in the memory of the Viennese. His friend Victor Miller von Aichholz lived at Gmunden, just a pleasant walk from Ischl ; there this friend has presented the town with a museum of Brahms reliques.

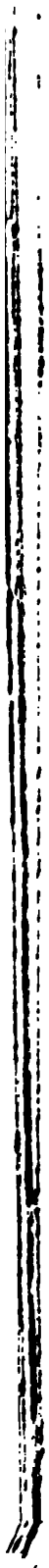
Brahms was born in Hamburg on the 7th of May

1834, and died in Vienna on April 3, 1897, so that he had almost completed his sixty-third year. Thirty-four years he lived in the Kaiserstadt. He had already written much and begun to gain repute when he came to Vienna. Schumann had recognised his talent. He was nineteen years old when that master made his acquaintance, and he then wrote to a friend, "There is a young man here from Hamburg named Johannes Brahms, of so much force and originality that he appears to excel all others by far, and will certainly bring you some of his beautiful compositions—songs."

Somehow or other Brahms never set up house-keeping on his own account; he first rented one room, then two, and finally, when he felt his position sure, he took a third. He lived thirty years in one house, or rather in one flat, and when at the end of eighteen years his landlady died would not move, but stayed there alone till he found a lady, in the person of Frau Truxa, herself a writer and the widow of a well-known journalist, to look after him. In her home he lived twelve years. The rooms are just in the same condition as when he died, for except for a pious dusting and cleaning nothing has been touched; the watch lies by his bedside on the same spot where he placed it; the candle, as when extinguished at the hour of his death; the calendar still shows April 3, 1897; the half-burnt cigar is where he laid it down on an ash-tray on the piano. A holy air of sanctity and harmony seems to hover over all. One enters the sitting-room where stands the piano, which, however, he rarely used of late years; near it the chair presented by the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde. Busts of famous musicians are about, including one of Liszt, whose friendship, only broken by death, he made in his young years at Weimar. The library is beyond the sitting-room. Here are shelves filled with books, classic works which Brahms



BRAHM'S BEDROOM AND STUDY, KARL'SGASSE



loved — Shakespeare and Byron among them ; the volumes are well worn ; he read the plays in the original, for he knew English, French, and Italian. The master was very fond of reading, and enjoyed a quiet hour among his silent friends. Brahms always stood when composing, the desk is in the library, letters he wrote at a writing-table in the sitting-room. Beyond the library is the bedroom, where, too, there are many books.

Brahms was very simple in his habits, but also a *bon vivant*. His breakfast he took in his rooms, preparing the coffee himself. Two rolls—very small ones, a long one and a round one—completed this meal ; his dinner he always took at the same restaurant in the city, always at one particular table. After dinner, which was at 12.30 P.M., he went to a coffee-house where he read the papers, afterwards returning to his rooms. When he was not invited out to supper he provided his own, of German sausage, sardines, or such like ; his drink being half-a-litre of ordinary Italian table wine, cheap and weak.

Brahms was a very early riser, getting up in summer at five, and in winter at six. He composed in the early morning hours when the fit was on him. He was very fond of walking to the Prater, hat in hand, which seems a custom here with great men. His figure was one of the best-known in Vienna. Even though the people may have been ignorant as to his identity—his red cheeks, grey-blue eyes, and mass of grey hair and his short, thick-set body attracted attention—they felt instinctively, "He is somebody." He always wore his nether garments turned up—"Bodenscheu," the Viennese call it—whatever the weather might be.

It was the Wurstl Prater which Brahms preferred, and for the reason that he was very fond of children—that is, poor ones, those of the rich did not interest him

so much. In the Wurstl Prater he sought out the little ones he loved, paying for their seats at the marionette theatre, or for them to have rides on the "merry-go-rounds." He always had sweets in his pockets; they looked like stones, and when the children doubted, he only smiled and said, "Try."

The composer and his friend Strauss also loved the Wurstl Prater amusements, and could often be seen riding on the carousels, on horseback, or in the carriages; the marionettes, too, they patronised for their own sakes as well as the children's.

At Ischl, too, Brahms sought out the children and gave them a good time. He loved birds. Every day he used to feed them with bread-crumbs, and under his care they became almost tame, hopping at their ease about the window-sill.

The composer was always very kind to the suffering. When his porter's wife, an old woman of seventy, was ill he often visited her, taking with him delicacies, which he invariably bought himself. He was very kind to a sick English lady, though unable to visit her; he had made her acquaintance at Frau Victor Miller von Aichholz', the wife of his friend, where she was governess; he wrote her words of comfort, and so cheered her weary and suffering hours to the last.

Brahms was a man who did not take the trouble to hide his likes and dislikes; for this reason many have accused him of being unfriendly. In everyday life he was very kind, modest, and retiring; he had few friends, but tried ones. He kept open house every morning, visitors were allowed to enter unannounced, anybody was welcome; ladies too, provided they were not unaccompanied, even then he felt relieved when they had left, the quicker the better for him; with men he loved to talk, provided their company was congenial.

Many anecdotes have been told about Brahms and



CHAIR PRESENTED TO BRAHMS BY THE GESELLSCHAFT DER
MUSIKFREUNDE

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his visitors, none more characteristic than this. When he met anybody on the stairs who did not know him, and they happened to ask where he lived, he invariably said, "On the third floor, door 8," and passed on without revealing himself.

Brahms' luck came to him late in life, but he, even in his poor days, always provided for his stepmother and stepbrother, who was an invalid. This stepmother profited nothing by Brahms' will, owing to the litigation it has caused. He never thought of making a proper testament, for he was very unpractical. So he wrote a letter containing his last wishes—a legal form of will in Austria provided it be properly executed, with neither corrections nor erasures, and every page signed by the testator or bound together and sealed with his seal; no witnesses are necessary. This letter he sent to his publisher, Simrock of Berlin, and then asked for it back again, and made corrections and erasures. He left some of his money and his manuscripts to the "Gesellschaft." No doubt but that he meant the "Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde," but there are other such societies, and all claimed, so that although something has been done to bring the affair into order, there is still litigation, and likely to be for some time.

Brahms wrote all his chief works in Vienna or Ischl. It was in the former city, I believe, that Joachim became acquainted with him, afterwards introducing his friend's works to England and America. Many, too, of his works were first heard at the Imperial Opera-House, including his *Deutsches Requiem*, which was given there for the first time on the 2nd of November 1879.

When he died sorrow was deep. From far and near came expressions of tender regard for the dead master, and they gave him a funeral such as only the Viennese can give. From the moment of his death the flags were

pitched half-mast at the Opera-House and Musical Societies' building.

The funeral procession made its first halting-place at the Musik-Vereins-Saal, which was draped in black; a wreath was laid on the coffin in the name of professors and students; then Josef N. Fuchs, whose works will in the course of time receive their due acknowledgment, said the last adieu, the chorus singing Brahms' *Fahr wohl*. It was a most impressive moment. From here the cortège proceeded to the Imperial Opera-House and on to the little Protestant church in the Dorotheergasse, where the Männergesangs-choir sang Mendelssohn's "Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath," and when the prayers were over, they gave the "Wanderer's Nachtlid," and then they took him to the Central-Friedhof, where he rests in the Musicians' Corner.

There were loud cries of regret for Johann Strauss, the man who also can never be forgotten by the Viennese, the man who gave them *Die schöne blaue Donau*, which acts as a trumpet-blast on the hearts of those in the Fatherland and in the most distant parts of the earth; the man whose waltzes had set their feet dancing for over half a century; the man who, because his Viennese blood was the greater part of him, could understand the temperament of the people, could feel with them and be with them.

It was a solemn moment in the Volksgarten when his death was announced. The Viennese seem intuitively to do the right thing. The news was told to the bandmaster; for a second there was dead silence, then the tones of the beautiful "Blue Danube" were heard above the stillness which was only broken by the rustling of the leaves. All assembled involuntarily stood up, the men instinctively removing their hats. And the hush as the strains died away was far more expressive of the hearers' feelings than any burst of applause on another and happier occa-

sion could have been. They also accompanied him to the grave with the same beautiful melody. Picture to yourself the sound of a waltz accompanying a man on his last journey, a waltz a funeral march. Yet it was fitting; that made him immortal, and its tones bore him to immortality as the long procession, headed by the violin, borne reverently on a velvet cushion, with strings cut—no hand should touch them again.

Hear only the celebrated pianist, Alfred Grünfeld, play Strauss waltzes—they seem to dance under his fingers; all souls go out to meet him, hearts beating high and feet aching for movement under the sway of the magic chords which strike to the core of every Viennese. These are enchanting moments, which find an echo in the light-hearted, mirth-loving Viennese. Wagner recognised that there are waltzes and waltzes, and in a letter to his friend, the journalist and writer Friedrich Uhl, speaks of Strauss and the actor-dramatist Ferdinand Raimund in terms of the greatest praise. Brahms and Strauss were great friends, and he always played his compositions to the master before they were printed.

Strauss' last work was a ballet, *Aschenbrödl* ("Cinderella"), which was to have been performed at the Imperial Opera. Unfortunately, he only finished one act. Much interest was taken in this work, for it was the first dance poem he had written, and he composed the separate parts for the best dancers, whose peculiarities he well understood. His "*Fledermaus*" ("The Bat") has been heard all over the world, so have many of his other operas; there have even been lawsuits about them. His last appearance at the Opera-House was to conduct the rehearsal of the "*Fledermaus*," just a fortnight before he died.

Yet Strauss had more than fulfilled the allotted span of life, for he was seventy-four when he died. He was born in Vienna. His father's greatest wish was that

his son should become a bank or merchant's clerk but neither mother nor son would agree to this, as they won in the struggle, though not before the boy had gone through the necessary education of gymnasium and commercial school which was to fit him for business life. A little incident was to upset all the father's plans. While the professor was proceeding with the lesson Strauss felt somebody pulling his coat, and obeying the summons, a piece of music paper, with some notes written on it, was handed to him by a boy that same Löwy who was afterwards to become a well-known music publisher. "Sing it to me," said his comrade, and Strauss, forgetting where he was, began singing at the top of his beautiful voice. The professor, astonished, asked who it was, and on learning the name of the criminal, "expelled" him. His mother helped him to hide this from his father for a while, and secretly bought him a violin—she was a self-taught musician, and the story goes how she used to write down the choruses her little one played before he was of an age to hold a pen or know what she was doing. But the father soon discovered all, took away his violin, and now the boy began to give piano lessons in order that he might be paid for his lessons in harmony and counterpoint. His brother Josef—who died too early to achieve anything—and he were excellent pianists, playing their father's waltzes as duets, and for a time it seemed as though father Strauss had changed his opinion, for they could improvise all manner of variations and make all kinds of additions to his melodies. He listened, moved to tears at their performances, but was obdurate as ever, so that the mother had to help her sons deceive their father, a deceit which everybody will agree was called for. But one day the father entered unawares, got into a rage, and the violin was again locked up.

Other difficulties did young Strauss have to contend

with before he was to be let go his own way, for it is marvellous how his father, himself so successful, should place every possible hindrance in his son's way. Fate finally decided. His master, the cathedral Capellmeister Drechsler, wanted Strauss to devote himself to church music, but he had almost as great a distaste for that as for the life of a clerk, and one day when the necessity of earning money—he was then eighteen—fell heavily upon him, his teacher said, "Well, write waltzes, but there was no need for you to learn counterpoint if you want to write such music." So he wrote waltzes, and hastily got a band together and played at Domeyer's at Hietzing, for many, many decades the rendezvous of the *haupt ton*, and where even now society may be seen on the warm May and June evenings taking their supper in the beautiful gardens, listening to good music, though there is no Strauss to conduct. All crowded to hear what the son of his father could do, for it was here that father Strauss and Lanner had made their *début*. We are told there was a dead silence after the overture. Then came the tones of his first waltz, "Gunstwerber," and that conquered, and he has reigned ever since. Polka and quadrille followed, and were received with jubilee; his days of storm and stress were over. His fond mother was present unknown to her son, and how must her heart have beat for joy at her son's success—that son for whose sake she had shed such bitter tears and suffered so much misery, till separation between her and her husband freed her.

This was in 1844, and five years later his father died. Strauss took over his orchestra, like him travelled with it in distant lands, but only in Vienna was he thoroughly happy—that Vienna which had implanted music in him. In the winter he always returned to Vienna, playing at the "Grossen Zeisig" and "Sperl," and also before the

fashionable world "Am Wasser Glacis," or in spring in the "Volksgarten."

It was during the Carnivals in 1864-1865 that Strauss reached his zenith of popularity, and he managed to keep it for over thirty years. It was in 1866 at a *Narrn Abend* (fools' evening) that "An der schönen blauen Donau" was played, men's voices accompanying. Josef Wezl, also a Viennese, provided the text, but the title of the waltz he took from another Viennese poet, Karl Beck.

To Strauss was given the honour of being Court Musical Director; his nephew Johann, the son of Edward Strauss, now holds the post. He was also granted the freedom of the city, *zum Ehrenbürger ernannt*, on the anniversary of his fifty years of musical service, the Emperor decorating him. In Vienna Strauss lived in a palace in the Igelgasse, now called Johann Straussgasse. He had no children though he was married twice, his widow being still living. That Strauss was a true son of the Kaiserstadt is shown by the titles of his waltzes: "Wien mein Sinn," "Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald," "Gross Wien," "'s gibt nur a Kaiserstadt," "Bei uns z' Haus," "Wiener Blut," and others. His compositions are full of Vienna life, that cheerful, careless life for which the inhabitants of the gay capital are so rightly credited, if one looks only upon the surface of their characters.

Ignaz Brüll, whose "Golden Cross" was so successful in London and America some years ago, is still living in Vienna. So is Goldmark, whose "Queen of Sheba," "Merlin," and "Cricket on the Hearth"—founded on Dickens' story—are famous. He came to Vienna from Hungary in 1844, to stay with his brother, a doctor of medicine, who played an important part in '48. Karl intended studying at the Technical College, but became a member of the orchestra at the Carl Theatre.

where he played the violin. There are so many of these musicians that it is impossible even to mention all.

The Imperial Opera-House is the finest in the world and also the most famous. Jahn, Richter, Fuchs, Hellmesberger, and Mahler have been successively directors, Mahler being both director and conductor. Nor is it necessary to mention the Philharmonic and other concerts, where many of the greatest geniuses have given their first concerts. Vienna is the Mecca of the musician.

There are many more musicians worthy of notice. Heback, who lies between Beethoven and Mozart in the Musicians' Corner, where Strauss, too, has a place; one more, the friend of Strauss and Brahms, the friend of all musicians, the man in whose home and before whose pupils Rubinstein gave his last concert in this capital a few weeks only before he breathed his last. I mean the grey-headed old master, Leschetizky, whose pupils have made their way to all parts of the world, and from all parts of the world pupils still continue to pour, spite of his advanced years, for four years ago he celebrated his seventieth birthday. At his "Wednesdays" one hears such a confusion of languages as must have been heard at the babel of tongues. And he, too, is great as a composer; his biography has yet to be written.

Music, music everywhere; always good, always inspiring, whether it be the strains of a military band, such as is playing joyfully along the streets, or whether it be folks' music in the beer-gardens, whether it be the Wagner operas at the Imperial opera with Mahler conducting, or whether it be the philharmonic concerts or the people's concerts, whether it be your virtuoso or your simple soloist. You are always beautiful, because you mean what you are expressing,

you understand it, it is flesh of your flesh and bone of your bone. Go on and be happy, you Viennese you have had days of sorrow more than your share may your happy days be as multitudinous as you deserve, you honest, neighbour-loving folk!

CHAPTER XXII

THE THEATRE

THE due appreciation of the drama belongs to the nineteenth century, and more particularly to the second half, when Dr. Heinrich Laube became director of the Burg Theatre, but in the short space of fifty years the real love of the classical drama has developed itself to such a degree that it has taken root everywhere, in every stratum of society. The classical drama, in fact, has become an important factor in the education of the young, hence such representations are always popular. When Dr. Burckhard was director of the Hofburg Theatre he introduced Sunday afternoon performances of the classical dramas for working people and students and school children, the prices for seats being a third of that paid at the evening representations; and on such occasions I have often seen the youth of the city, clerks, work-people, even errand boys and girls, standing at the entrance door as early as ten o'clock in the morning, dinner in hand, waiting for the chance of hearing Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Grillparzer, and other dramatists for the modest sum of twopence, for a standing place. But their reward! To see the greatest German actors in the greatest dramas! And this is why the right feeling for the drama becomes ingrafted in their hearts, and why they choose this as a reward for the many hours of hard labour during the week. To them standing seven or eight hours is no hardship with the reward of Hamlet, Faust, Wallenstein, and Sappho before them.

The value of the drama as a means of education fully recognised in Austria, and particularly in Vienna. Every intelligent boy and girl, whatever may be their rank in life, have become acquainted with the works of the great dramatists through their teachers, while Reclam's edition makes it possible for them to become nearer acquainted with the world's classics, for they cost but two pence halfpenny each.

Even young girls are allowed to go to classical performances alone, they being only accompanied by their mothers to the theatre and fetched when the performance is over. And they are quite safe, for there is never any rowdiness even in the fourth or uppermost gallery, which is always filled with an audience educated to the right appreciation of what they have come to witness. The ladies do not have to be requested to remove their hats, for they do so before entering the auditorium, and the gallery also is in a festive attire. What has been said of the Hofburg and Imperial Opera-House holds good for all theatres, for drama is a thing to be respected and honoured.

Although the English players visited different cities in Germany and acted English dramas before German audiences early in the sixteenth century, they did not come to Vienna, though they went to Salzburg. The first interest in the drama arose in the past plays performed in St. Stephan's. These were followed by pastoral plays introduced by Italian and Dutch comedians who were invited to come to Vienna by the Emperor Max about the year 1573, but even before this period players acted in the Rathsstube in the Salvatorgasse, in the Latin tongue; then followed the plays at the Schotten Gymnasium and at the University also in Latin. In the second half of the sixteenth century many wandering comedians came to the city, and acted in booths in the mother tongue.

The classical drama came to Vienna by way

Germany towards the end of the eighteenth century, when Josef II. was Emperor. Till his time actors were looked upon as vagabonds, and their plays were blood and thunder, the more so the better ; or the Hanswurst plays were performed, Hanswurst being the name given to the comical figure or buffoon. Such plays were common all over Germany, in Vienna they were represented at a little wooden booth in the Neuer Markt called the Bretterbude. The players spoke extempore, there was action but no connection, and the plays, if they may be called such, were never printed. Every actor represented a particular Hanswurst, which he called "Bernardon," "Kasperl," "Jackerl," "Odoardo," or by some such name. The extempore comedies were also called *Stegreifcomödien*, and such plays were very popular.

This was the beginning of the theatre in Vienna, for one of these actors named Stranitzky met with so great a success at the Bretterbude that the magistrates built the Kärnthner-Thor Theatre for him on the spot where the Imperial Opera-House now stands, the new house being opened in 1710. Stranitzky here played his *Stegreif* comedies, an attempt at variation being made by inviting Italian Stagiones to perform their operas at this theatre. But the audiences did not appreciate them, preferring the rude melodies of Stranitzky to the sweet Italian music.

A change came over the theatre under Maria Theresia, for she allowed Sellier, who, after Stranitzky's death, had become manager of the Kärnthner-Thor Theatre, to transform the Ballhaus, built for the court to play the Spanish game of tennis, and a little house called the "Stcköl" standing close by, into a theatre, but at his own risk, and the result was a profitable one. This theatre may be said to be the beginning of the Imperial or Hofburg Theatre, as here plays for the first time were

studied, and in 1747 acted. But at the Ballhaus Theatre Italian operettas, operas, ballets, and Hanswurst plays were also performed. Under Baron Lo Presti this theatre degenerated, the cavaliers for whom it was primarily intended preferring ballets, and during the performance amusing themselves by playing cards, gambling, and such-like diversions.

But at neither theatre did Baron Lo Presti meet with success, for he lost all his money, in spite of the fact that he had foreign classics translated into German, and performed at the Kärnthner-Thor Theatre.

In 1752 this theatre was leased to a French company, who played French classics and aroused an interest in the French drama which has continued to this day. When they left German plays were again performed, till in 1761, after the performance of "Der steinerne Gast," the immediate source of Mozart's "Don Juan," the theatre was almost reduced to ashes. Maria Theresia bought the land and had a new opera-house built on its ruins by the court architect, Paccassi. Rossini was invited to become conductor of the orchestra, and here many of his operas were given. Then Glück appeared on the scene with his "Orestes," and from that moment German opera has been in the ascendency.

But this theatre has also another fame, for in 1749 the most celebrated German actor was a woman, Karoline Neuber, or "die Neuberin," as she was familiarly called. She was the great friend of Gottsched, and later of Lessing. She gathered a company of leading actors and actresses together and travelled throughout Germany, playing successfully everywhere, and assisting Gottsched in fighting the battle against the Hanswurst plays, at Leipzig burning his effigy in straw before the audience. Her fame spread across the Danube, and she, with her company, were invited to come to Vienna, where she found a home at the Kärnthner-Thor Theatre, and here

met with great success, though it needed the strong hand of the good old Francis I. to finally banish Hanswurst from the stage, he making a law to that effect, and now these plays are relegated to country places and entertainments. Such were the beginnings of the present Imperial Opera-House and Burg Theatre.

Maria Theresia was much interested in the welfare of both playhouses, finally taking them under her wing and appointing Count Francis Esterhazy as Court Intendant, though the real management was in the hands of the directors, who had to pay all expenses—the Empress giving a yearly subsidy, which, however, she said to Count Esterhazy, “must be carefully laid out, for there is no shame in showing that we wish to be economical.”

On the death of her husband Maria Theresia would have closed the theatres for her time, had not she in the meantime educated an audience. Yielding to their wishes, in two years the doors were re-opened.

But times were bad and money scarce, and the French players very expensive. In vain the managers represented this in their various petitions, and at last, one after the other, they had to withdraw minus their capital, even Glück suffering with the others, for he lost almost all his money in the same cause.

Finally Count Kohary and the Viennese poet, Josef Freiherr von Sonnenfels, became directors. The former also lost his money in the venture, but the latter thought of the theatre otherwise than as a gold mine, and was instrumental in bringing about the development of the German opera, not only in Vienna but throughout all Austria. He fought for the National drama, it was he who proved to the theatre-goers that there were at least as good plays in the German language as in the French, and that the German dramatists desired as high a place in the temple of fame as the French ones. Josef II., who was then co-Regent with his Imperial mother, helped him, Count

Kohary's money having come to an end. The French players were dismissed, for above all Josef II. loved the German language and everything German, the race feeling was deep set within him, and so the theatre was re-baptized under the name of "Hof and National Theatre." Thus to him is due the honour of introducing the German drama to his people, for without his very effective help even a Freiherr von Sonnenfels would have been unable to accomplish anything. In vain the aristocracy sent a petition to Josef II., saying that were he to dismiss the ballet nobody would go to the theatre. The ballet *was* dismissed, and the Emperor sent back the petition with the endorsement "*Sie werden schon kommen.*" And people did come to hear the German plays, and the Hof and National Theatre became still more popular than the ballet and French theatre had been.

Even when at such serious work as the manœuvres, Josef II. did not forget his theatre. It was from one of these operations that he wrote to Count Rosenberg ordering him to go to Hamburg to secure the services of the great actor Brockmann for the Hof and National Theatre—for only the best were good enough for this Emperor. He would have had Lessing director, but the great writer and critic was otherwise employed. But acting on his advice Josef II. issued a decree in his own handwriting to the effect that all the great talents of Germany should devote themselves to the glorification of the Hof and National Theatre by sending good and original plays, tragedies, or comedies to be performed there, and that, as a reward for every play in manuscript, the takings of the third evening should be paid to the author the next day without reductions or reservations; for shorter plays the half was to be the remuneration. The writers were to be assured that their works would be accepted or rejected

without bias, and that the Imperial censure would be indulgent in every way.

In his days the theatres were opened Sundays and holidays, but to make up for this to the actors Josef gave them six weeks' holidays a year. And as a final reward for good services the Emperor ordered that all the best actors and actresses should be painted by the court painter, Hickel. So it happens that there is a complete gallery of portraits of all the famous artists from his time to the present day, for the custom has become an unwritten law. Now in the corridor at the Burg Theatre one can see a gallery of celebrated actors, and can gather much of the history of the theatre between the acts when parading up and down the *Wandelbahn*, as the Viennese call it; while those from the time of the Emperor Josef till Franz Josef became emperor are still to be seen in the box-office in the Bräunerstrasse. Here one can see Christine Friederika Weidner, Lessing's early love. They parted when she was seventeen, on her coming to Vienna, only to meet again twenty-seven years later, when she acted Claudia in his "Emilia Galotti," and had already been married twice. Who shall say with what mixed feelings they again looked upon each other?

With Josef II. the glory of the Hof and National Theatre ended for a time, though Leopold II. gave the actors the right of a pension after a certain number of years' service. Francis I. appointed Peter von Braunn to the management, giving him the title of Hof-Theater Director, a title which all directors from that time have held.

Then followed a period when six noblemen undertook to run the theatre on their own account, but paid very dearly for their pleasure; and in 1817 Francis I. again took it under his wing, and from that time till the present day, except for a few weeks, it has been the Hofburg Theatre. Under Director Schreyvogel the theatre pros-

pered, he again raising it to its former glory. He produced Grillparzer's plays, and also those of other great German writers. But it was reserved to Dr. Heinrich Laube, an author and playwright, to make the Hofburg famous. He was persuaded by the celebrated actress Louise Neumann to come from Breslau to study his play the "Karlschüler," in which Schiller is the chief character, with the Burg Theatre company. His drama being very successful, many wished for his appointment as director, but only after his tragedy "Struensee"¹ had been produced under his management did he receive this distinction.

For twenty-two years, that is till 1871, Laube held the position, his predecessor being Franz von Holbein. All the present greatness of the Hofburg Theatre is due to his exertions, much of the talent he engaged still delighting the public. Adolf von Sonnenthal, Josef Lewinsky, Ernst Hartmann, Fritz Krastel, Bernard Baumeister, and Katherina Schratt, Auguste Wilbrandt-Baudius may be numbered among these. Others have since paid the debt of nature, among them Carl Schöne, Helene Hartmann and the immortal Charlotte Wolter, who married Count O'Sullivan. Happy are those who have seen and heard this divine actress, the German Mrs. Siddons, a woman of antique figure, face, and deportment, her glorious voice penetrating clearly to the most distant corners of the building. Who that has witnessed her as Hermione, Lady Macbeth, Brutus' Portia, Maria Stuart, Sappho, Phedre, or Adelheid, can ever forget her? I remember her clearly and distinctly, for she

¹ Struensee was minister to Christian VII. of Denmark. He was a great reformer of the State, but lived too soon, and was looked upon with suspicion and accused of having undue influence on the king and love relationship with the queen, Caroline Matilda, sister of George III. He and his companions were thrown into prison, and both suffered a traitor's death, but not before Struensee had weakly acknowledged having had a *liaison* with the queen, thinking thereby to save his head.

has only been dead six years—and she was in harness till the last. Her final appearance after a long illness was made as Sappho, in Grillparzer's tragedy of that name—the tragedy of which Byron said after perusing it, "Grillparzer is a difficult name to pronounce, but the world will have to learn to know and speak it." But how few know his name except in Germany and Austria!

And one must not forget Heinrich Anschütz, whose "Lear" is a tradition, so great was it; nor Ludwig Löwe as Cassius, of whom it was said at his grave, "Ein Löwe kommt nicht wieder"; nor Karl Meixner as the fool in "Lear," as Bottom the Weaver, and other characters. We shall "scarce look upon their like again." Robert, Marie Seebach, Mitterwurzer, Gabillon, Carl Fichtner, Amalia Haizinger, and others are still with the Viennese, though no longer of them.

To Laube is due the honour of reintroducing Shakespeare to the Viennese, "Julius Cæsar" being the first play given. For weeks and weeks all the artists were at work, and it carried Vienna by storm, though Dawison, who played Mark Antony, was so much overcome by his feelings during his great speech as to strike Cæsar in the bowels, whereupon the dead Emperor's foot involuntarily made a movement in the air, to the great amusement of the audience. Nevertheless the success of the play was secured for ever, and with the play, Shakespeare, for "Richard III.," "Lear," "Hamlet," and other tragedies were afterwards produced. After Laube came Dingelstedt, who, man of intellect as he was, followed honourably in his predecessor's footsteps. He brought out the historical dramas of Shakespeare — king's dramas they are called in German—and many other classical plays, including, of course, Grillparzer's and Halm's. Dingelstedt engaged the beautiful and gifted Josephine Wessely, who still lives in the memories of playgoers—for though her years were but few when

called away, she had given promise of a future immortality—and Mitterwurzer, who died all too soon, Stella von Hohenfels, the Ellen Terry of Vienna, now Baroness Berger, who still lives, and is the pride of the Viennese.

Wilbrandt, the great dramatist, one of whose plays at least will live, the "Meister von Palmyra," followed Dingelstedt. Besides staging the best German plays, he produced many of Shakespeare's comedies. He was the last in the old theatre, his successor, Dr. August Förster, being the first director of the new Hofburg Theatre. The latter, too, did his share in continuing in the way of his predecessors to keep up the prestige of the stage. Then came Baron Berger, the translator of "Henry VIII.," but he fell in love and married Stella von Hohenfels, and so was obliged to resign to Dr. Burckhard, who brought out no less than twenty-two of Shakespeare's plays and introduced the Sunday afternoon performances of classical dramas mentioned at the beginning of this chapter, which were discontinued by Dr. Schlenther, the present director. In their place have been instituted special performances for working men on Sunday evenings, and for students and those attending schools on Saturday evenings. The prices range from fourpence to two-and-sixpence, and to ensure that only the class for whom these performances are intended benefit, tickets are only to be obtained through the working people's societies, educational institutes, schools, and such like associations. Such performances are a great advantage, and eagerly looked forward to, for the real love for the drama is inculcated in the people.

Much could be said about the value of a National or Court theatre, for it places so much power in the hands of the educators. Youth is the time to learn, for the young are full of fire and enthusiasm. The utterance of



GERMAN PEOPLE'S THEATRE
(DEUTSCHES VOLKS THEATER)

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the thoughts of the greatest thinkers by the greatest available actors and actresses falls upon good soil. That the decorations and scenic effects cannot be so magnificent when every night another play is given, is only a bagatelle. The young do not want scenic effect, they want to have the living words uttered with the same earnestness which they feel in their hearts, to feel that there is mutual response between the actors and themselves. The Hofburg Theatre, however, does not confine itself to the classical drama, but the best modern plays are also produced there. And so an opportunity is given to make the public acquainted with the dramatic works, not only of German authors, but also of those of other lands.

The Imperial playhouses are always in direct communication with the Emperor through the intendant, Prince Rudolf von und zu Liechtenstein, the senior Obersthofmeister. He is a true lover of the drama, and has done much to further the work of the directors. Should any member of the Imperial companies be dissatisfied with his lot, appeal is made first to the directors, and failing a satisfactory result, then to Prince Liechtenstein, who does much to soften any strained feeling that may arise; and as a final resource the artists may appeal to the Emperor.

But the Burg Theatre now stands between two great epochs, or at least let us think so. It is hardly possible, though, that such a company of really great actors can be brought together again as under Laube and Dingelstedt, because throughout Germany and Austria there are so many good theatres, and each is anxious to secure the best talents; for the system of stock companies still prevails, the "stars" being also members. The actors and actresses at the Imperial Theatre have the right of a pension after six years' service, the amount varying according to the time they have been engaged and the

salary received. Also at the end of six years' service an actor or actress is entitled *Kaiserlich-Königlicher Hofburg Schauspieler* and *Schauspielerin* respectively; while the opera singers are called *Kaiserlich-Königlicher Hof und Kammersänger* or *Kammersängerin*.

Of the other theatres in Vienna the Carl Theatre is the



IMPERIAL OPERA-HOUSE, KÄRTNERSTRASSE

oldest, it having been founded in 1780, when it was called the "Leopoldstädter Theater." Here farces, parodies, and later on operettas were given, and to this day these are the specialities of this playhouse. As soon as a play was produced at the Kärnthner-Thor Theatre it was parodied here. Most of Nestroy's plays first saw the light at the

Carl Theatre, and this dramatist also acted there ; while Raimund not only wrote his melodramas for this stage, but at the same time acted in them and was general director. Mozart's operas, as soon as produced at other theatres, were parodied here by Bäuerle and others, and even Wagner was not spared, much to the amusement of the great composer, who was present at such a performance of "Tannhäuser," when he expressed himself very satisfied. The "Mikado," "Geisha," and other German versions of English operettas have been given successfully here.

The Theater an der Wien, on the banks of the Wien river, now enclosed in a channel, is eight years younger than the Carl Theatre. It belonged to Count Palffy, who produced ballets in which children alone danced ; but owing to the bad reputation which in the course of time the theatre had gained, Francis I. forbade representations in which children played a part ; but it is interesting to know that Fanni and Therese Ellsler learnt their art under Count Palffy. This brought about a great change in the management, for Schikaneder, the friend of Mozart, who wrote the text of the "Magic Flute," became director, and here many of that composer's operas were first produced, as also Beethoven's "Fidelio." During the forties of last century at the Theater an der Wien, when Franz Pokorny was its lessee and manager, many operas of importance were produced. Nexter, Suppé, and Lortzing were successively conductors, and under them the orchestra became famous. Here, too, Meyerbeer's "Vielka" was produced for the first time under the direction of the composer, Jenny Lind singing the title rôle and Staudigl the chief male character, Saldorf. Others of Meyerbeer's operas were also first staged here. "The Nordstern," under the title of "Das Feldlager in Schlesien," and also many of Lortzing's operas, were given under his direction ; in

fact the Theater an der Wien may be said to have been the pioneer of the Imperial Opera-House.

The Josefstädter Theatre was also opened in 1788. At first only comedies, farces, and pantomimes were given there, but met with no great success till 1832, when operas were produced. Conradin Kreutzer, a Viennese composer and leader of the orchestra, wrote an opera, the "Nachtlager von Granada," which holds the theatre to



JUBILEE THEATRE

this day. Raimund played at this house his "Verschwender" ("The Spendthrift"), but after a time it again degenerated. Lett, a director who was a lover of great scenic displays, then undertook the management; the pieces had long runs, and all went well. At the present time farces and French comedies hold this stage, but by periodically giving what are called "Literary Evenings," that is, a series of good modern one-act plays, the tone of the house has been greatly raised.

The Volks Theatre was built to make up for the loss of

the Ring Theatre, and was opened in 1889 under the present director, Emerich von Bukovits. Here not only are special performances of the classical plays given, but also translations of modern ones of every nationality—Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Tolstoi, D'Annunzio, Wedekind, Gorki, Pinero, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, and many others.

The Raimund Theatre was built in 1893 in honour of Vienna's great dramatist, Ferdinand Raimund. Here the works of the Austrian dramatists are chiefly given, but also modern and classical plays. At this theatre and the Carl Theatre and the Theater an der Wien foreign companies appear at different periods of the year. Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin, Jane Hading, Réjane, Yvette Guilbert, Novelli, Duse, Zacconi, Satta Yacco, Madame Maeterlinck, and many others of distinction—strange to say, no English ones.

There is still one more theatre, the "Jubilæum," built in honour of the fifty years' reign of the present Emperor in 1898. The good old merry plays are reproduced here, as also modern popular ones and classical dramas. There are special Sunday afternoon performances for children throughout the season. These are eagerly looked forward to by the young folk who crowd there at such times. In Vienna and Austria there are no pantomimes such as are given throughout England, but nevertheless the little ones have their enjoyment in the ballets and other performances for their benefit. Many will raise their eyebrows at the thought of going to the theatre on Sundays, but every nation must do as it pleases in that respect as in others. Children need their pleasures. Their lessons take all their time during the week. Sunday is a good day: the better the day, the better the deed.

CHAPTER XXIII

LITERATURE

THAT Austria possesses a literature distinct from that of German literature is a fact not generally recognised, the reason being that the same language is spoken in the two countries. Though the inhabitants of these two nations speak the same tongue, they have yet been brought up under different circumstances: they speak another dialect, express their thoughts otherwise; the climate of the two lands is as different as their physical contour—they breathe another atmosphere. Still the peoples of Austria and Germany possess many noble characteristics in common, among them being their love for the Fatherland.

Austrian ground and the Danube was the scene of the "Nibelungenlied." Walther von der Vogelweide, whom the Wagnerites so love, learnt his art from Reimar der Alte, the famous Minnesinger, who died in Vienna. Walther sang his lyrics at her court under Ferdinand the Catholic and Duke Leopold VI., but under the latter, more in sorrow than in anger, felt himself obliged to leave the hospitable gates which had sheltered him so long, and wander into Germany. With him departed the Minnesingers—he was the last nobleman of his race. A new form of lyric was introduced by Neidhart von Reuenthal, who, far from deserving the name of *Bauernfeind* the peasants gave him, merits a place among the greatest poets of the Middle Ages. Through his works, a complete history of the

peasants, their manners and customs, have been preserved to posterity; from him we know of their love of singing and dancing. Neidhart was a Bavarian, but he lived at the court of Vienna, and wrote between the years 1200 and 1230. As a contradistinction to the Minnesingers, who sang of the knightly deeds and love, his poetry has been named the "Court Village Poetry" ("Höfische Bauerndichtung").

† 1334

Tannhäuser came to Vienna to the court of Friedrich the Warlike, following in Neidhart's footsteps and singing of the peasants; the knight goes to the village and takes part in the games, songs, and dances; one sees the same scenes in "A Winter's Tale" and the pastoral poetry of Elizabeth's time.

But it was reserved for Emperor Maximilian I. to crown the glory of the poetry of the Middle Ages in Austria. He was to literature what Leopold I., Josef I., and Charles VI. were to music and art. This Emperor married Mary, daughter of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, thus coming into possession of her father's Duchy,¹ to the great chagrin of Louis XI. Here Maximilian only concerns us so far as his learning goes. He spoke many languages fluently—French, English, German, Latin, Bohemian, Italian; he loved music, architecture, painting, and poetry, and also studied mathematics and history. Unfortunately the Emperor was of too sanguine a nature, and his great plans were never fulfilled, or he had left more monuments of his greatness. As it was, he has given his people many writings, both in prose and poetry, two of them of great literary worth—*Theuerdank* in verse,² he being the hero, and *Weisskunig* in prose, a romantic de-

¹ Readers of Scott will remember this. The story is told in "Quentin Durward."

² Remembrances, in the form of an allegory, to his dead wife, Mary of Burgundy, whose early death put an end to an ideal and happy married life.

scription of his own life; both were dictated by the Emperor to his scribes. Besides these, he has given to the world many lesser works which are important to the student. The Emperor¹ also kept a kind of journal, in which he entered all his plans and their execution. He lived long in the memories of his people. This is the Emperor who would "have become Pope in order to bring Italy peacefully under his rule."

It was in the beginning of the reign of Maximilian that printing was introduced into Vienna, where it at once found firm foothold. Needless to say what favour it found in the eyes of the Emperor, who saw in it a valuable means of education. He loved to have men of culture and learning about him, he furthered the work of the University, founded in 1435 by Duke Rudolf. He sent for Celtes, one of the most renowned Latin scholars of the age, to become Professor of the Art of Poetry and Oratory at the University, who afterwards was the means of introducing the Latin school plays to Vienna, his students acting in them. But not only in teaching was Celtes great, but also in actual literature—his works are numerous; he also made researches and discovered many treasures of MSS. during the various wanderings he made through the different cities of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bavaria, and Bohemia. He founded the Society "Sodalitas Litteraria Danubiana," as also other societies in Germany, and was the first German poet to be crowned with the bays.

But with Maximilian the true interest in the higher branches of letters died out, though there were poets enough, but they confined themselves entirely to descriptions of the pleasures of life in Vienna, of the luxury in which the Viennese passed their days and their indulgences. Such poems are of unmistakable value in judg-

¹ The memory of Maximilian has been preserved by Anastasius Grün in his *Der letzte Ritter*, a series of romantic ballads, and by other writers.

ing of the times which produced them, but they have no real literary worth.

Nor must one forget that Hans Sachs visited Vienna about the year 1511, afterwards writing his "Lobspruch der Stadt Wien in Oesterreich."

It was only in the middle of the eighteenth century that interest in real literature began to revive in Vienna, for Gottsched's influence was sown on good ground here, where, thanks to the exertions of the "Neuberin," he through her fought the battle of the German drama against the Hanswurst plays.

The Seven Years' War, however evil it may have been for the country at large, still bore unforeseen good fruit, for it brought unity among the soldiers, who were all fighting for the one cause, their Empress and Fatherland; they learnt to speak one language, German; and they learned to see that Germany was more intellectually developed than Austria. Maria Theresia, when the war was over, allowed the nobles to send their sons to German universities, there to study what they could not learn in their own city, and so the way was again paved for rousing the latent passion for writing. Numerous weeklies appeared, spite of the censorship of the press; but when Josef II. did away with this restriction, in a space of a year about twelve hundred pamphlets appeared in print, but their literary value is nil; they came up like mushrooms in a night.

However, in the midst of this field of overgrowths there were some men whose works will bear the brunt of time. Denis, a Jesuit priest, of Irish Celtic descent, who, when Josef II. dissolved the monasteries, became a professor at the Theresianum. He was a true scholar, and that he might read Shakespeare—whom he knew from Wieland's translation—in the original, learnt English; and he also read Ossian, which has always found and will always find an echo in German

hearts. Denis translated his works into German hexameters.

Haschka, Professor of Æsthetics at the Theresianum, was moved by the songs of Ossian to write the Austrian National Hymn, "Gott erhalte, Franz den Kaiser," which Haydn set to music. Other men there were, too, among them Alois Blumauer, whose works are still eagerly read. Nowhere did Wieland's translation of Shakespeare find better reception than in Vienna, for this it was which brought about a struggle for the romantic drama. Lessing dictated from Germany what plays should be produced at the Vienna Hof Theatre; he wrote plays for its stage, and himself superintended their production, and the romances won the day, a new era arose.

Prose was almost entirely neglected, it being left in the hands of women—Caroline von Pichler, who wrote historical romances, holding the first place. Schlegel and Tieck, whose translations of Shakespeare still hold the German stage, Brentano, and other great men visited the capital. But a cloud fell over her; the hand of Napoleon was felt in the distance. Patriotism burnt strong in the hearts of the children of the city, a patriotism which expressed itself in the fervent thoughts of the poets—Heinrich von Collin, whose tragedies and inspiring patriotic verses have since fallen into oblivion; Josef von Sonnenfels, Josef Freiherr von Zedlitz, Friedrich Castelli, who, together with Heinrich von Collin, was proscribed by Napoleon, whose son was afterwards to find a warm friend and teacher in the brother of the latter of these two men. But Napoleon might have spared himself the trouble, for in spite of the proscription they continued to write, and their "Landwehr Lieder" ("Songs of the Volunteers") roused the soldiers and people to such a pitch of patriotic enthusiasm that all burned to serve their country.

Zedlitz, too, in his "Todtenkränze" ("Elegies over

the Graves of Great Men") may have felt some premonition of the fall of Napoleon. They are in Spanish verse measure, and tell of the fall of power—glory, the tribute of greatness, spells "downfall." Later, in his old days, he wrote a beautiful poem, "Die toten Parade," which honours Napoleon. He and his army are no more, but his soldiers rise from their graves *en grand parade*, waiting for their commander to take his place at their head. Von Collin also wrote three dramas, all treating of heroes, one of them being Coriolanus, which has nothing in common, except the source, with Shakespeare's play of the same name.

Josef Freiherr von Sonnenfels belongs to an earlier period. He was born in 1733 and died in 1817. He was one of the first men to publish a weekly periodical, calling it *Der Mann ohne Vorurtheil*—that is, "The man without prejudice"—of course influenced by the English periodicals. This was not the first journalistic enterprise in Vienna, for a paper appeared at the very beginning of the eighteenth century, in 1703, entitled *The Daily Mercury*, and it dealt with miscellaneous matters. Von Sonnenfels wrote "Briefe über die Wiener Schaubühne," which were animated by Lessing's "Hamburgische Dramaturgie." This aroused great interest in the theatre, and made it more popular. His great patriotic prose work, "Über die Liebe des Vaterlandes," roused the Viennese to a pitch of excitement and ecstasy.

It was in 1808, when Vienna was already trembling at the thought of Napoleon occupying the city a second time, that August Wilhelm Schlegel came to Vienna. Here he held lectures on "dramatic art and literature," a favourite subject with the Viennese to this day. Everybody, aristocracy included, flocked to his lectures, as they did later to Madame de Staël's on dramatic poetry, given shortly afterwards. The words were eagerly listened to; not one was lost; "a pin could have been heard fall,"

we are told. From here Schlegel accompanied Madame de Staël to her home at Coppet, but he left his younger brother Friedrich in Vienna. He took service with the Austrian army, and in 1809 wrote the "Aufruf," or "Call to Arms," under Archduke Charles, which made such an impression on the people that they rushed to serve their country, more than one man killing himself because he was rejected on account of physical weakness.

Another great poet was Theodor Körner, who, though born in Dresden, wrote dramas for the Burg Theatre,



ROOM IN THE CITY MUSEUM (STADT MUSEUM)

receiving the title of Hof Theatre poet. His plays were patriotic, as were his poems. He was engaged to be married to the beautiful actress at the Hofburg Theatre, Toni Adamberger, who acted in his plays, his drama of "Toni" glorifying her. She survived him by fifty-four years. He fell at Gadebusch in 1813, being shot down by a French patrol as he, in company with others of his regiment, "Das Freicorps Lützow's" ("wild hunters"), were scouring the country. It was as he was lying mortally wounded that he dictated his last poem—again

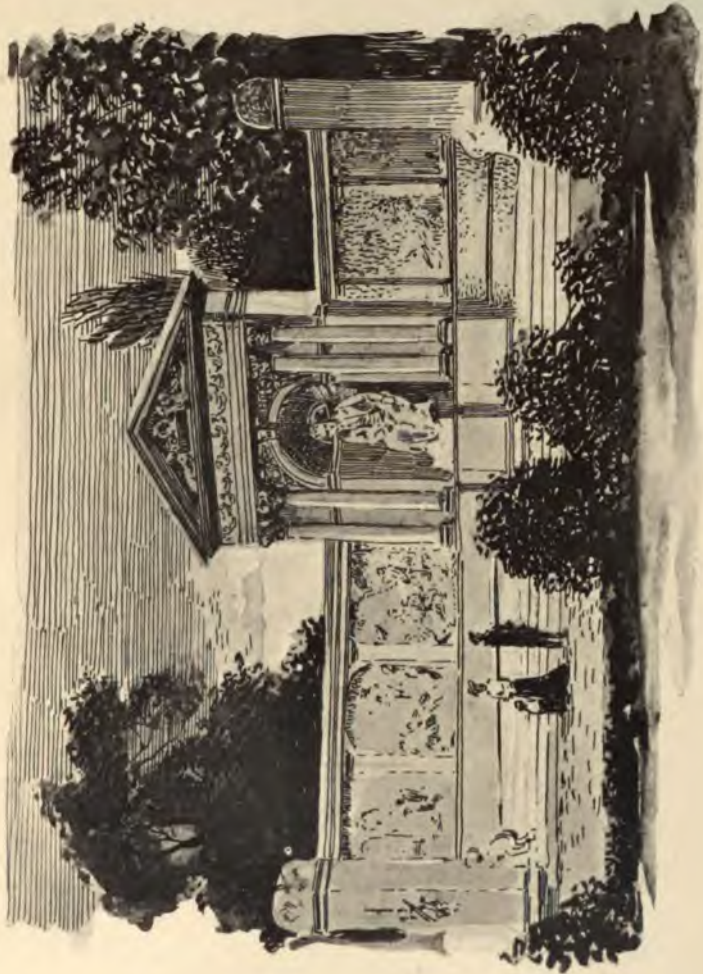
a patriotic one—his comrade taking down the words from the dying man's lips. He was only twenty-six. His loss was great to literature. All the time he was with Lützow as a volunteer he wrote patriotic verses, which were sung by the soldiers, encouraging and stirring them against the enemy, Napoleon.

England has Shakespeare, Germany Goethe, and Austria produced Grillparzer, who is worthy to rank with them. As yet only two of his works have been translated into English—"Sappho" and "Medea."

Grillparzer was born on 15th January 1791, at No. 13 Bauern Markt; the house no longer exists. The furniture of the rooms he lived in during the latter years of his life, and where he died, is arranged as he loved it, in the Rathhaus Museum. His father literally died of grief at Napoleon's reappearance in the city he loved so well. Grillparzer was then eighteen years of age. His education had been most unsystematic, for though he went to the Schotten Gymnasium, he preferred reading to studying. He also took up philosophy, and later studied law. Suddenly he was called upon to provide for his mother and three younger brothers, for their fortunes had been swallowed up by the war. No need to tell how the boy earned the money, it was honourably earned. All his life he was a Civil Service clerk, only being able to write when the day's work was over; in this his fate was singularly like that of his contemporary, Charles Lamb. His works during his lifetime brought him very little money—just enough to provide funds for him to travel in foreign countries and to London also. He went to the Orient. On his way home he wished to visit Greece, but was taken for a Bavarian, and as such hated, and was forced to leave her shores without being able to set foot within Athens. Of course he went to Weimar to visit Goethe, and the great German welcomed the great Austrian, whose

works he already knew well and prized. During his visit to Italy he happened to be going up Vesuvius just at the same time the Emperor Francis I. and the Empress were climbing down the mountain. The Kaiser at once recognised him, and addressed him in a friendly manner, saying, "Oh, my dear Grillparzer, you are also here? It is very beautiful, but mind the lava."

Nothing is more interesting than Grillparzer's love-story. He had three loves, the favourite one being the beautiful Kathie Fröhlich, "die ewige Braut" ("the eternal *fiancé*"), as she was called; they never married, though people were always busying themselves about them. He was once asked why he did not take the final step. The answer was, "Because it takes two halves to make a whole; each of us is a whole." Katherina was only fourteen when Grillparzer first knew her. When they were both old and grey he went to reside with her and her sisters in a small flat on the fourth floor of a house in the Spiegelgasse. Here he said, "Now we can live together, we are too old for people to talk about us." Another friend at this time asked him why they did not marry; he replied in Vienna dialect, "I trau mi halt nit" ("I have no courage"). They lived together till his death in 1872. Only the year before he had celebrated his eightieth birthday. That was a gala day in the city, there was great jubilee, all Vienna was excited. Great men came from far and near to congratulate the old poet, and speak at the gathering in his honour, in prose and in poetry. The Emperor sent him a letter in his own handwriting, at the same time granting him a small pension out of his privy purse, and honouring him with a second decoration; he had already received the title of Hofrath, that title ranking in the civil list as a colonel in the military. In 1891, at the initiation of Dr. E. Reich and the late Prof. Zimmermann, the Grillparzer Society was founded, its aim being to further literature and help



GRILLPARZER MONUMENT IN THE VOLKSGARTEN

poor poets and dramatists. A year after he died, as he was sitting in his favourite chair. The funeral was simply magnificent, even for this city of magnificent funerals.

Grillparzer's first great work was the "Ahnfrau" ("The Ancestress"). Unfortunately for the author, to whom the very thought was detestable, this caused him to be placed among the writers of the *Schicksals Tragödie* ("Tragedies of Fate"). It is a very fine drama, and was first produced at the Theater an der Wien in 1817. Others followed—the immortal "Sappho," the "Trilogy of the Golden Fleece," König Ottokar's "Glück und Ende," an historical drama descriptive of Rudolf von Habsburg's conquest of the Bohemian king, and consequent founding of the present dynasty. In this play he introduces Kathie, a young maiden who presents flowers to the victor, who in accepting them says, "Take care you do not fall." This is a hit at his Kathie Fröhlich, who was very fond of flirting and amusement. The story of Hero and Leander Grillparzer has dramatised in his "Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen." His plays, which are very numerous, are played at every German theatre. He also wrote the text for "Melusine" for Beethoven, who rejected it, but Kreutzer afterwards set it to music.

Grillparzer's greatness only began to be recognised when Laube became director of the Hofburg Theatre; only since his death has he met with that recognition he merits. He was so stung by the neglect shown to his works that many of them only saw the light after he himself was no more, among them the famous "Jüdin von Toledo." No doubt the future will give him that place in the world's literature which he has earned. In the Volksgarten is a beautiful monument with scenes from six of Grillparzer's plays, in marble relief, by the sculptor Weyr.

Friedrich Halm, who died in 1871 at the age of sixty-five, was another of the great Vienna dramatists. His works, too, are numerous. It was in his play "Der Sohn der Wildniss," translated into English under the title of "Ingomar," that Mary Anderson delighted the American and English public, and in the character of Parthenia, took London by storm. Few will have forgotten this. Halm's other dramas are very fine; many will in all probability live. Edward von Bauernfeld was one of the most fertile writers of comedies, his plays being acted all over Germany. Many other authors have contributed to the Vienna stage; few of them will go down to posterity.

The true Viennese element in the drama is seen at its best in Ferdinand Raimund, Johann Nestroy, and Ludwig Anzengruber. The two former were also actors performing in their own plays. Raimund's "Alpenkönig und Menschenfeind" was done into English in the thirties of the last century by Buckstone, and successfully produced at the Drury Lane Theatre, under the title of the "King of the Alps." Raimund's humour is far more subtle than Nestroy's, for underlying it is always some deeper feeling. His melodramas laid the foundation of the Vienna folk-plays. A theatre is named after him, and before the *Deutsche-Volks* Theatre is his monument. Nestroy's humour, on the other hand, is of a lighter vein, the true Viennese. He excelled in parodies. He was also an actor; and his plays, though they have lost their original poignancy, still draw large audiences.

Among living writers, there are Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, Arthur Schnitzler, Marie delle Grazie, Hermann Bahr, Ferdinand von Saar, and Dr. Theodor Herzl.¹

Friedrich Hebbel, whose tragedies were produced

¹ Since this was written Dr. Herzl's career has been brought to an untimely end, and Vienna deprived of one of her best thinkers,

in Vienna, and are still given at the Hofburg and other theatres in Vienna, as also in Germany, though not born here, yet, after his marriage to the famous actress Christina Enghaus, always resided in the capital, and wrote most of his plays there. Nor must Hammerling, who wrote noble epics, and Franz Schuselka and Friedrich Schlegel, who also went to Vienna life and politics for their subjects, be omitted.

Of lyric writers of the nineteenth century, many deserve a niche in the Temple of Fame. Here one can only mention names: Johann Gabriel Seidl, who remade the text of the National Anthem; Anastasius Grün (Anton, Count Auersperg), whose "Spaziergänge eines Wiener Poeten," a series of political poems demanding freedom for the Austrian folk from Metternich's rule, stirred up the hearts of multitudes for their rights, and made the poet himself the leader of the Liberal party; but he was obliged to leave Vienna to avoid persecution by the Grand Chancellor, and in his retirement he wrote "Schutt," a series of poems in which he expresses the hope that out of all the ruins of the past new life will be born, a life of freedom and love for the Fatherland. It was Anastasius Grün who, in the "Pfaffen vom Kahlenberg," revived the old popular story, that this priest was fool at the court of Duke Otto der Fröhliche. He had many adventures with the peasants, always deceiving them by his wit, and as a reward for his services in amusing the duke, he was made parish priest of Kahlenbergerdorf.

Nor must one forget the Hungarian, Nicolas Lenau, who lived in Vienna. He wrote beautiful lyrics and epic poems, "Savonarola" being the finest of them. He also wrote a "Faust" in epic dramatic form. He, too, had many loves, but never married; for, though betrothed, he felt insanity overhanging him, and before the marriage could take place became insane.

The most popular living novelists are : Ferdinand Kürnberger ; Marie Ebner von Eschenbach, who, on her seventieth birthday, was named Honorary Doctor of Philosophy of the Vienna University, the first and only woman as yet to have received this honour ; Ferdinand von Saar, Ludwig Hevesi, and many others, including Ferdinand Gross, who is now no more.

The Franz Josef period, it will be seen, in literature too, has been fruitful ; new fields have been laid open which the future generations will doubtless plough, and so lend their help to the building of a National Austrian Literature.

CHAPTER XXIV

SCHOOLS

AT an exhibition in the Gartenbaugesellschaft a few years ago a good opportunity was given of seeing something of the efforts made for the education of children. There could be seen crèches which were introduced into Vienna in 1849, and two years later there were four such establishments in the poorest parts of the city. The mother of the present Emperor, the Archduchess Sophie, and the late Empress often visited them and did much to further them. On the day of the marriage of the present Emperor and the Empress Elizabeth, the Archduchess Sophie founded a new crèche in celebration of the event; and another was established on the birth of the Emperor's eldest child, who died shortly after; yet another was founded on the birth of the late Crown Prince Rudolph. The city of Vienna, following the noble example of her Emperor, also founded several crèches, and these have often been visited and help given by the Imperial family and by private people.

In addition to these there are children-stations (Kinderbewahranstalten) for children under six years of age. The first of these institutes was opened in 1830, on the birthday of the good old Kaiser Franz I. The next year a society came into existence whose work it was to further such institutions, his fourth consort, the Empress Carolina Augusta, being the protector of the society. Already when the present Emperor came to the throne there were seven of these establishments, the

number now being considerably greater. In this work, too, the Kaiser and Kaiserin always took great interest, the head of the society being the Prince-Archbishop of Vienna. These are for Catholic children. The Jews and Protestants have their own homes for children. The first Kindergarten in Vienna was opened in 1863, but the Jewish "Kinderbewahranstalt," which came into existence in 1843, had already introduced Fröbel's method, and begun the training of Kindergarten teachers. There are many such schools now in Vienna, and courses for training teachers, one of them being under the protection of the Archduchess Marie Valerie, and Kindergarten subjects are also taught in the "Kinderbewahranstalten."

As in other lands, the beginning of the education of the people lay in the hands of the clergy, but in Austria it continued much longer than in other countries. The first important school was that at St. Stephan's, which was founded even before 1237, as we know from existing documents. It was a Latin school, but after the sixteenth century it was called the Bürgerschule, because the citizens paid the expenses. The monarch alone had the right of appointing directors in the early days of the school, but at the end of the thirteenth century the town council held the authority, the rectors being appointed by the Burgomaster and town councillors. From 1358 to 1364 there existed, besides the "Bürgerschule of St. Stephan's" and the lay-school at the Schotten monastery, a Latin school kept by the Michael brethren, and a Bürgerschule at the Kärnthner-Thor. One of the schoolmasters of St. Stephan's was the famous Master Ulrich, who had also been educated there in the beginning of the fourteenth century. After his time new school laws were made, but although for a while they proved satisfactory, in the end they fell into disuse, till finally the Archduke Ferdinand made a thorough reform. In the meantime the Jesuit schools

arose in the city, and made the *Bürgerschule* unnecessary. Only Latin was taught in these schools, the chief subjects being religion. From the year 1623 till 1771 history is silent as to the fate of the *Bürgerschule*; but later on Maria Theresia reformed the existing school, which was called "the *Normalschule*," and on the 2nd January 1771 it was opened, and shortly afterwards removed from the narrow limits of St. Stephan's to St. Anna.

Josef II. made new school laws, the result being that German and modern languages were taught, but education was still in the hands of the priests, and in fact they had always the superiority. The school of St. Anna is still existing at the present day.

At a very early date the office of a teacher was not very much sought after in Vienna, for they received the small amount of ten florins monthly without board and lodging. The head of every school was the "master," though he himself did not teach, but only kept the books and took the money from the pupils. For teaching he generally engaged a young man for the above-mentioned remuneration, whom he could dismiss whenever he liked. Such a young man had to pass a kind of course in training called "*Präparanden-Cours*," which lasted six or nine months. The best of these "*Präparanden-Cours*" was that of St. Anna. The period of study was later extended to one year, and in the eighteenth century to two, then to three, and now four years are required to prepare for the work of a teacher. So the "*Präparanden-Cours*" at St. Anna's was the root of the famous *Pädagogium*, which enjoys a wide reputation in distant lands, for it is unique. Interesting it is to read the laws to which the pupils of St. Stephan's had to submit themselves.

In the Stephan's School they were forbidden all deli-

caxies. On Sundays and holidays they were allowed to play in the St. Stephan's "Freithof" (cemetery), in winter or bad weather in the school itself, their games being hoops and shuttlecock. They were forbidden to throw snow-balls, or to skate or to dance unless specially invited. There were no holidays except the saints' days, the most important being the feast of St. Gregory on the 12th of March, on which day the pupils of St. Stephan's School played comedies, first in the Rathhaus, and later on in the Bürger-Zeughaus am Hof, and at such performances the court and persons of high birth were present. These school comedies were also played in the Schotten-School, and in the Jesuit schools. As early as 1486 one of these school plays by Konrad Celtes, who was the first German poet to be crowned with laurels by Kaiser Friedrich performing the ceremony, was played.

In 1497 Kaiser Maximilian appointed Konrad Celtes as professor of poetry and oratory at the University of Vienna, and he was the first who arranged theatrical performances at the court. The children of the aristocracy during the Middle Ages received an education in "Minnedienst" and knightly exercises, their poetry being the Minnegesang. The other education they received from the priests, either in the monasteries or in the cathedral schools, for the Ritters never had their own schools. As in England, till they were twelve years of age the sons of the knights were pages to noble ladies. Their daughters were taught religion, reading, and writing, both in Latin and French, by priests, and also by their mothers or governesses. They learned sewing, spinning, weaving, and other womanly work, as also singing and playing string instruments. Great weight was also placed on a noble bearing. These Fräuleins — for so the daughters of the great were called, in contradistinction to those of the middle class ;

for when Gretchen says, *Bin weder Fräulein weder schön*, she recognises the difference in station—also went to other courts to complete their education. As early as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries many of them entered nunneries. But the age of chivalry, as in other lands, came to an end with the discovery of gunpowder, Kaiser Maximilian being "the last Ritter."

Except these schools there was no means of education within the city till the time of Rudolph IV., the "Stifter," who founded a university on the same lines as his father-in-law, Charles IV., the father of Bohemia and stepfather of Germany, had done in Prague.

Under Franz Josef I. a number of schools have come into existence which give free education to all. Already in the time of Josef II. the parents were obliged to send their children to school, but since 1869 education has been absolutely compulsory. The elementary education lasts from the sixth to the fourteenth year, there being eight classes, and as in Germany, all children of one age are in the same class, and there is no chance of skipping a class, though a less intelligent child may have to stay more than one year in one. Secondary education comprises the gymnasium, "real" schools, technical and training schools, commercial schools, the chief being the Commercial Academy, which was the pattern for the celebrated one at Leipsic, and where boys are trained for commercial life. This school has the same standard as the gymnasium, for pupils who matriculate here have only to serve one year as a soldier, the so-called "Einjährig-Freiwilligenjahr." Every possible facility is given to education, and the schools are very good, though too little time is given to recreation. A few years ago play afternoons were introduced, teachers being sent to England to study the methods there. Football, lawn-tennis, and cricket are beginning to make their way. The "Hoch" or High schools are particu-

larly interesting. They comprise the Oriental Academy, founded by Maria Theresia, where the pupils are trained for diplomacy, and the Export Academy, where they are trained for the higher branches of commercial life.

In the new schools in course of construction provision is made for proper cloak-rooms, so that in the course of time the unæsthetic and unhygienic fashion of hanging up the outdoor clothing in the schoolroom will be done away with.

Libraries are attached to the schools, and the children have the right to borrow the books free of charge.

Within the last few years a great revolution has come over the city in favour of higher education of women, last year bringing very important changes, for some of the private lyceums for girls were granted public rights, as was also the girls' gymnasium, which had already been in existence as a private undertaking for ten years previously. But even before this time girls were allowed to matriculate at boys' schools after they had qualified themselves for the examination either by private instruction or at the private gymnasium.

There are a large number of language-schools in the city, which are called *Behördlich concessionierte Privat-Sprachschulen*. In these schools the pupils are trained for the State-examinations in French and English. They have to pass both written and oral examinations in the foreign language and also in their mother tongue, pedagogy, psychology, and logic. To this class belong also the various schools of music and dramatic schools, the most famous of them being the "Conservatorium."

Then there are several sewing-schools, cooking-schools, dressmaking-schools, laundry-schools, house-keeping-schools, and continuation-schools. Girls of the poorer class only attend the compulsory eight classes of the Volks-und-Bürgerschule, which they finish at the age

of fourteen, and then enter some business or manufactory, after having previously attended the two-years' course at one of the commercial schools, and without which they cannot become clerks, for nobody would engage a clerk who did not know something of the theory of business. At these schools everything connected with office life is taught, as well as commercial correspondence in German, French, English, and Italian.

Enough has been said to show that education is being carried on on a very liberal scale. One could wish that the teachers had more rope and more freedom in the choice of text-books and school plans, but every year brings some change beneficial to teacher and taught.

CHAPTER XXV

UNIVERSITIES AND HIGHER EDUCATION

UNIVERSITY life in Vienna does not offer those advantages which university life in England does. Although the teaching is excellent, the professors only know their students from the cathedra. There is absolutely no intercourse between them, either in public or private. The professor gives his lecture on the given subject and for the prescribed time, which is nominally an hour, in reality only three-quarters, for the academical *Viertel stunde* has become almost a proverb. The ideal relation between student and professor is much more reached in English-speaking countries. It is to be regretted here, because, where the classes are so large, and the races so various, social intercourse would be the only means that the professor would have of becoming acquainted with his students, a mutual advantage to both teachers and taught.

For the last six years women have been admitted to the university on practically the same terms as the men, for though Professors in Council have the right of refusing them admittance, they have never exercised it. As early as 1887 women were admitted as "Hospitantinnen"—that is to say, they were allowed to attend the lectures, work in the seminaries, but were not examined. Individual professors too often refused to allow them to be present at their lectures, but this never happened in the faculty of philosophy. Since 1898 women have been admitted to the examinations provided they be Austrian subjects and have matriculated at an Austrian

gymnasium, Austrian being a wide term, including as it does all the Crown lands. Since 1900 women have been allowed to take their degrees in medicine, and there are already quite a number of women doctors of philosophy and of medicine. The faculty of jurisprudence is still closed to women, but they may attend the lectures as Hospitantinnen.

There are three classes of students—the ordinary, extraordinary, and hospitants. The first are those who have matriculated and are Austrian subjects; the second are such as can show some proof of fitness to be admitted to the university, such as being a trained elementary teacher or of having passed some suitable examination; but extra or extraordinary students cannot take degrees, even though they are preparing for the profession of a teacher; on the other hand they can obtain a certificate—that is, pass the *Lehramts Prüfung*—provided they be Austrian subjects. Hospitantinnen are such who, while permitted to attend the lectures, are not allowed to submit themselves to examination; for instance, foreigners come under the head of hospitants. The laws are the same for men and women. No foreigner is ever admitted to a degree at the Vienna University, even though he or she should matriculate at a gymnasium here.

It is now some seven years since the first woman was promoted at the Vienna University as doctor of medicine—this was an exceptional case, and a precedent; six years ago a woman was allowed to pass the *Lehramts Prüfung*; this was also a special case and a precedent, and now there are over a hundred “ordinary” women students alone at the university. In the course of a few years there will be enough women teachers for the girls’ middle schools, and they will be preferred to the men “professors” at present employed in them. The men students have their “Bummel” in the aula of the

university, and they have their confederations of students as at the German universities. Only such as belong to the Bund or Burschenschaft wear a distinctive badge, such as a cap or sash. On grand occasions, such as promotions or funerals, they are in gala uniforms, black velvet coats, white trousers, black top-boots reaching above the knee, white gauntlets, ribbons across shoulders, and long white feathers and plumes in their black velvet Spanish hats.

The students have special rights, one of the unwritten laws being that no member of the police force may, when on duty, set foot in the university.

The Technical College holds a worthy place among such institutions. A short time ago students, on fulfilling certain conditions, were granted the title of "Doctor der Technik," to the great delight of technical "hearers," as they are called here.

The Agricultural College is in full swing, and doing good work; women, too, are allowed under present arrangements to listen to the lectures.

The Export Academy, too, is a very valuable institution, and worthy of a visit; here students are trained for the Consular Service, and also for the higher branches of business; in fact it might be called a business university. The Oriental Academy, founded by Maria Theresia, trains students for the diplomacy, and particularly for Eastern countries.

There are sufficient training colleges both for men and women, as well as the Pädagogium, and there are also practising schools in connection with them; the Pädagogium being particularly interesting, for even trained teachers who have practised their science for some years go there either to give trial lessons and be criticised by students and teachers, or to be one of the critics. There are also examinations for trained teachers.

Of course the priests have their own as well as the

theological seminaries, and finally the "Kriegsakademie," where the future strategists and heroes are trained.

Very much, too, is being done to educate the people. Some seven or eight years ago the university extension lectures (Volksthümliche Universitätscurse) were introduced, Vienna being the first city on the Continent to give such courses. The price is only tenpence for a course of six, and the attendance is very large, the greatest number of students coming to those lectures which are given on Shakespeare. It seems as if they could not have enough of him, and in no city is he honoured more than in Vienna. Every possible subject is taught in these lectures, for the purpose of which the Government gives a grant. There are free lectures on popular subjects given every Sunday afternoon in different parts of the city. These are always largely attended by the class for which they are intended.

The "Volksbildungsverein" also provides lectures and teachers for the working classes. They have branches all over the city, and do very much good.

The "Arbeiterheim" (working men and women's home) does much good in promoting useful knowledge. Settlements have been started in the city, as also a Toynbee hall. A very important step was taken three years ago, when a number of devoted men formed themselves into a society for the foundation of a "Volksheim," as near as possible on the plan of the people's palace. The beginnings were very small, their first classrooms being what are called *locale*—that is, "area," partly under ground. The success was so great that the same year they were enabled to rent more rooms, and now land has been bought for the erection of their own "palace." It is called by many people the "People's University," the same subjects being taught as at the university but, naturally, on a considerably more elementary

basis, and for beginners, the classes are quite elementary. All languages, sciences, history, in fact everything which is taught at the university, can be learned here for the modest sum of five kronen—that is, four shillings and twopence—a year, those who are members of any other organisation or society or Volksbildungsverein paying only three kronen. The professors make excursions to points of interest with the students, social intercourse is promoted, and everything is done to bring about good-will between teachers and students. Both men and women attend the lectures, and show great eagerness and attention in learning. They have their literary, philosophic, and other clubs, including the “John Ruskin Club,” founded last year by the students of the English classes, the object being to promote the teaching of that master. A library has been bequeathed to the institution, and its funds are flourishing.

Holiday courses are held in different parts of Austria which foreign students attend as they do at like courses at Oxford and Cambridge. Last year the place chosen was a lovely spot near Klagenfurt, for the future Salzburg has been fixed upon—this city not only being renowned for its beautiful position, but also being far more get-at-able, a thing of primary importance.

CHAPTER XXVI

HOSPITALS AND INSTITUTIONS

THE "Allgemeine or General Hospital" of Vienna is known all over the world. Its renown brings hundreds of medical men from all parts to further their studies, after they have taken their degrees in their own countries. This fact speaks for itself.

The hospital was founded by Josef II. In his time it was the greatest hospital in the world, and is so now. The building has been enlarged from time to time, and now contains nine courts and fourteen clinics. There are 3000 beds, which are always full, and every day more than a thousand patients are attended to gratis in the ambulance. The patients come from all parts, from all the Austrian Crown Lands, Balkan Provinces, from Roumania, and from the East. For this reason the practice is such as can be had in no other hospital. This is what brings so many foreign medical men here, for, as an English doctor once said to me, "the fact of the clinics being so close together gives a man the opportunity of seeing as much in six months as in an ordinary hospital the whole time of his studentship."

There have been complaints as to what are supposed to be the unhygienic conditions of the hospital, which do not answer to modern requirements. The best answer to this is that the death-rate is very low; besides the hospital, as has already been said, is very old. The building of a new one is projected,¹ which will fulfil all the required conditions of the present age.

¹ The Emperor has just laid the foundation-stone of the new hospital.

Another objection has been made that the nursing is not done by trained nurses.¹ But this is only partly true, for the care of the patients is given into the hands of nuns who have, at any rate, a knowledge of and liking for their work, and the physicians and surgeons are very satisfied with them. But it would be very much better if properly trained nurses were employed, as in England and other countries. This is only a question of the future, till such time as the daughters of the middle class will devote themselves to this work. At present they have not felt nursing to be their calling.

As the hospital is supported by the sick fund, it is necessary that every patient be paid for. There are three classes of patients, the price varying according to the class, the cheapest being two shillings a day. Should the patient be unable to pay this, his parish must do so, or the country from which he comes. Of course there are sick benevolent societies, which are answerable in the case of illness of their members. Even servants are provided for in this way, for the law demands that every master pays the expense of a servant's illness in his employ, during six weeks. But he can free himself from any great outlay in this way by paying one florin a year per servant to the Servants' Sick Fund ("Dienstboten-Krankenkasse"), which frees the master from any further responsibility in the matter. For this reason, when a servant leaves he is bound to write on her testimonial that when she left she was in a healthy condition or otherwise. Should she be taken ill, even a few days after she has left, the responsibility remains.

What has been said of the payment of the "Allgemeine Krankenhaus" is equally correct with regard to the

¹ Since writing this a training school for nurses has been opened, where those already engaged in the hospital are being taught. For the future none but trained nurses will be employed.

other hospitals, although some of them have no private rooms. At first sight it seems to fall heavily on the poor, but only at first sight, for no patient would be neglected simply because he could not pay. To those who have made objections to the food and the manner of serving it to the patients, the answer is : They like such food, and would turn up their noses at the dainty dishes which the English and Americans give to their patients in the hospitals, as they would do to the dainty serving. As a rule the patients are not accustomed to have such nourishing food as they get in the hospitals, and as to serving, they do not know what it means, they have not been brought up to it. The fashion of adorning the wards with flowers has not yet been adopted, for various reasons. Cleanliness reigns everywhere, and that means very much when one has to do with folk such as come from the East, who have never known what the virtue next to godliness is.

Many of the great surgeons and physicians of this hospital are known all over the world—Rokitansky, Skoda, Billroth, Albert, Hebra, Kaposi, Meynert, Krafft-Ebing, Gussenbauer, Stoerk, Paltauf, Nothnagel, Eiselsberg, Hochenegg, Neumann, Politzer, Lorenz, Fuchs, Zuckerkandl, Ebner, Neusser.

The policlinic was founded some ten years ago by private subscription, and is quite independent of the State or city. There are a hundred and forty beds, some of them being free. The charge is a florin fifty a day (2s. 6d.). The rooms are not so large as in the general hospital, this being a great advantage for sick people. Here also patients come from all parts of the world, but of a better class than those who go to the "Allgemeine."

There are numerous children-hospitals in the city, where they are very well cared for. But with regard to all hospitals it is as in every great town, there are always too few,

The "Kaiser Franz Joseph-Spital" is some distance from the city, far away from any habitation, for it is only used for infectious diseases, and here Dr. Franz Hermann Müller, who devoted himself to finding out the cause of the plague, and so met his death some five years ago, was taken, as was also the devoted girl who nursed him, and who also died. In all the State hospitals the ordinary patient must wear the clothing belonging to the institution.

In Vienna it is the fashion, and a very good one too, in well-to-do families, to remove the patient to one of the private sanatoriums, of which there are two in the city, "Löw" and "Fürth." No surgeon would perform even the slightest operation in a private house, because it would be impossible to have the hygienic care such as one finds in a hospital. The prices vary according to rooms.

Rudolfinerhaus in Lower-Döbling lies in a valley with the background of the Kahlenberg. It was founded some twenty years ago by the famous surgeon, Professor Billroth, with the help of the late Crown Prince Rudolf, and was originally intended as a military hospital. This is in every respect a model hospital, and patients are more secluded than in the other ones, for no students are attached to it, and every opportunity is given for privacy. There are likewise three classes, the payments varying from two-and-sixpence to ten shillings a day; this last means a room to yourself, and you may have your own private attendant by paying five shillings a day extra. The second-class patients pay six-and-eightpence a day, and there are only two in a room.

In this hospital, of which Dr. Robert Gersuny is the director, every modern appliance is at hand, both in the operating-rooms and the wards, and every modern requirement is fulfilled. The patients are taken in their beds on to the terraces or into the gardens, so that,

sheltered from the winds, they may breathe the fresh mountain air. The advantages of such hospitals as this are many, for it is especially those of the less well-favoured middle, working, and professional classes who are happy to have a place, where they can be well cared for at such a moderate sum that they can afford to pay for it. The hospital contains accommodation for about a hundred patients. There are free beds; all the nurses are trained after the English system, Professor Billroth having gone to England to study the methods. They also wear uniform when on duty, though not in the streets. The pretty cotton gowns and white caps and aprons are a pleasant relief from the heavy funereal garb of the nuns. Rudolfinerhaus is, by the way, the only hospital in Austria where they train nurses. This does not mean that there are none. District nursing has been commenced in the city, and the results are very favourable. The probationers are specially trained for their work under Rudolfiner-trained nurses. It seems a pity that educated and intelligent women do not devote themselves to the care of the sick. It is the old story—prejudice—but the day is not far distant when they will throw off the chains.

The lunatic asylums are without the town. The patients are not massed into one building, but live in cottage homes under proper care, and are employed in field labour and such work, common to peasants. The benefits of this open-air life have proved very great; the patients are healthier, happier, and in every way better off, and the results of the new step are such as to justify its having been taken.

Some five years ago the Emperor opened the new home for consumptives near Vienna, where the fresh-air treatment is being successfully carried out. This hospital at Alland, some distance from the city, is also situated in a valley between the mountains, so that the patients are

sheltered from the winds and weather. Here, too, they are taken in their beds, if necessary, into the fresh air. A farm is attached, as also a dairy and chicken incubator. If the patients wish, and their health allows of it, they may do what light work they wish. The payment varies from a florin a day upwards; there are also free beds. The Emperor and members of the Imperial family take a lively interest in this home.

There are also lying-in hospitals, foundling hospitals, and all such as are usual in a large city. No infirmaries are attached to the workhouses, the patients being taken to one or other of the hospitals, where they are as well looked after as if large sums were paid for their care.

In addition to these there is the *Rettungsgesellschaft* (society for saving life), which was founded in 1881 by Count Wilczek, Baron Lamezan, and Baron Mundy, the first president. It is a most wonderful institution, is always on the spot in the shortest possible time after being rung up; indeed just three seconds are allowed for the medical man to jump into the car—four are always ready night and day—and be driven to the scene of the accident. An idea of what good work is done here can be gathered that in the year 1893, it intervened in no less than 16,000 cases.

And not only in Vienna does the *Rettungsgesellschaft* carry on its good work. At the time of the earthquake in Laibach, a number of medical men belonging to it went—the place is twelve hours' distance from Vienna—with their ambulance waggons and their movable kitchens, and were the first on the spot to prepare food and provide not only for the injured, but also for the homeless and hungry ones.

The Vienna Folks' Kitchens are famous, and are the prototypes of all like institutions. At these kitchens thousands of people are fed every week at very moderate

prices. The order is perfect, and everything carried on most admirably.

The tea and soup houses are also prosperous ; a meal at either costs about a penny, and, it may be added, that at a first-class restaurant here you can have a plate of good nourishing meat soup, with vermicelli or some such thickening, for the modest sum of less than three-halfpence ; in Germany it would cost about fourpence, and in England still more. This is because the Viennese like boiled meat, or what they call *Suppenfleisch*.

There are numerous charities, including several institutions where soup and bread are distributed gratis to thousands every day, the most interesting institutions being the "Wärmestuben" (warm rooms). There are at present only eight in Vienna, but more will be opened next winter. Each of these distribute 2400 meals daily. A new venture was made last winter, for it was a very severe one, and a number of the homeless were allowed to pass the night in them. There is no proper sleeping accommodation, for it never was intended that such should be provided, so the poor people had to sit in an upright position all night, just nodding as they could ; but this was better than nothing, and even then there was not place enough for those who wanted to come in. The expression of their faces is a lesson to the onlooker how these flotsam and jetsam of life have been thrown here and there by the cruel hand of fate ; from young to old, old to young, all were represented. In the morning at six o'clock the sleepers are awakened, each receiving half a pound of good bread and three-quarters of a pint of soup before leaving.

Two winters ago a "Home for the Homeless" was opened in the poorest part of the city by the Vienna Philanthropic Society ; now there are several such institutions. The object is to find a temporary home for those who have been dislodged for no fault of their own—the

want of work, or some other just cause. Each family has a room at its disposal, varying in size according to its number ; but there is a separate bed for each member. The length of time they are allowed to stay is two weeks, but in special cases a longer time is given. As the rooms are fully furnished on the most hygienic principles, such goods and chattels as the inmates have of their own are disinfected and then stored in the warehouse till better times come, and they can have homes of their own again.

Even while in the homes the temporary inhabitants may work at their trades, if they can get anything to do, for only in special cases is food provided, except for the children, though fire and light are. The little ones are well looked after while their parents are away seeking work, they have their play-room. There are bath-rooms and wash-houses, drying-rooms, mangle and ironing apparatus, so there is every possible arrangement made for cleansing place and persons.

Of blind and deaf and dumb institutions it is hardly necessary to speak. Lip-speaking is said to have been introduced by a Viennese Jew, who first tried the method, and that successfully, on those under his charge at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

There are workhouses and "Versorgungs" houses. The former answer to the English tramp wards, only the people can stay as long as they will ; on the other hand, they cannot be kept *against* their will. In these workhouses the Hamburg system is in force, that is, the inmates work a certain number of hours or do a certain quantity of work in return for their board and lodging ; after that is paid, what they earn belongs to them. Of course in winter large numbers seek and obtain admittance, in summer they go out into the air, there to sleep under the blue heavens, between the "green blankets," as the people call it.

In the "Versorgungs" houses, that is, English workhouses, the system still exists of separating even the oldest couples. There is talk of changing this for the better. These workhouses are all in the country, except that for the citizens of Vienna.

A word will not be out of place about the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which, although started only four years ago, has already eight homes for ill-treated little ones. The primary object is as in all countries where such societies exist. Here it is the law that intervenes and prosecutes, *not* the society. The *law* gives the child to the society to see that it is properly cared for, and, if necessity arises, the society is allowed to keep it, and send it to one of the homes.

"The Sociale Hilfe" (Social Help) Society was founded eight years ago, and, in spite of small funds, does much real good, the chief work it has set itself being to provide teachers for those who are unable to pay. Many girls of the better class, who have passed their examinations, willingly give their services, as also many regular teachers. This society provides baby baskets; here again they have gone farther than have kindred societies, for relays of baskets are lent till the child has completed the first eighteen months of its life. The society, by this social help, has roused many to take an interest in the welfare of the poor.

CHAPTER XXVII

SOCIETY LIFE IN VIENNA

IN a city such as Vienna, where there is very little done to bridge over the gulf which exists between the classes, it is a very difficult thing to write about society. No aristocrats are so exclusive as the Viennese.

It was with society the same as with other things. The terrible bankruptcy which followed the French occupation and the Congress obliged everybody to be economical. Talents were expensive, and were the first luxury to be abjured, and by the time the Viennese had got over their troubles, the traditions were lost, and the threads have never been gathered together again. There is no centre in Vienna where aristocracy by birth and aristocracy by intellect meet on equal terms, even though it be only for an evening. This does not mean to express that the aristocracy, when any one not belonging to their circle is presented to them, are not kind to him, but it is simply a passing kindness. Neither does this mean to say that the aristocracy take no interest in what goes on about them. They have their own societies for different charities, and bazaars are held in this or that park, under the protectorate of this or that great lady. Society is very fond of the Imperial Theatre and Opera, where, of course, everybody has his own box. They also patronise the other theatres.

Slumming has not yet become the fashion in Vienna. One does not know whether to regret or to be glad of this. The fact remains, that in spite of all private entertainments given, the personal element is wanting.

There is a regular season of such garden feasts for charitable purposes, just as in London, and all the great ladies in Vienna assist. There are distinct cliques in these affairs. The most successful are those arranged by Fürstin Pauline Metternich, who endeavours, firstly, to gather as much money as possible for purely humanistic and liberal purposes, especially for the "Freiwillige Rettungs-Gesellschaft" and the "Poliklinik," both most worthy institutions, but neither of them receiving support from the commune. Therefore, she constitutes her committee of ladies, not only from the aristocracy and diplomacy, who still have pleasant remembrances of her great days in Paris, who willingly help her, but also from the wives of the great financial princes, of prominent *bourgeoisie*, artists, actresses, musicians, and other talent, such as enjoy great popularity in Vienna. At the head of the other clique are Princess Alexandrine Windischgrätz, Princess Henriette Liechtenstein, Countess Stadion Lobkowitz, and those ladies who patronise such charities as are eminently Catholic, and here one must say that the whole aristocracy follow suit, for these affairs are patronised by the arch-duchesses, and Princess Hohenberg as wife of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand. These entertainments always bear the same stamp, their trump card being the Catholic tendency, while Princess Metternich is very original in her ideas, in which she is ably helped by Edgar von Spiegl, president of the Concordia, Mr. Schuster, manager of the Rothschild estate, and Frau von Manckiewicz. Her chief successes were the white, red and white, and silver and gold redoutes, during Carnival, and the rainbow pergola in the Schwarzenberg garden, the cherry-blossom feast, and the Secession village, which filled the immense space of the Rotunde, where the exhibition of 1873 was held, and the different flower corsos, which entertainment she introduced into Vienna.

There is also a side element whose members cultivate art, music, and theatricals. The leader of this is Countess Kielmannsegg, the wife of the Governor of Lower Austria, who herself possesses a very beautiful and well-trained voice, and great talent for acting. Countess Misa Wydenbruck, one of the most fervent of Wagnerites, is to be seen at all the best concerts, on varnishing days at the exhibition. She is a great friend of all those with a claim to art, and is herself one of the prettiest of society women, possessing a great talent for soubrette rôles.

Countess Welsersheimb and Countess Marie Henriette Chotek also belong to these feminine stars of aristocratic talent. Among the gentlemen, the first place belongs to Count Francesco Ceschi, a tenor; while for other male parts recourse must be had to the amateurs of the Bürgerclasse, and in the "Beamten" world where there are many talented young men.

Often, during Lent, charity concerts are arranged; in these Princess Titi Metternich delights the hearers with her beautiful violin-playing, Countess Sahn-Erlanger performs delightfully on the harp and piano, Countess Kielmannsegg sings, and there is a whole chorus of young *countesses*. A great attraction at charity theatricals is the place where they are generally held. Sometimes they open to the public the beautiful halls of the great palaces, Augarten, Liechtenstein, Palais Pallavicini, or those of the Ministry, but most beautiful and most interesting of all are those performances given at the rococo bijou theatre at Schönbrunn. In these performances the whole youth and beauty of the aristocracy take part, in the *tableaux-vivants*, pantomime without words, and ballets without dancing. They ransack their mothers' chests for old brocades, and diamonds and other jewels; the scene is most resplendent. As all present are invited paying guests, it is a very select and illustrious circle,

and one does not know which to admire more, the performers or the audience.

Of course at all such performances the Archdukes and Archduchesses are present. Sometimes the Kaiser attends, and even the Crown Prince of Germany, when he was in Vienna, had the opportunity of seeing all the girls with whom he had danced the evening before appear on the scene before him.

The aristocracy generally returns to the capital in November or December, where, in their town residences, they make preparations for the coming season, which, as in every class of society, begins as soon as Twelfth Night has fairly turned. Christmas festivities, as the English-speaking races understand them, have no place in the pleasures of Vienna. The Hofball is the signal for everything, and after that is sounded various entertainments take place, till the time comes for a general exodus to the country.

Besides private balls common to all members of the aristocracy, there are what are called "Adelige Pick-nicks." These answer very much to the English "out-door picnics," only they are held in a suite of rooms at a hotel, the refreshments being provided by the ladies who have taken upon themselves to get it up, one lady being the "Hausmutter" or hostess. At such affairs there is nothing but dancing, the chief rôle being played by the *Vortänzer*, who is a Lord of the Imperial Chamber, and at same time officer in the Guards. He is chosen by the court, and his duty is to open the ball with the daughter of the house or the young girl of the first rank, and to arrange the quadrilles and cotillons, during which beautiful flowers and other *cadeaux* are presented to the girls by the men, who receive "mascherl" in return.

The etiquette on such occasions is curious, the young countesses standing at one end of the ball-room, and the dancing men at the other, the mothers being

seated around the room. They are very merry affairs, and there seems plenty of real enjoyment, which after all is the main thing. The dancing is very beautiful too, especially the waltz, in which the young countesses and officers of the Guard are *hors concours*. The square dances are the quadrille and Lancers, which latter is only danced by court society and nowhere else. By way of a change, Sir Roger has been introduced in addition to the Virginian Reel and the Corkscrew. Everybody seems to enjoy it, but somehow it does not fit in well to the onlooker.

At "At Homes" it is usual to invite the particular artist of the hour.

The Sunday before Easter the racing season commences. The races take place in that part of the Prater called the Freudenau, to reach which one must drive up the four miles of the main avenue, called the Hauptallée, and where, after they are over, the Corso is held. The races are the culmination of the season, the grand week finishing with the Derby, which is the first Sunday in June. On the Friday before this event the *Campagne*-riding by the officers takes place, beginning in the morning at ten o'clock on the trotting-place, and attended by the Kaiser and all the members of the Imperial family who happen to be in Vienna, all of whom have contributed prizes for the winners. The next day, Saturday, is the only day on which the Emperor appears in the Freudenau, the occasion being the Grand Army Steeplechase, for which he gives the chief prize. On these two days Vienna is crowded with officers—cavalry predominating—who have come from all the garrisons possible lying within reach of the capital. Sunday is the Derby, the great gathering of the classes and masses. For once the bond of exclusion is broken between the classes, and one can say it is the only really popular day of the Vienna festivities.



VIEW IN THE PRATER



At all these races the youth and beauty of Vienna may be seen. These, of course, are the great days for the toilettes of the ladies, which vie with any of those coming from the finest *salon* in Paris, for the Vienna "toilette-builders" have great creative power, and are worthy of all praise. They go to the Freudenau on Sundays to see the effect of their labours. The aim of the gentlemen is to be "English."

This has been so ever since the time Prince Metternich, the Grand Chancellor, returned to Vienna wearing an English suit of clothes, and Prince Trautmannsdorf with the "top-hat." The example of these two princes was followed by others, and it is considered *the* thing to have English material and English cut.

The Prater is the favourite place of meeting for the aristocracy, where they love to drive up and down the central avenue, that beautiful allée, four miles in length, lined on either side with giant chestnuts, which has not its equal in the world. This Prater, with its lovely meadows, is in spring carpeted with violets and primroses, which in their turn make way for the lilies of the valley, and the forest with its thick clumps of trees, offers beautiful shady walks for those who prefer walking, while their carriages drive further on.

Nowhere does one meet with such extremes as in the Grand Avenue in the Prater. A milk-car, a baker's car on the one hand, and just behind them a magnificent family coach, with outriders in brilliant uniforms, or again gentlemen and ladies on horseback between the lines of the chestnuts; but not on great days, this being the Rotten Row of Vienna. The fiacres are drawn by magnificent horses. This vehicle was once a speciality of Hungary, as also the rapid driving, till Prince Szandor, the father of the present Princess Pauline Metternich-Szandor, introduced it into Vienna, and from that time it has been the favourite. Of course, nobody would

think of driving in anything but a fiacre, that is what gives *le bon ton*. It is the fashion for the ladies to step out of their carriages and talk to their friends on horseback, either in one of the neighbouring *rondeaux* or, if there are not too many people there, in the main avenue itself. Of course, in the Prater one meets everybody who is anybody. It was Kaiser Maximilian who, in 1570, bought this Prater, and from his time till April 1766, when Josef II., as co-Regent with his august mother, threw it open to all, only the nobility were allowed to use it, and then only for driving.

Josef II., too, by allowing carousals and Hanswurst plays and other amusements, as also restaurants, in a meadow of the Prater, founded that part known as the Wurstelprater.

The Krieau and the Lusthaus are the great centres, where all meet at separate tables, of course, there to take lunch or afternoon tea, as the case may be, under the shades of the beautiful birches, where one may see archdukes and archduchesses, princes and princesses—in fact, all the great of the land, as also many of their humbler sisters and brothers—enjoying the beautiful fresh air, free from the bonds of etiquette. One may also see the bicyclists and "*Bicyclistinnen*"—that is, the lady bicyclists—resting from the fatigues of a quick run to the "*Spitz*," that beautiful part of the Danube, along the shores of which the Vienna C.T.C. has laid down a track. Although this sport has lost its pristine brilliancy, it has not quite gone out of fashion.

The Waldstein Garden Restaurant answers to the fashionable London ones, for here dinner is taken in the open air, the garden being simply delightful; and here, too, the race balls, arranged by the aristocracy, take place, the Derby ball, of course, being the finest.

Another pleasant place, but at the opposite end of



GRAND ALLÉE, PRATER

the city, near Schönbrunn, is the Tivoli. Domeyer, in Hietzing, though not so fashionable as a few years ago, is still a favourite place for supper, where the aristocracy enjoy the open air just the same as their poorer brethren; or they go to the "Kahlenberg"—the historic mountain now enclosed within the radius of the city, and which can be reached by foot or cog-railway—from the terrace one has a beautiful view of Vienna and the Danube.

The aristocracy seem to have the same desire to live in the open air as the other people. As soon as the warm spring comes, everybody lives as much out of doors as possible; a favourite spot is the "Rohrerhütte," a beautiful restaurant near Dornbach. In fact, you can find them everywhere where good fresh air is to be had. The Prater itself is like fairyland. At night with the electric light and coloured lampions, listening to the beautiful music at the different restaurants and coffee-houses, one can find amusement right up into the early morning hours, either in the *Nobelprater* or in the *Wurstelprater*, which everybody is particularly fond of, and which is especially delightful in the witching hour of midnight.

The citizens of Vienna also have their circles and cliques. At the houses of the rich middle class one meets the talent. They are great friends of art, of music, or science—in one word, of culture generally.

The so-called "Bürgerclasse" are as exclusive in their way as the aristocracy. The "Bürgerclasse" are the citizens of Vienna as distinct from those who, though living in the city, are citizens of some other town; for in Austria everybody is in a way bound by citizenship to the town in which he was born. They have their own amusements and pleasures, their own particular way of seeing things, which is generally very narrow, as in every exclusive clique; but they are a good class of people, Viennese to the backbone, fond of innocent

pleasures and good-hearted to the core. Many stories are told of "das goldene Wiener Herz," and of the way this "Bürgerklasse" have helped poor students. It was the fashion in former days to employ poor students to teach their children, not because they were cheaper than others, but because it was thought that only such who are eager to learn themselves would be able to impart to the children the real love of learning. The wife of a manufacturer, who by hard work had gained a nice little fortune, was very anxious to secure such a teacher for her children. She set to work in an original way. She had noticed that the students came to the city as the swallows left. She also knew where the best students came from, and so placed herself at the corner of one of the streets on the high-road from Vienna to Moravia in order to watch for the youth who should please her most. One day as she was watching two young fellows came along who, although not very well grown, seemed very strong and healthy. At first sight she took a great fancy to them, and acting on impulse, asked them all about their home, name, and profession, and particularly if they were obliged to earn their bread while they were studying; and having received a satisfactory answer she took them home with her, presenting them to her husband, and the matter was settled. These two youths were named Skoda, the one becoming the world-famous professor of medicine, and the other equally famous in law. Things, of course, are changed now; though students are very often chosen as private teachers for the boys, because in Vienna there are so very many poor fellows who come to the city without any means of earning their bread, with nothing in their pockets except the certificate of their having passed the *matura*, which gives them the right to enter the University. Yet somehow or other they all seem to get on. No doubt it is a terrible struggle, but many of the great

men of Vienna have commenced their lives in this way.

But to return. The citizens, too, have their dancings besides the public balls, Industrial, the Red Cross Ball, White Cross Ball, "Rettungsgesellschafts" Alland, and numerous others. They are called "Kegelabende," "Kegel" being the German for skittles, but no skittles are played there, but there is dancing and other amusements. These are quite distinct from the "Adelige Picknicks" in the hotels, and take place in the coffee-houses where these Kegelclubs are attached. They are very *intime* and very pleasant, and many matches are made up at such entertainments. Another place fruitful in engagements, and which is called the "Marriage Market," is the Corso on the Ringstrasse and Kärnthnerstrasse. Nowhere can one see such beautiful women as here; their types are as various as their races, and it is a lesson to watch them.

This class, too, has its own peculiar charities, but there is no great general interest taken in the lot of the very poor, though the rich *bourgeoisie* assist at all the charity entertainments which take place in the city in the course of the year.

The elegant world have their meals as do the English. The Viennese take in the morning a cup of coffee and a roll; now the fashion of tea-drinking is gradually gaining ground. The second breakfast is about ten o'clock, but is not at all an elaborate affair. The dinner-hour varies. The working people are free from twelve till one, in the businesses they generally have two hours, except in Government and public offices, where they are on duty from nine till three o'clock without a break, and the day's work is finished. The dinner consists of soup, roast meat, two vegetables and some kind of pastry. At four or five o'clock the "Jause," consisting of coffee and a roll, is taken. The supper is much the same as the

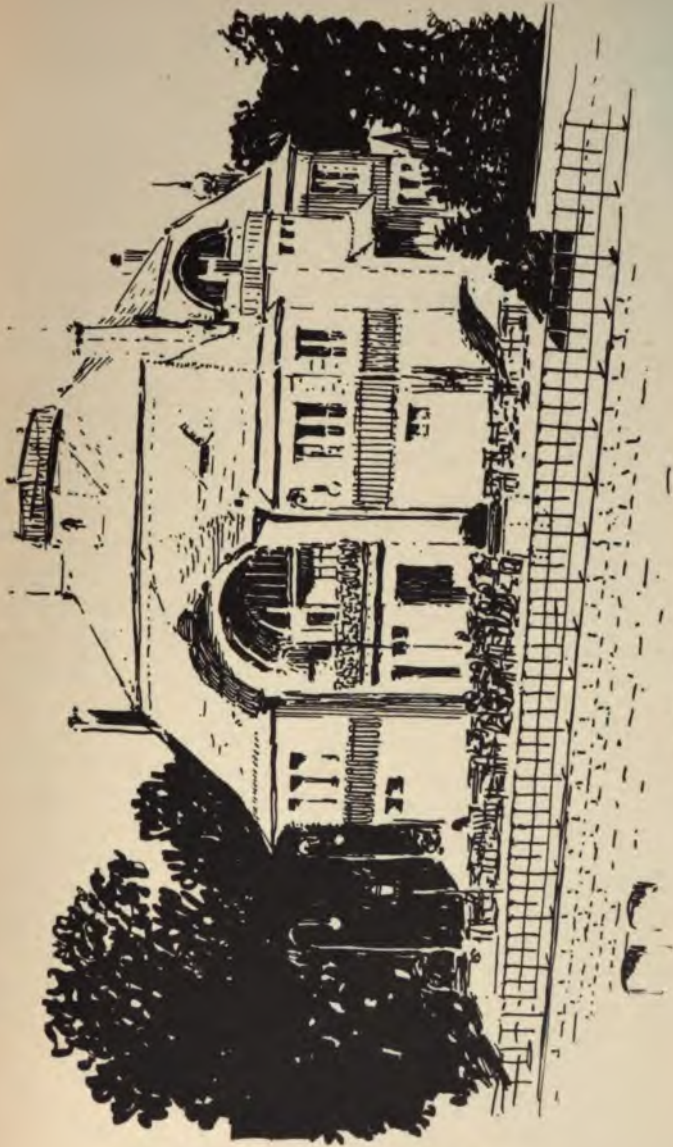
seven o'clock dinner in England, only it bears a different name.

The Viennese have been accused of being too fond of light living and having very little earnestness of purpose. However true it may have been of past generations, it is not true of this one, for the young people of the present day are very striving, take life much more earnestly than their ancestors, and are struggling with might and main to overcome difficulties of which the world outside knows nothing, and in fact can only be understood by those who are living and working among them, and in sympathy with their doings. They look about to a more general education, wider in its field, which in its turn will bring to every class a more general prosperity, materially and intellectually.

Everybody, from *Oben bis unten*, loves the open air, and as soon as April comes, all are anxious to get away from the hot and dusty city and breathe the fresh free air, and naturally more so on account of the children. There are not many parks and gardens within the city where the little ones can play. A new one is to be laid out which will literally encircle the town. It is to be hoped that the little ones will have something less dangerous to their health than gravel to play upon.

The fortunate ones who can take villas in the country leave the city as soon as possible, living either in one of the beautiful suburbs or surrounding villages, where they can enjoy the fresh mountain air and green woods, and can have all the sports they desire. The Viennese are getting as keen about tennis as the English used to be before golf, hockey, and other games pushed it into the background. Here, too, there is a golf club, of which the president is his Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of Vienna, Sir Francis Plunkett.

Others go farther away from the city; to the *Salzkammergut*, of which Salzburg is the capital, and where



PEOPLE'S COFFEE-HOUSE, STADT PARK

every spot is beautiful ; it is only a question of degree. This land is a paradise for bicyclists, as is also the Tyrol, which is largely patronised by the Viennese. It is very hard on the husbands, who only get three or four weeks holiday in the year, when they invariably join their families, if these settle down too far from the capital for them to come in by train every day. In any case, as soon as May has fairly turned, preparations are made for the summer, and the pleasant homes of the Viennese are turned upside down, everything is in pinafores, every touch of home vanishes. Few husbands would live in such uncomfortable surroundings as does the Viennese paterfamilias during the summer, while his wife and family are away enjoying themselves. He breakfasts in a coffee-house, dines in a restaurant, takes his tea or its substitute in another coffee-house, and in the evening visits some open-air restaurant where there is good music, and at night goes home to discomfarts, for a charwoman cleans up for the master of the house.

A good deal of time is spent in the coffee-houses, especially by the middle classes. Much can be said for and against these coffee-houses. They do duty for the gin palaces. In a city like Vienna, where there is such a mixed element, and where so many languages are spoken, such coffee-houses are a great boon, for newspapers in every tongue ; of English and American, the *Times*, *Daily News*, *Standard*, the *New York Herald*, the *Tribune* ; periodicals, even the *Nineteenth Century*, and Encyclopædias, may be perused there. These are the *pros* ; for the *cons*, the chief one is that much time is wasted. The ladies of the middle class also like coffee-houses, because many pleasant hours may be spent there in agreeable society ; of course young girls do not go without a proper chaperon. Coffee-houses have always been popular with the Viennese since the first was started towards the end

of the seventeenth century, and they are likely to become more popular, especially as in summer there are plenty open-air ones. The art of making coffee was the legacy left by the Turks after the raising of the siege in 1685.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ABOUT DANCING AND BALLS

DANCING has always been popular with the Viennese from the earliest times, when the people used to perform their gyrations before Jasomirgott Am Hof, up to the present day. There were two distinct forms of dancing, the *Reihen* or *Reigen* (ring), and the *Deutscher*, the former being danced by the people, in the streets, meadows, or public places; the latter by the nobility, within four walls, and from the most distant to the most recent times there has been this distinction between the dances of the different classes. The *Reihen* was danced to song, accompanied by the lute, a *Vorsänger*—leader of song—being chosen from among those present; he began his “*Strophenlied*,” the bystanders singing the end rhyme in chorus. The dance then began, the dancers either performing in simple or complicated figures, and making a kind of hopping movement. The *Tanzlieder* were very popular, and the *Vorsänger*’s office an honourable one, for Leopold the Glorious did not think it beneath his dignity to write songs and also sing them to the lute before his people, while they, inspired by his melodies, began dancing to his measure. For the *Deutscher*, as with the *Reihen*, a *Vorsänger* was chosen, who sang the verses to the accompaniment of stringed instruments, and also led the dance, the male dancer choosing one or two ladies, as the particular dance required. The step was a sort of swing movement, the *Deutscher*, being the forerunner of the waltz.

In the course of ages the fashion of court dancing died out, to be revived by Schubert, while the Reigen degenerated into a kind of mad whirl, till at last its evils were spoken of openly from the pulpit, and we read in one sermon: "God preserve pious young men from such maidens as delight in evening dancing, and in letting themselves be swung round and round, and allowing themselves to be kissed and mauled about; indeed they cannot be honest while each entices the other to harlotry, and offers a sop to the devil."

But the love of dancing did not again languish, and to this day in the country places round, and in the city during Carnival, one has a good opportunity of judging what these old dances were, and distinguishing between the modern development of the art of Terpsichore and that of bygone days. Many of the old traditional customs are still to be seen every winter, for, as soon as Christmas is well turned, the ball season for the high, the middle, and the low begins. First in order come the two great court balls given by the Emperor at the Hofburg, the Hof Ball held in the Redouten or grand ceremonial Saal, and the Ball bei Hof, which takes place in the Rittersaal. The Hofball comes first; it is more public, more ceremonious, and much larger than the Ball bei Hof, which is more *intime*, it being his Majesty's house ball.

At either event the scene is magnificent, such a resplendency of diamonds and other precious stones and jewelled orders, such a richness and variety of colouring, is rarely to be seen unless, perhaps, it be the grand scene of the pantomime. Here, however, everything is real; furs, lace, and jewels, heirlooms.

These balls present a spectacle far different from other balls, for the chief point of interest does not lie in the beauty of the ladies and their toilets—not that they are not worthy of attention, but one is drawn

towards the less familiar sight the men present in their various beautiful and dignified attire. All are in uniform, a wealth of velvets of various hues, deep violet, cardinal red, and royal blue; the cloaks bordered with sable, beaver, or silver fox, and fastened with old silver clasps; the high yellow boots of finest leather, with their graceful folds falling towards the ankle; birettas of velvet edged with fur, and ornamented with diamond aigrettes—these are the Poles; the Hungarians in their rich scarlets embroidered in gold, their attilas of palest green cloth worked in gold and bordered with beaver thrown across their shoulders. To these the Church dignitaries in their purple and red vestments, with their shaven crowns, form a striking contrast.

Then the brilliant gala uniforms of the Austrian officers, the Life Guards in their rich scarlets, the halberdiers in their black coats with rich ornamentations of gold, their dazzling white nether garments, and their high black boots reaching above the knee; then the officers of State and city magnates, headed by the Burgomaster, wearing his chain of office, the knights of St. John and the Golden Fleece, all moving in and out among the crowd like the colours in a kaleidoscope. To these the ladies in their lovely bright-hued gowns and splendid jewels, the Stiftsdamen (canonesses) can be easily distinguished, for they are in black, with pale blue sashes across their shoulders; the young comtesses in their frocks, delicate and simple, and just touching the ground, their faces smiling and bright with anticipated pleasure. These are things to remember.

The types, too, how varied are they! Almost every nation is represented, for the Emperor's subjects belong to many different races, speaking many tongues. Fine, tall, handsome men, with dignified bearing, and lovely bright-eyed and bright-complexioned ladies, with bewildering teeth and wealth of hair; and one is more

struck with their handsome bearing, for it is representative of many nations, and one sees new distinctions of beauty in the various types. A background of Austrian and Hungarian officers in uniform, fine blue coats and black trousers with scarlet stripes, or brown coats with gold. These, too, are varied, for Maria Theresia gave officers the right of attending at State festivities — a right which they make good use of to this day. And the splendour of the scene is heightened by the incandescent light shed from the numerous lustres and reflected by the mirrors which line each side of the Saal. It is an intoxicating sight.

The babel of tongues ceases when the Master of Ceremonies (Count Choloniewski) is seen making his way up the centre of the hall; an espalier is soon formed by ladies and gentlemen eager for a glance from their Emperor. In the meantime many of the ladies, who all make their way to the left, have taken place on the estrade which lines the room; the young comtesses are in their accustomed corner, also to the left, but at the further end of the hall, and are chatting animatedly together. The master of the ceremonies raps with his staff. All eyes are turned towards the entrance, for it is exactly nine o'clock. The procession, headed by the Kaiser, and on his arm the first lady of the land, the Archduchess Maria Josefa, or perhaps some other lady guest of great distinction and high birth may be present, and then she has the post of honour. Then follow the archdukes and archduchesses in their order of precedence, after them the ambassadors, their wives, and the members of the various embassies; with them the ministers, plenipotentiaries, *chargés d'affaires*, in fact all the members of the diplomatic corps, their various uniforms and robes of office making the already resplendent scene still more so.

The Emperor, who on this occasion always wears the

uniform of a general, the coat being of the palest of delicate pale blues, takes his place at the right-hand corner of the hall, the archdukes and the unmarried archduchesses around him. The married archduchesses occupy the raised estrade at the upper end, behind which is a background of glorious palms and flowers, and other exotic plants from the Imperial conservatories. The Archduchess Maria Josefa has her place in the centre, the seats on either side of her being left vacant. The other married archduchesses and guests, if any, also seat themselves on the estrade. It seems like a scene from an Eastern story, it is so magnificent, so variable, so changeable.

The ladies of the embassies and diplomatic corps are already seated on the estrade to the right. The band strikes up a waltz — for three generations a Johann Strauss has provided the music, the Vortänzer, who takes the place of the old Vorsänger, opening the dance with the highest in rank of the young archduchesses. Engaged Imperial princesses do not attend.

This over, the Emperor, followed by the Obersthofmeister, makes the round, speaking first to the ambassadors and their wives, and then to those other guests whom he honours with his favour. While the Kaiser is thus engaged the Archduchess Maria Josefa also holds *cercle*, the ladies she distinguishes being led to the estrade, where they take their places on the vacant chairs on either side of her, for they always come up by twos. After a fixed number of dances is completed, the archduchess descends the estrade, and followed by her Obersthofmeisterin, makes her way to a neighbouring apartment, where the young comtesses are presented to her. Married ladies and "brides," that is, engaged girls who may always be distinguished by the fact that they alone carry bouquets, are presented to the Emperor in the hall itself, either by their mothers or the Obersthofmeisterin

of the late Empress, the Countess Harrach. All this time dancing is going on, but a very small portion of the large hall is reserved for this purpose, and court lackeys in brilliant scarlet coats and white knee-breeches carry refreshments around.

The first part of the programme being over, the Emperor gives his arm to the Archduchess Maria Josefa, and, followed by the other members of the Imperial family, the ambassadors and their wives, and honoured guests, makes his way up the staircase leading to the Alexandra apartments, where tea is served, the tables being beautifully decorated and ablaze with gold, bright flowers, and incandescent light. The other guests are served with tea and refreshments in the neighbouring apartments, after which they make their way back to the hall, when the Kaiser and the Imperial family return to the ball-room. Gentlemen are then presented to the Emperor, and dancing again begins and is carried on till twelve o'clock, when his Majesty and court leave the ball-room, the guests following, for all is over.

The Ball bei Hof is much less ceremonious than the Hofball, it partaking of the nature of a private ball. This is held in the Rittersaal, and there is ample space for dancing, the guests being far fewer in number, for here all are specially invited by the Emperor. The floral decorations are much more luxuriant, and besides, behind the estrade, there is a lovely conservatory, which lends a touch of beauty to the picture.

The court entrance is as at the Hofball, only this time the Emperor wears his uniform as colonel, the diplomats are not in gala, and the unmarried officers are allowed to appear in ordinary evening dress. Although not so brilliant a spectacle as the Hofball, it is very beautiful, for here one sees enough variety of colour; and what lends it a particular charm is that one sees the Emperor as *man* and not as sovereign. There he does

not go about speaking to this diplomat or that magnate, but he goes in and out among his guests, or watches the the young folk dancing, as any host would do in a private house. How he loves the young can be seen from the looks of affectionate regard he throws upon them from the seat of vantage at the far end of the room in the left-hand corner. The Archduchess Maria Josefa and the other archduchesses are again seated on the estrade, and again she holds *cercle*.

The ball lasts from nine to twelve, with a break for supper, which lasts exactly half-an-hour. Supper for the Emperor, the Imperial family, and the ambassadors and their wives is served in the Mirror apartment, that for the guests in the surrounding rooms. All the tables are beautifully decorated with flowers, that for the Emperor having a service of gold and finest crystal. The Emperor sits at the side of the oval table, his seat being placed half-way down. The table-napkins are simply folded in two. Supper over, all return to the ball-room, and dancing goes on till midnight, when the fairy godmother appears, and sovereign, prince, and all leave the hall to make their way home.

There are certain ceremonies in connection with both balls. Not a minute is lost. The duration of each waltz is severely fixed, from five to seven minutes being the time allowed; the pauses last five minutes, so that there is always time for the dancers to recoup themselves before entering the maze of another dance; for the cotillon exactly twenty-five minutes is allotted. While this takes place, the men present the ladies with bouquets; the ladies give the gentlemen ribbon bows of various colours. These flowers are brought in in old-fashioned baskets by the lackeys, each gentleman taking four bouquets from them, the bows or "mascherl" being stuck on velvet cushions; the young comtesses helping themselves each to four, and then fastening them to the

sleeves of the cavaliers they have singled out for this honour. Five hundred bouquets are provided for each ball, yet not one is lost ; and here, as at other balls, some sweet comtesses are neglected while others have a superfluity, and the same with the men and the "mascherl." The form of the bouquets is strictly prescribed—old-fashioned, round, and stiff, with holders of silk. The flowers are fragrant violets and hyacinths, and all come from the various court gardens, Schönbrunn, Prague, Innsbruck, Miramar, Hellbrunn, Budapest, each sending their quota. The Ceremonial Office settles what plants and flowers are required, several thousands being used for each occasion, besides those needed for the bouquets. All plants and flowers are conveyed to and from the conservatories in carts or boxes heated with hot bricks.

At every ball, no matter in what class of society it may be, there is always a Damenwahl—that is, like at the leap-year dance in England, the ladies may choose their partners. The Lancers is never danced, only waltzes, quadrilles, polkas, cotillons, and sometimes galops are on the programme. The quadrilles are danced as in the olden days ; there are no innovations, consequently they are very short. The round dances are much quicker than in England, though the slower waltz is gradually coming into vogue.

The men at court balls, when not dancing, always stand together in the centre of the ball-room, from where they can choose their partners, the girls returning to their guardians when the round is over. For each round the lady has a different partner. This has its good and bad side ; good, because one can quickly get rid of a clumsy partner ; bad, because it deprives her of the pleasure of a good one, and the change may be for the worse.

The Emperor is always present at the two great civic balls, the Ball der Stadt Wien and the Industriellenball,

the former taking place at the Rathhaus, the latter at the Musicvereins-Saal. Each is very beautiful, and each is carried out with certain ceremonies.

The committees have much work to do beforehand, the men in arranging; the ladies—many of them of high degree, others the wives or daughters of city magnates—in settling order of precedence and other things; the young people—the sons and daughters of prominent citizens—in practising the dances which they are to perform before their Emperor, for the custom is still kept up. The Kaiser always arrives punctually at nine o'clock. At the Ball der Stadt Wien (City of Vienna Ball) his Majesty is received by the Burgomaster and the two Vice-Burgomasters, wearing their chains and badges of office, and also by members of the Corporation. As the monarch enters the magnificent ball-room at the Rathhaus, the bands at either end strike up Haydn's hymn, "*Gott erhalte, Gott beschütze unsern Kaiser, unser Land.*" The ladies of the committee are already assembled on the estrade, each having been previously presented with a bouquet. The ladies of the nobility follow in the procession. Countess Kielmannsegg, the wife of the Stadthalter of Lower Austria, is the *doyenne*, and she introduces the citizen ladies to the Emperor. No sooner has his Majesty ascended the estrade than the young people begin dancing before him, and very charming they look, the girls in old Vienna costumes, the men in court dress and knee-breeches. The Kaiser watches all this attentively, and with an appreciative eye. Then follow presentations of ladies, and afterwards of the men, who are drawn up in a semicircle before the estrade, the Burgomaster (Dr. Lueger) acting as *doyen*. The Emperor addresses a few words to each, and here his wonderful memory comes to his assistance, for he always remembers faces and facts connected with them. This over, an interesting ceremony follows; the Emperor, accom-

panied by Burgomasters and Corporation, goes the round of the hall, ascending the staircases and making his way along the galleries to another staircase leading to the great hall, and from there into the refreshment-room, where he drinks "das Wohl der Stadt Wien"; after which he returns to the great hall, where other presentations are made. The National Anthem is again played as he leaves the hall with his suite. After that the ball is as other balls are.

At the Industriellenball the formula is much the same; there is also dancing before the Emperor and presentations, only here it is the great merchants and manufacturers who are so honoured. Still the ball has its distinguished feature, for quite a different class of people attend it.

At every ball, public or private, the ladies receive a souvenir, *Damenspende*, many of these being real works of art.

There are other public balls at which the Emperor appears, as he also does at the private balls given by the members of the Imperial family and court. Most beautiful are those given by the Archduchess Maria Josefa and Archduke Otto at the Augarten Palace, where the ballroom is illumined by hundreds of candles. Also that given by the Archduchess Isabella at the Albrechtspalais, where the light in the marble ballroom is shed by hundreds of incandescent lamps. There is always a "*Vortänzer*" at these balls, his aim being to vary the cotillon as much as possible; and at these balls both sexes are presented with souvenirs, the girls with flowers and the male dancers with "mascherl." These are interesting events, and the memories pleasant ones. There are numerous other balls during the season, but they have no distinctive feature, and when any member of the Imperial family is patron, the procedure is the same as at the civic balls.

But Concordia ! A beautiful and harmonious name for the Press Club ! The Concordia ball is one of the events of the season, and is one of the last on the list. Here meet together ministers, diplomatists, M.P.'s, state and civic officials, actors and actresses from all theatres, great and little ; opera singers, ballet dancers, pianists, violinists, and other musicians, the great teachers and the little ones ; writers, sculptors, painters, architects, lawyers, explorers, discoverers—all meet together in harmony, there is no jealousy, all are on an equality, for all are the guests of the Press. Even the Sophien-Saal, the largest available in the city, is not large enough ; it is an awful crush, but that makes no difference, for everybody is in good humour, adverse criticisms are forgiven and forgotten, all is harmony and sweet sound. The Damenspende is not only a work of art but of intellects, for the chief journalist-writers of the day contribute their little to make the occasion a representative one. The president of Concordia, Edgar von Spiegl, and members of the committee, all of the sterner sex and journalists are drawn up in double line ; on the arrival of a guest he or she is led by an attendant satellite through the espalier to the Altar of Fame, a raised platform at the far end of the hall. Happy are they who can come early, for them there is breathing space—for a time ; but soon this platform is so densely crowded that one can scarcely move about. The ladies, though experience has told them what to expect, always put on their loveliest and freshest gowns. The absence of any kind of form makes the crush really enjoyable. The hall is crowded with onlookers, all connected with the Press directly or remotely. Here, too, is an agreeable crush—agreeable because everybody is in good spirits. And even the Press is at rest, for all thoughts of copy are over, and no account appears of the ball till two days later. There is no dancing till after supper—

that means till the morning has fairly turned—and even then it is not carried on with vigour; people prefer talking with one another, or paying visits to friends and acquaintances, or being introduced to some future ones, and if there is no one else to introduce you, why, you perform the ceremony yourself. This is a good fashion; for once one may take the opportunity of a few minutes' conversation with those whom one has worshipped from afar, or with other distinguished men and women. All are equal here—it is Concordia.

If one can judge of a nation by its amusements, then one must judge the people by their dancing; it is their favourite occupation when at rest. This may seem paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true.

The fiacre ball! Here one can see real Vienna life, and men and sometimes women of good society, who honour their fiacre-drivers, or who are curious. This ball is so delightfully free, there is such an absence of self-consciousness, so much natural aplomb, and so much free and easy wit, the men being more or less at home in their evening dress, it does not make any difference. Your fiacre-driver is a speciality, an original, and he wears his fine clothes well. Not so the ladies; somehow they do not adapt themselves so easily to the change, unless they be in peasant's costume, then the girls are charming, for they wear these delightful and picturesque garbs as if they were born to them. They are a pretty sight, their bright complexions, bright eyes, and glorious plaits wound round their heads *à la* Gretchen, and their kerchiefs knotted loosely over their heaving bosoms. No one should miss this sight, nor being present at the Wäschermädlball. Here one can have enjoyment pure and simple, much beer is drunk, much sausage consumed; there is hilarity, but no rowdyism.

The Waschermädl ball! Here the ladies of the washtub reign supreme! And fine types they are, and



WASHERWOMAN



FIACRE-DRIVER

THE FIACRE: WASCHERMÄDL BALLS 397

proud of their profession, as they should be, for who can wash and iron more beautifully than a Vienna Waschermädl? They are attired in the costume of their order, and very pretty it is. It is also varied in colour, which gives an artistic touch to the scene. These girls, too, are of a particular type, some daring and bold, others timid and retiring, all interesting, and it is a pleasure to watch them. We learn to know the people better, to understand something of their jargon; and we like to see them dance, they move so gracefully and keep rhythm so beautifully to the lovely Viennese waltzes or the Ländler played by a regimental band, which in itself is proof of good performance.

Books could be written about Vienna balls, there is such a variety of them, especially among the masses, for all learn to dance, and the art is inborn in most of them. The Bauern or peasants' ball, where all are in costume—the costumes of the peasants worn in the different parts of the Fatherland and those countries which comprise her dominions—and how artistic are these costumes, and with what grace are they worn! The men's as picturesque as the women's, if not quite as varied. And the dancing, too, has its own characteristics, varied as the costumes.

But we must move on to masked balls introduced from Spain and France about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and which reached their zenith in the fifties of that same century. These were the Ahnen balls, arranged by one Accriboni, an Italian in the service of Prince Eugene of Savoy. These must have been magnificent. In the course of time citizens destitute of quarterings were admitted for obvious reasons. Then the balls degenerated more and more, till Francis I. forbade them and ordered the Mehlgrube am Neuer Markt, where they were held, to be closed. Now masked balls are very frequent during the Carnival.

Between those which used to be held in the Redouten-Saal at the Hofburg, and which now take place at the opera-house, where they are being revived, and those held in the Sophien-Saal, what a world of difference lies! In Vienna only the women wear masks, which gives them a splendid advantage over the men, and another is that they alone may take the initiative; everybody says "Du," and the *intriguante* has a splendid opportunity.

One must see the masked balls in the Sophien-Saal to be able to appreciate them; here a true copy of high life is aimed at; who shall say that it falls short of its mark? Here are to be seen ladies of unlimited circumference panting from the exertion of getting into tight stays and narrow shoes, lying gracefully in the arms of their cavaliers, who continually pause in the heat of the dance to mop their perspiring faces. There are, of course, slender ladies too, but for the nonce corpulency is considered a beauty. All enjoy themselves, but how fearfully hard do they work for their enjoyment. But they are honest folk, and this is their way of taking pleasure. And the ladies admire themselves in their short skirts and low necks, their long cotton gloves, and spangled shoes, openwork stockings, and mock diamonds.

Every servant girl expects to be allowed to go to one ball at least during the season, and woe to the mistress who refuses. The balls are numerous, there is a good selection, and girls need a little amusement. Costumes are cheap. The Ländler takes the place of the waltz, the music is always good, and the remembrances of a happy evening last till Carnival reappears.

CHAPTER XXIX

PEOPLE'S LIFE IN VIENNA

To the Viennese the first of the "Wonnemonat Mai" (the blissful month of May) has always been the signal for the commencement of the pleasures of the summer. In olden times it was the day of joy, the awakening of nature, the month in which the violet peeped forth from her modest bed in the Prater, and her first appearance was always hailed with great joy. What a difference between then and now! The first of May is the working-people's day, in which they walk *en masse* to the Prater, there to pass their time in some of the open-air restaurants or walking about among the meadows, discussing the events of the year. They go there in large bodies, assembling at different parts of the city and marching through the principal streets; but there is no disorder now, though in former years many excesses took place.

In the time of Charles VI., the merry Viennese showed their joy of spring by planting a tall "May-pole" on a convenient spot, where it could serve for folks' games, rewards being given to those who could climb up to the top. This custom came from Italy, because Austria always had such close connection with that country. The story goes that the heathen wanted to torture St. Philippus. In order that they could recognise the house in which he lived, a pole was placed before it. But next day, when they came to seek him out, there was one before every house, so that they could not tell which was his. Even the aristocracy took an

interest in the game, giving prizes to those who were successful.

As early as the thirteenth century, the man who caught sight of the first violet deemed himself lucky for the whole year, taking great care to hide it from the view of any other person who might happen to pass by, then running with all his might to the court to make known to the duke that the first sign of spring had appeared. Then the duke at once came and made his way with the court to the Prater. There was great jubilee, music, and dancing. At one of these violet feasts, Neidhart, one of the earliest minstrels who wrote songs in which he parodied the manners and customs of the peasants, earned the cognomen of *Bauernfeind* (enemy of the peasants). It happened in this way. He found the first violet in the field, and covering it with his hat, ran to tell the duke of his treasure-find. In the meantime a peasant had also discovered the violet, picked it, soiled the place, and covered it again with the hat. When the duke came and took away the hat, and saw the dirt, Neidhard began to curse the peasants, running into the next village, where, seeing the people dancing around the violet, he fell on them and killed a man. It is a characteristic sign of the spirit of that time that this deed was even reproduced in a bas-relief as a kind of approbation.

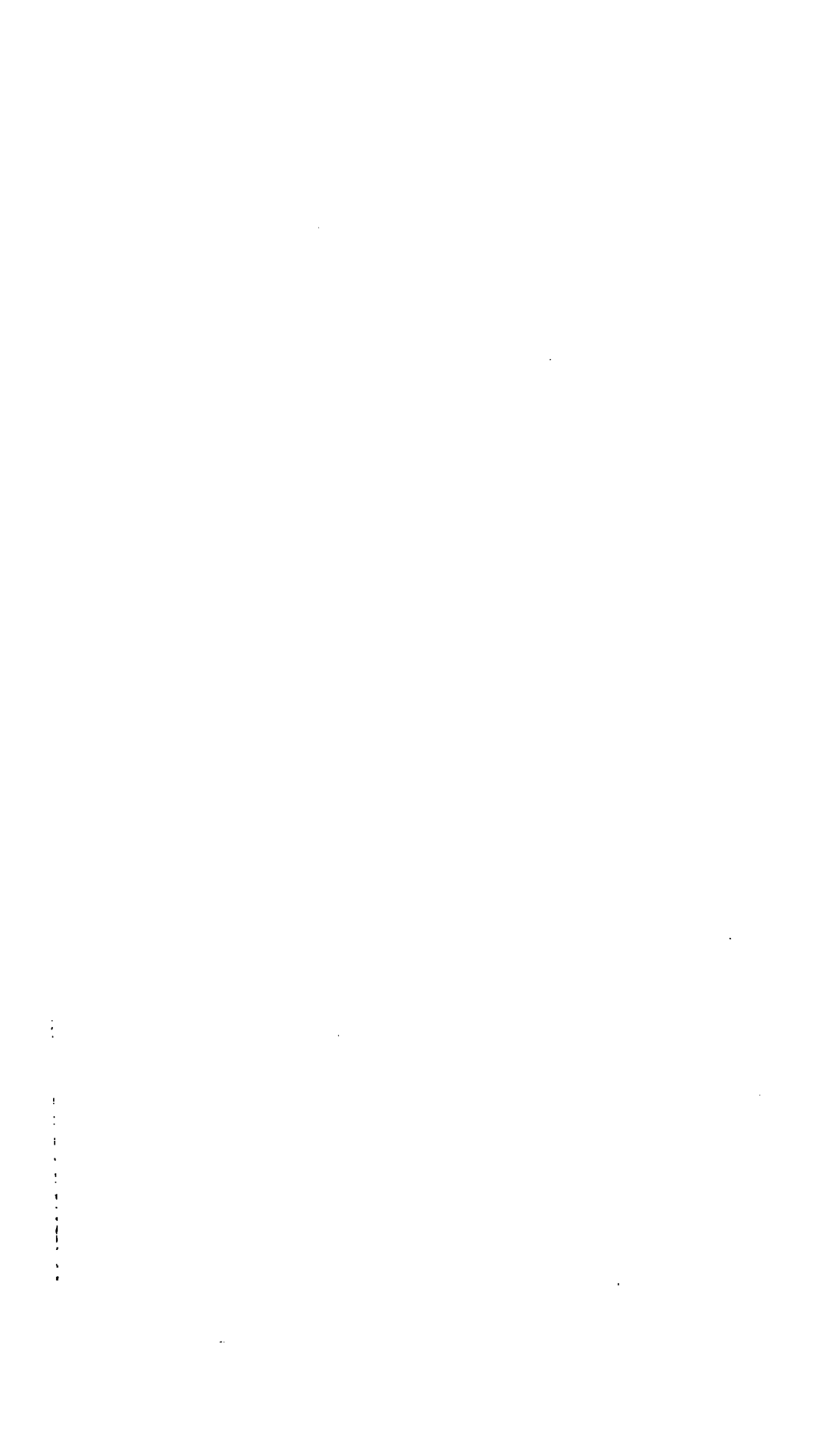
The Viennese are famous for their fondness of good eating and drinking. Among the people, beer, "Heuriger" (new wine), sausages in a multitude of varieties, Backhendl—spring-chickens fried in eggs and bread-crumbs—and also the famous "Wiener Schnitzel," or veal cutlets, which are prepared in the same manner, potatoes, "G'selchts mit Kraut und Knödel"—that is, smoked meat with cabbage and bread-balls, a very good food for those who like it. The people are also very fond of dumplings, nudle, and other heavy pastry.



CAVALRY OFFICER



COMMISSIONAIRES WAITING FOR A JOB



On Sundays or holidays, in warm weather, they go with "Kind und Kegel"—that means, with the whole family, even remote aunts and cousins included—to some favourite spot, taking their food along with them, turning into some beer-garden or "Heuriger"—that is, a place where new wine is to be had; such inns being easily recognisable by a bunch of pine-tree branches over the door. There they make themselves comfortable for a few hours, sitting in the open air. At very crowded times, when the wine is at its freshest, they are not too proud to take a humble seat on the ground. It is all joy and merriment. "Volkssänger" and actors provide the entertainment, "ladies" in white dresses coming round with the plate every five or ten minutes, and as "many a mickle makes a muckle," in the end they gain a good harvest. These bouts in the "Heuriger" and beer-houses does not mean that the people take more than is good for them. One rarely sees a drunken man, and never a drunken woman, in Vienna.

In the restaurants, if the people take food with them, they must pay what is called *Stoppelgeld*, which is equivalent to the hot water for those who take tea with them in England.

Above all things, when the Viennese go out on holidays, it *is* a holiday. They go out with the intention of enjoying themselves, and they *do* enjoy themselves. They sing and dance and they drink and eat, and then begin all over again. Everybody is in a good humour, even when they get a little bit excited; it is no real excitement, only to get rid of a little superfluous energy, that they may quietly resume feasting. The people never make themselves obnoxious, always have a good word, and are never rough.

There are very many public feast days. They seem to have grown and accumulated with the course of ages. till almost every week brings one. Had it not been for

Josef II., who did away with many of them, there would be more holidays than working days. Some of these are very interesting—for instance, the St. Annafest on St. Anna day. All the "Lotterie-sisters," as they are called, make their way to a meadow lying between hills, one of which is called "Am Himmel," or "in heaven." This procession always takes place in the dead of the night, the "sisters" being provided with wax and matches. Arrived at their destination, the wax is melted and then dropped pell-mell on the grass, forming in their eyes certain numbers, which, of course, will be drawn at the next lottery. Or they go to St. Agnes' Well, where the water is as clear as that of St. Keyne. There the modest maid, and only the modest maid, if she looks attentively enough into the water, will see the lucky number which is to draw the prize. On Leopoldsfest—that is, on the day of St. Leopold, the father of Jasomirgott, who is the patron saint of Lower Austria—they have a beauty competition, the lucky winner being honoured by having her photograph reproduced in one of the illustrated papers. Now they have a man-competition also, so acknowledging that the sterner sex have their rights.

Should any uncommon event arise in the family—for instance, baptism—there is a feast. The priest who performs the ceremony and the midwife, and the usual uncles, aunts, and cousins, the adopted ones included (for the Viennese are fond of adopting relations), are present.

A very favourite expression of the Viennese folk is "*Leben und leben lassen*" ("Live and let live"); and so, to carry out this saying to fulfilment, they like to invite or take those along with them who otherwise would be forced to remain at home, or who could not afford to pay for themselves. It is a very fine trait, that they think of others in their pleasures. It is characteristic of the *goldene Wiener Herz*.



A STREET SCENE



PEOPLE'S PRATER



The greatest days among the people are *Aller-Heiligen* and *Allerseelen* (All Saints' and All Souls'). One can see even the poorest of them making their way to the cemetery, far out of the city, there to lay a few flowers on the grave of some one dear to them, many of these people even going without food to pay this respect to the dead. Others, more economical, have artificial flowers, which, after having lain on the grave the prescribed time, are fetched away to do duty for another year. It often happens that people, even if they have no dead ones to care for, still go to the cemeteries provided with flowers for the graves of those who have nobody left to take care of them; and there is nothing prettier and more touching than the sight of these people laying their tributes on the graves of the dead. One of the favourite feasts is the Wake, or *Leichenschmaus*," as it is called. It differs considerably from that in Ireland, insomuch as the corpse is always treated with the greatest decency, it not even being in the same room, and very often not in the same house, for the law does not permit the dead body to remain among the living, if there be no adequate place where it can be decently and seemly cared for.

Marriages are great events among the people of all classes. The folk have their customs. A *fiacre à tout pris*, and an open one too, and a ride in the Prater, the proud bridegroom, the bride in her bridal dress, a veil thrown back from her face Vienna fashion, evidently enjoying the first stage of married life. One can see whole wedding parties driving through the city, and especially in the Prater, the great season for wedding being May.

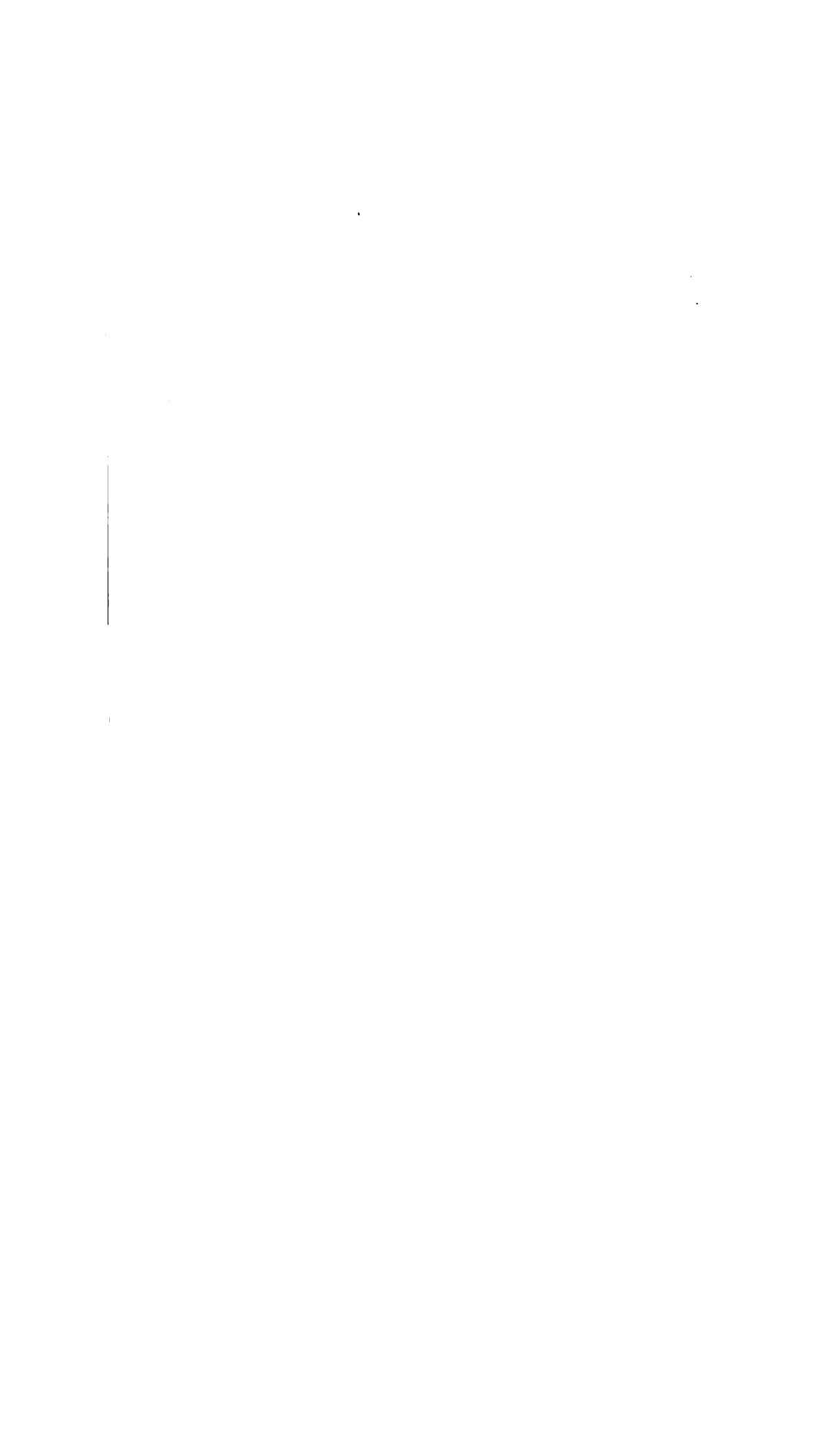
May is also the season for confirmation, which is a great event in the lives of boys and girls, and all the shop windows are filled with confirmation presents of every possible kind. Each child is presented

with a prayer-book, and each expects to have a drive in the Prater after the ceremony, or to be taken to the circus or some kind of entertainment. Confirmations have also been made the instrument of swindling. Only last year such a case happened in the city. A man of the people who had made a snug little fortune in Vienna but had no children, went down to witness the confirmation ceremony at St. Stephan's. Outside he saw a poor boy crying, and on asking the reason learned that he could not be confirmed because he was poor and had got no godfather, whereupon the benefactor asked to see the boy's school reports and certificate that he had been prepared for confirmation. Seeing that they were in order, he took the boy under his wing, went with him, bought him a new suit of clothing, and then led him back to the cathedral, where he was presented for confirmation. After the ceremony he gave him a good dinner, bought him the usual prayer-book, and instead of a drive in the Prater gave him kr. 40—as a present for his mother, of course taking the precaution of asking where the boy lived. The next day he went to visit her, thinking to continue the good work he had begun, but could not find her nor anybody of her name. The good man was not to be discouraged, and so went to the cathedral to try to find another protégé, when lo! there among the crowd was a boy crying because he had no godfather; and that boy was the boy of yesterday, and when he was brought before the magistrate it was proved that he had been confirmed many times, and had received many presents. The judge expressed his sympathy with the benefactor, who only answered, "I have done something good."

The Volks or Wurstel-Prater is a favourite place of amusement for the people, as is the Grande Allée for society. The Wurstel-Prater is like a fair, the centre of attraction being the great Chinaman at Calafatti's. He



POLICEMAN





FLOWER GIRL



"AFTER THE GREEN SLEEP"

is many times taller than the great Chang, his hands are of such a size that they stretch themselves out to bless all those who are taking a ride in the merry-go-round which revolves round him like a top. This is one of those Brahms and Strauss used to patronise. There are many of these carousals in the Wurstel-Prater, Hanswurst-booths, as also English marionettes, who sing "A cure, a cure, a perfect cure" in the most German-English accent imaginable. There are shooting-booths, sausage-booths, every booth under the sun, and a "Watschenmann"—that is, a figure with his face stuffed out to the utmost, inviting the onlookers to put on the gloves and give him "one in the jaw," the man who strikes the hardest blow being considered the strongest and rewarded with a prize. Fortune-tellers, who are consulted by the "Lotterieschwestern," are everywhere in evidence.

There is also a real theatre in the Prater, as well as the Hanswurst-booths. This is the Jantsch Theatre, where good plays are given, which are also patronised by educated people. Last year they produced "Julius Cæsar," and a very good performance it was. Now they are reviving the old Viennese folk plays, Nestroy, Bäuerle, Raimund, among them. Even Wagner finds a place at this theatre; "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," and "Rienzi" were worth hearing, if you had not heard better; other operas, too, will be produced. There are many automatic oracles to be consulted in the Wurstel-Prater which will, for a small sum placed in the slot, tell you the name of your lover and other future events concerning yourself. Or you can have your fortune told for a small sum, by consulting the "Cartesian Diver," who, after the fates have been invoked with jargon, will inform you of your future, and present you with the picture of your future partner. In short, you can have "all the fun of the fair" except rowdiness, a fact that cannot be too much

emphasised. The people are never unseemly, not even in the Wurstel-Prater, where the pleasure of being able to dance a waltz to delicious music—it is always waltzing—may be had for the modest sum of a penny.

The people are very fond of music, and especially military bands, of which no word of praise is too great, for they are simply delightful. Indeed it is one of the sights of the city to see the crowd following the Burg and other military "music."

Perhaps one of the greatest faults of the people is that they forget the to-morrow in the to-day—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die" might be their motto. Their standard of home comfort is a low one, judged from an English or American point of view. Their homes are small, consisting of the least possible number of rooms; there is none in which there is not a bed or its equivalent, a sofa being the most common one, for it provides sleeping accommodation for two persons, the sofa itself and the drawer underneath it, which pulls out. Comparatively little meat is eaten, the Viennese being very fond of cereals and vegetables, of which they make delicious soups, even the poorest being adepts in this art. They also make any amount of dumplings and "Nockerl" of cereals, bread, or potatoes, which are cheap, good, and nourishing. Their chief drinks are coffee, weak beer, and cheap wine; not forgetting water, which in Vienna is real nectar, fit for the gods.

After All Souls' day comes a period of forced quietness for the people, their money is gone, trade is good, and preparations must be made for Christmas and the Carnival immediately following it. But one day comes between, St. Nicolas', the day of joy for the children, for every mother and father will try to give their little ones some happy surprise on this day. A favourite amusement is for two persons to dress as St. Nicolas and the devil (*Krampus*, he is called) respectively,



BAKER BOYS

1

2



STREET VENDORS



CHESTNUT-MAN

great ones, which are very interesting, if only to show the mother-wit of the Viennese. Everything that takes place during the year is parodied in dress and in "gag." In short, there is something always going on, always something to be merry about ; the people do not want to be reminded of their hard work, they want to be joyful and forget it.

INDEX

- ABRAHAM, Pater a Sancta Clara, 50**
Academy, Commercial, 99, 347
 — export, 348, 352
 — foundation of, 234
 — Imperial, 276
 — Oriental, 99, 348, 352
Actors' portraits, 321
Adamberger, Toni, 336
Adelige picknicks, 367
Adopted relations, 404
Agnes, daughter of Jasomirgott, 30
 — wife of St. Leopold, 1,
Agricola, Karl Josef Alois, 236
Agricultural College, 352
Ahnen balls, 43
Aicholz, Eugen Miller von, 280
 — Victor Miller von, 303
Albert, Duke von Sachsen-Teschen, 48,
 193
 — of Sardinia, 29
 — of Saxony, 74
 — Prof., 357
Albertina Museum, 194
Albertinelli, 206
Albrecht, Archduke, 44, 193, 252, 282
 — Archduke, statue, 252
 — Duke, 2
 — Duke of Bavaria, 87
 — II., 32
 — III., 75
 — V., King, 15, 44
Albrechtsberger, 301
Alland, 359
Allegorical pantomime, 87
Allesso, 206
Allgemeine Krankenhaus, 102
All Saints' and All Souls' days, 407
Alsersbach River, 35
Alt, Jacob von, 246, 415
 — Rudolf von, 246, 255, 261, 280
Alte, Reimar der, 330
Altomonte, M., 14, 25, 235
Amalienhof, 83, 84
Aman, Johann, 174
Amelia, Princess of Hanover, wife of
 Josef I., 285
Amerling, 256, 277
Ameseder, E., 266
Am Gestade, 60
Am Hof, 25, 54
 — Peter, 25
Anderson, Mary, 340
Andrea del Sarto, 274
Andri, Ferdinand, 265
Angeli, 199
Angelico, Fra, 206
Anna, Empress, 38
Anschütz, Heinrich, 323
Antonello da Messina, 274
Anzengruber, Ludwig, 340
Arbeiterheim, 353
Archbishop's Palace, 70
Architecture, 213-232
Argoli and Oporin, Italian astrologers,
 33
Artists' colony at Heiligenstadt, 265
Arts and Crafts Schools, 267-271
Art under Franz Josef, 248-258
Ashbee, C. R., 262, 265
Aspern, 16, 121
 "At Homes," 368
Audiences of the Emperor, 143
Auersperg, Prince, 258
Augarten Palace, 14, 99, 103, 182
Austrian Museum, 226, 259, 268, 277

BACH, 282
Bacher, Rudolf, 265
Bahr, Hermann, 340

- Baldovinetti, 206
 Balls: Bauern, 397
 — bei Hof, 388
 — Concordia, 393, 394.
 — Court, 384-390
 — der Stadt Wien, 390-392
 — Fiacre, 394
 — Hofball, 367, 384-388
 — Industriellenball, 390-392
 — Waschermädl, 394
 Barmherzigen, 103
 Basch, Prof. Ritter von, 42
 Battoni, Pompeo, 206
 Bauer, Leopold, 265
 Bäuerle, Adolf, 246
 Bauernfeld, 241, 340
 Baumeister, Bernard, 322
 Bavaria, Duke Albrecht of, 87
 Beatrix Ricarda d'Este, 118
 Beck, Karl, 312
 Bedroom of Maria Theresia, 93
 Beethoven, 96, 97, 134, 251, 277, 288,
 293-296, 299, 339
 — monument, 251
 Beginnings of Art, 233-247
 Bellini, Giovanni, 206
 Belliniano, V. V., 276
 Bellucci, Antonio, 200
 Benedictines, 32
 Benk, Johannes, 250, 255
 Benvenuto Cellini, 199
 — Cellini's salt-cellar, 275
 Berger, Baron, 324
 — Julius, 229
 Bernadotte, 95, 109
 Bernhardt, Sarah, 125, 329
 Berthier, General, 120, 124
 Biedermaier Period, 245
 Billroth, Prof., 303, 357, 358, 359
 "Binding of Samson," Rembrandt's,
 203
 Bishop Reginbert of Passau, 1
 Bitter, Karl, 266
 Bitterlich, 73
 Blaas, 217
 Blanca, wife of King Rudolf of Bo-
 hemia, 35
 Blass, Eugen von, 280
 — Julius von, 280
 Blau Tina, 258
 Blenheim Palace, 208
 Blumauer, Alois, 334
 Boch, Tobias, 12, 33, 51
 Böcklin, 206, 277
 Böhm, A., 266
 — E., 250, 253
 Bollmann, Erich, 241
 Bonifacio, 277
 Bononcin brothers, 285
 Borghese, Prince, 116
 Borromaeus, Dr. Carl, Count Harrach
 115
 Börse, 221
 Botticelli, 206, 277, 279
 Bourgoing, Baron, Art Collection, 275
 Bout, Dierick, 276
 Brachadiz, Hans von, 3
 Bracizo, 14
 Brahms, 302-309
 Brakenburg, 280
 Braunn, Peter von, 321
 Brentano, 334
 Brockmann, 320
 Bruckner, 302
 Brueghet, the elder, 273
 Brüll, Ignaz, 303, 312
 Buchsbaum, Hans, Legend of, 3
 Bukovits, Emerich von, 329
 " Bürgerclasse," 375
 Bürger-Militz, 109
 Bürgerstube, 63
 Burkhard, Hofrath, Dr., 315, 324
 Burnacini, Octavian, 21
 Burnett, Mrs. Hodgson, 329
 Busse, Santino, 200, 211
 Byron, 241, 323]
- CALDARA, 285
 Canaletto, 279
 Canciani, 266
 Canon, Hans, 256
 Canova, 48, 108, 229, 236
 Cappenberg, 281
 Capuchin Crypt, 37, 100, 122, 141
 Caracci, 274
 Carnival, 415
 Carnuntum, 53

- Caroline Augusta, Empress, 141, 343
 Carpaccio, Vittore, 277
 Carreno, 276
 Castelli, 334
 Castiglione, 274
 Celtes, Konrad, 332, 346
 Ceremonies, Court: Corpus Christi
 Procession, 159
 — — Foot Washing, 94, 155
 — — Funerals, 163-165
 — — Golden Fleece, 165
 — — Good Friday, 157
 — — Resurrection, 158
 Ceschi, Count Francesco, 366
 Chardin, 279
 Charities, 361, 377
 Charity concerts, 366
 Charlemont, Edward, 228
 — H., 193, 206, 258
 Charles VI., 14, 38, 55, 64, 74, 83, 84,
 230, 234, 249, 275, 284-285
 — Archduke, 116, 121, 193
 Cherubini, 116, 296
 Chiarini, Marc Antonio, 34, 199, 211,
 212
 Chinese rooms at Schönbrunn, 181
 Choloniewski, Count 386
 Chotek, Countess Marie Henrietta, 366
 Christmas, 415
 Churches: Altlerchenfelder, 214
 — Augustine, 47, 50, 236
 — Calvinistic, 43
 — Capuchin, 37
 — Fünfhaus, 222
 — Greek, 73
 — Jesuit, 229
 — Johanniter, 51
 — Karl's, 230
 — Lutheran, 43
 — Minorite, 35
 — St. Anna's, 229
 — St. Maria am Gestade, 59
 — St. Michael's, 44, 80
 — St. Peter's, 230
 — St. Ruprechts, 32, 44, 56
 — St. Salvator, 59, 232
 — St. Stephan, 1-17, 157, 288, 316
 — Schotten, 229
 — Votive, 147, 218, 250
 Claude, 34
 Claudia Felicitas, 284
 Clementi, 299, 302
 Clouet, Francois, 206, 274
 Coddés, Pieter, 277
 Coelo, Alonso S., 274
 Coffee-houses, 381
 Collin, Edler von, 135, 139
 — — Heinrich von, 118, 334
 Column Trinity 18
 Commercial Academy, 99, 347
 — Education 99, 347, 349
 Compulsory Education, 347
 Concordia, 393-394
 Confirmation, 407
 Confirmed many times, a boy, 408
 Congress, Vienna, 96, 107, 235
 Conrad II. 29
 Constable, 243
 Coquelin, 329
 Corpus Christi celebrations, 4, 18, 21
 Correggio, 33, 274
 Corvinus, Matthias, 15
 Corvisart, M., 115
 Cottage-Viertel " 151, 213
 Court Balls, 384-390
 — Ceremonies, 154-165
 — Festivities, 166-170
 Craesbeke, 280
 Cranachs, 206, 274
 Crane Walter 265
 Crèches, 343
 Crivelli, Carlo, 280
 Crown Prince Rudolf, 41, 178, 343, 358
 Crusade, Second, 29
 Cycling, 372, 381
 Czernin, Count, Picture Gallery, 204
 Czerny, 299

 DAFFINGER, 199, 236, 239, 249
 Dancing 383
 Danhauser 242
 D'Annunzio, 329
 Darnaut, H. 258
 David (artist), 34, 235
 Dawison playing Mark Antony, 323
 De Brescia, 279
 Deck, Rudolf, 265
 De Heem, 279
 De Hondcoeter, Gillis, 281

- De Keyser, 279, 280
 Denis, Pater, 333
 Dietrichstein, Count, 134, 139
 Dingelstedt, 323, 325
 District Nurses, 359
 Dittersdorf, 292
 Dobyaschofky, 241
 Domenichino, 207, 279
 Dominicans, 76, 78
 Donner, Raphael, 16, 42, 63, 200
 Donner's fountain, 42
 Dorotheergasse, 43, 44
 Dorotheum, 44, 243
 Dossi, 206
 Dosso, 206
 Drama, 315-329
 Dubois, 126
 Düer, Albrecht, 194, 197, 205, 274
 Dumba, Nicolas, 256
 Duroc, Marshal, 116
 Duse, 329
- EBERHARD, priest, 70
 Ebner, Prof., 357
 Eder, Prof. J. M., 270
 Education, 343-354
 — commercial, 347, 349
 — compulsory, 347
 — free, 347
 — of women, 348, 350
 Edward VII., King of England, 151
 Eiselsberg, Prof., 357
 Eisenmenger, 73, 228
 Eitelberger, Rudolf von, 248, 259
 Electric light, 151
 Eleonora, Empress, 48, 83, 173
 Elizabeth, Abbess, widow of Charles IX., 197
 — Empress-Queen, 41, 150, 157, 164, 190, 343
 — order of, 150
 — of Würtemberg, 106
 Ellsler, Fanni, 327
 — Therese, 327
 Emanuel, Josef, 231
 Embroidery, 269
 Engelhart, J., 265
 Engerth, 217
- Enghaus, Christina, 341
 Engineers' Academy, 101
 English clothes worn by Viennese gentlemen, 371
 — Players in Austria, 316
 Erdberg, 18
 Erlach, Emanuel von, 34
 — Fischer von, J. B., 21, 34, 55, 64, 76, 84, 96, 173, 174, 203, 207, 230, 231, 275
 — — Bernhard, 189, 207
 Ernst, Archduke, 272
 Eschenbach, Marie Ebner von, 341
 Essling, 16
 Esterhazy, Count, 288, 301, 319
 Eugene, Archduke, 165, 194
 — of Savoy, Prince, 14, 189, 207, 275
 Eusebius, Prince Karl, 278
 Execution, public, 100
 Exhibition of 1873, 151
 — Christmas, 1897, 259
 Export Academy, 348, 352
- FALERINO, 206
 Falke, Baroness, 267
 Fanti, Giovanni Goetano, 211, 212
 Faust, 22, 31
 — and the ostler, legend of, 31
 Favorita, New, 99
 Feast days, 403
 Fellner, 205
 Ferdinand I., 31, 80, 83
 — II., 76
 — III., 275, 283
 — Archduke, 344
 — Crown Prince, 117
 Fernkorn, A. D., 251
 Ferraris, A., 256, 257
 Ferrato, Sasso, 274
 Ferstel, 194, 214, 217, 221, 225
 Festivities, Court: Concerts, 168
 — — Marriages, 166
 — — *Théâtre parlé*, 169
 — Midsummer, 55
 Fiacre ball, 394
 Fiacre drivers, 394
 Fichtner, Carl, 323
 Figdor Collection, 280

- Fight between students and troops, 1848, 34
 Finance Ministerium, 207
 Fischer's mechanical visiting-card, 240
 Fleischmarkt, 73, 74
 Flotow, 299
 Flower women, 25
 Folk's Kitchens, 360
 Fondi, Prince Heinrich, Count Mansfeld, 189
 Fontainebleau, Peace of, 133
 Food of the people, 412
 Foresti, Captain, 135-139
 Förster, Dr. August, 324
 — Ludwig, 214
 Fra Angelico, 206
 Fraenkel, W., 266
 Franchen, Frans, 274
 Francia, Fra, 274
 Francis I., Emperor, 38, 96, 101, 106-108, 117, 319, 321, 327, 338
 — II., 236
 Franz Ferdinand, Archduke, 160, 186, 190
 — Josef, Emperor-King, 31, 41, 142-153, 214, 244, 249
 — — Land, 257
 — — Order, 150
 — Josef's Quay 51, 214
 — Salvator Archduke, 190
 Free education 347
 French gambling-houses, 122
 Freyung, 31, 33
 Friedel, 250
 Friedländer, Camilla von, 258
 Friedrich, Archduke, 193
 — Barbarossa, 29
 — IV., Kaiser, 14, 15
 — the Fair, 47
 Fries, Count Moriz, 197
 Fröhlir, Kathia, 338, 339
 — the sisters, 297
 "Fröhnlechnams-procession," 159
 Fuchs, Countess, 42, 48
 — Emil, 253
 — Josef N., 302, 308, 313
 — Prof., 357
 Füger, Friedrich, 235
 a rich, 217
 Fux, Johann Josef, 285
 Fyt, 273
 GABILLON, 323
 Gallen, Axel, 277
 Gallery, Imperial, of Art, 150, 182, 228, 235, 272
 — Modern, 277
 Gambling-houses, French, 122
 "Gänse-Mädchen," 255
 Gardens at Schönbrunn, 177
 Gasser 250
 Gassmann, 299
 Gatterburg, 172
 Gatterhözl, 171
 Gattermayer, Alegidius, 172
 Gauermann, Friedrich, 243
 Geiger, J. N., 244, 249
 Gentileschi, 274
 George IV's dinner-service, 239
 German Crown Prince, 168, 367
 — Emperor 168
 Germela, R., 266
 Gersuny, Dr. R., 358
 "Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde," 287
 Geyling, Prof. Carl, 12, 63
 Ghetto, 59
 Giordana, Luca, 274
 Giorgione, 204
 Giuliani, Giovanni, 200
 Glorietta, 174
 Gluck, 104, 124, 287, 318, 319
 Goethe, 197, 337
 — monument, 253
 Goldmark, 312
 Gorki, 329
 Gottsched, 318, 333
 Goyen, 279
 Gozzoli, Benozzo, 274
 Graben, 18, 80
 Graf, L. F., 266
 Graphische-Lehr- und Versuchs-Anstalt, 270
 Grassi, Anton, 239
 Grau, Daniel, 235, 275
 Grazie, Maria delle, 340
 Greuze, 279
 Griechengasse, 73
 Grillparzer, 241, 297, 322, 323, 337-339
 — monument, 254, 339

- Gross, F., 342
 Grün, A. (Count Auersperg), 341
 Grünfeld, Alfred, 309
 Gruscha, Dr., Cardinal-Prince Bishop, 160, 161
 Guilbert, Yvette, 329
 Gurschner, 266
 Gussenhauer, Prof., 357
 Guyp, 280
- HABSBURG crypt, 42, 100
 Hading Jane, 329
 Hagenbund, 266
 Hahn, F., 340
 Haizinger Amalia, 295, 323
 Hals, Franz, 274, 279
 Hamilton, Johann, 273
 — Philip, 273
 Hammerling, 341
 Hampel, W., 266
 Hanak, A., 266
 Handel, 282
 Hansen, T., 73, 195, 214, 217, 221, 234, 248, 267
 Hanslick 303
 Hanswurst plays, 317-319
 Harnoncourt Countess Marie, 258
 Harrach, Count, Dr. Carl Borromaeus, 115
 — — Franz, 34
 — — Count's palace, 33
 — — Countess, 256, 388
 — — Picture-gallery, 33, 204
 Hartmann, E., 322
 — Helene, 322
 Haschka, Prof., 334
 Hasenauer, 84, 214, 217, 221, 226, 228, 251, 266
 Hawkins, Sir John, 284
 Haydn, 104, 288-291, 292, 294, 296, 334
 Hearts of the Habsburgs in silver urns, 48
 Heback, 313
 Hebbel, 340
 Hebra, 357
 Heemskerck, Egbert von, 281
- Heinrich Jasomirgott, 1, 2, 25, 29, 32, 33, 70
 — — VI., 30
 Heinrichshof, 221
 Hejda, W., 266
 Helmer (architect), 205
 Hellmer Prof. 16, 84, 190, 250, 253
 Hellmesberger, 300, 313
 Henringer, 400
 Hermes Villa, 190
 Herrengasse 34
 Herzl, Dr. Theodor, 340
 Heu, Josef, 266
 Hevesi, L., 235, 240, 242, 248, 249, 262, 342
 Heymann, Dr. A., Art treasures, 279
 Hickel, 321
 Hietzing, 171
 Hildebrand, Lucas von, 34, 67, 199, 208, 230, 231
 Himmelfortgasse, 51
 Hochenegg, Prof., 357
 Hofball, 367, 384-388
 Hofburg, 79-97, 151, 214, 226, 230, 236
 Höfel, B., 246
 Hoffmann, Prof. J., 213, 265
 Hoffmannsthal, 340
 Hof-Theater, Director, 321
 Höhebrücke, 26
 Hohenberg Ferdinand von, 196
 — — Princess, 186, 365
 Hohenfels, Stella von, 323, 324
 Hohenlohe, Princess, the beautiful, 197
 Hoher-Markt, 53, 54, 55
 Holbein, 34, 205, 206, 274, 279
 — — Franz von, 322
 Hollenbach, 198
 Holub, Dr., 150
 "Home for the Homeless," 361
 Hörmann, Theodor von, 257
 Horowitz, L., 199, 256
 Hospitals: Allgemeine, 355-357
 — — Children's, 357
 — — Consumptive, 359
 — — Fürth, 358
 — — Kaiser Franz Josef-Spital, 358
 — — Löw, 358
 — — Polyclinic, 357
 — — Rudolfinerhaus, 358

- Hrdliska, Prof., 269
 Hubermann, 303
 Hulm, General, 117
 Hummel, 299, 301
 Hundsturm, 173
 Hüttenbrenner, 299
 Hynais, 228
- IBSEN, 329**
 Imperial Academy, 276
 — Library, 275, 276
 — Museums, 150, 182, 228, 235, 272
 — Palaces, 171-195
 Industriellenball 390, 392
 Innocent III. 30
 "Invalidenhaus, 101
 "Invitation to the Waltz," 96
 Isabella of Arragon, Princess, 35
 Archduchess, 193, 392
 Isabey, 235
 Ischl, Bazaar at, 152
- JANS, Geertgen von, 281**
 Jasomirgott, Duke Heinrich, 1, 2, 25,
 29, 32, 33, 70
 Jews' conical hats, 8
 synagogue, old, 59
 Joachim, 307
 Johanniter Order 51
 John Ruskin Club, 354
 — Sobieski, King of Poland, 4, 16
 Josef I., Emperor, 234, 284
 — II., Emperor, 30, 41, 49, 96, 99,
 102-106, 171, 234, 235, 273, 286, 292,
 319, 320, 321, 333, 345
 — II. and the prisoners, 105
 — and the robbers, 171
 — Prince, 55
 Josefsplatz, 47
 Josephine, Empress, 123
 Journalists at Court festivals, 167
 Judenplatz, 59
- KAHLENBERG, 1, 26**
 Kaiserspital, 83
 Kalmer, Fräulein von, 267
 Kapistra, Johannes, 11
- Kaposi, Prof., 357
 Kapper, Siegfried, 300
 Karl, Archduke, hero of Aspern, 50, 53
 — Stephan, Archduke, 258
 Kasparides, 266
 Kauffmann Angelica, 279
 — Isidor, 257
 Kielmannsegg, Countess, 44, 366, 391
 Kinderbewahranstalten, 343
 Kindergartens, 344
 Kinsky Palace 34
 — Prince, Art collection, 199
 Klimt 193, 225, 229, 261, 265
 Klinger, Max, 277
 Knüpfer B. 258
 Kohary Count, 319
 Kollonitz, Count, Archbishop of Vienna,
 16, 55, 70
 Koloman, martyr, 16
 Konrat, Elsa, 267
 Koppay J. 256, 257
 Körner Theodor, 241, 336
 Krafft-Ebing, Prof., 357
 Krassnick, A., 267
 Krastel, Fritz, 322
 Krauss, Baron, 265
 Kreutzer Conradin, 328, 339
 Kriegsakademie, 353
 Kriebhuber 257
 Kundmann, K., 227, 250, 251
Kunst und Kunsthandwerk, 260
 Kunsthistorisches Museum, 104
 Künstlerhaus, 153
 Kupelwieser, 217, 242
 Kürnberger, 341
- LACE-MAKING, 269**
 Ladtner, Dietrich, 47
 L'Aiglon, 125
 Lamezan, Baron, 360
 Lanckoronski, Count, Art collection,
 205
 Landseer, 243
 Landstrasse, 77
 Lanner, Kathi, 299 *note*
 — 299, 311
 Lanzoni, Andreas, 200
 Laszlo, F., 256

- Latour, 31
 Laube, 315, 322, 323, 325
 Lavery, John, 265
 Lawrence, Sir Thomas, 107, 235, 239, 241, 256, 279
 Lebrun, Madame, 206, 235, 279
 Ledoux, Philiberte, 279
 Lefler, H., 266
 Legends: Faust and the ostler, 31
 — Hans Buchsbaum, 3
 — Maria von Pötsch, 13
 — the nun gatekeeper, 51
 Lely, Peter, 279
 Lenau, Nicolas, 341
 Lenbach, 280
 Leopold, Emperor, 21, 50, 73, 83, 87, 234, 272, 283-284
 — II., 40, 48, 99, 321
 — V., Duke, 18, 30
 — VI., the Glorious, 29, 44, 79, 80, 383
 — VII., 51
 — the Saint, 1, 404
 — Wilhelm, Archduke, 272
 Leopoldischen Tract, 83
 Leopoldsburg, 1, 26
 Leppi, Philippine, 279
 Leprince, N. Largillière, 279
 Leschetizky, 302, 303, 313
 Lessing, 320, 321, 334
 Lett, 328
 Lewinsky, 322
 Lewis, Duke of Bavaria, 47
 Leyden, Lucas von, 276
 Liberation, War of, 26
 Library, Imperial, 275-276
 Liebenberg, 14
 Liebermann, Max, 265
 Liechtenstein, Prince R. von und zu (Obersthofmeister), 159, 325
 — John von, 117, 278
 — Count Adam von, 200, 278
 — Gallery, 278
 — Princess Henrietta, 365
 — the two palaces, 199
 Lind, Jenny, 327
 Lip-speaking, 362
 Liszt, 299, 300, 304
 Literature, 330-342
 Lithography, 246, 257
 Lobau, 16
 Lobkowitz, Countess Station, 365
 Lobmeyer, L., Art collection, 280
 Lobmeyr, 198
 Lorenz, Meister, 63
 — Prof., 357
 Loretto Chapel, 47
 Lorrain, 34
 Lortzing, 327
 Lothringen (Lorraine), 4
 — Francis, Duke of, 38
 Louis I. of Bavaria, 218
 — VII., 29
 — the Saint, 21
 Löwe, Ludwig, 323
 Löwy, 310
 Ludovica, Empress, 118, 124, 140
 Ludwig Victor, Archduke, 194
 Lueger, Dr., 391
 Luksch, R., 266
 Lunatic Asylums, 359

 MACK, General, 109
 Maeterlinck, 329
 — Madame, 329
 Mahler, G., 300, 313
 Makart, 206, 229, 248, 256, 277, 279
 — monument, 253
 Malfatti, Dr., 140
 Manckiewicz, Frau von, 365
 Manning, Cardinal, 218
 Mansfeld, Count of, Prince Heinrich Fondi, 189
 Mantega, A., 274
 Marc Aurel Strasse, 54
 Marchfeld, 16, 53
 Marcus Aurelius, 53
 Margaretta, Princess, of Spain, 87, 284
 Maria Anna, Archduchess, 96, 285
 Maria Christine, Archduchess, 48, 49, 193
 — Josefa, Archduchess, 167, 185, 258, 392
 — Theresia, Archduchess, 195, 258
 — Theresia, Empress, 30, 38, 47, 74, 76, 93, 96, 98-102, 177, 197, 234, 239, 273, 285, 287, 317-319, 333

- Maria Theresia's bedroom**, 93
 monument, 228, 251
 "Maria von Pötsch," legend of, 13
Marie Antoinette, 181, 287
 — Annunziata, Archduchess, 195
 — Louise, 41, 50, 107, 123, 124, 129,
 130, 133, 141, 281
 Valerie, Archduchess, 190, 344
Marlborough, 208
Marmorsaal, 84
Martinelli, 278
Martinez de Mago, J. B., 274
Mary of Burgundy, 331 and *note*
Masked Balls, 397
Mathilde Archduchess, death of, 182
Matsch, 193, 225, 229
Matsys, Quintin, 273, 279, 281
Matthaei, Gabriel, 37
Matthias Corvinus, King, 15
Matthias, Kaiser, 37, 38, 172
Mattielli, 68, 211
Maximilian, Archduke, 119, 120
 — Emperor of Mexico, 41, 147, 218,
 245
 — I., 249, 331-332
 — II., Kaiser, 172
May-day, 399
Mayer, 217
Meals, 377
Mediz, E. Pelikan, 266
 — Karl, 266
Meerscham carving, 244, 247
 " Mehl," 42, 43
Meidling, 171
Meixner, Karl, 323
Meixner's bust of Radetzky, 178
Mendelssohn, 282
Mengs, 235
Metternich, the Grand Chancellor, 107,
 108, 241, 244, 246, 371
 — Princess Pauline, 365
 — Princess Titi, 366
Metzner Franz, 266
Meyerbeer, 327
Meynert, 357
Meytens, 102, 234, 235
Michael Angelo, 205, 279
Michaelerplatz, 84
Middlesex, Lord, 287
Midsummer festivities, 55
Millet, 205
Miniature-painting, 236
Ministerium des Inneren (Home Office),
 64
Minne, George, 265
Minnesingers 30, 80, 330
Minorite Church, 35
Minoritenplatz, 35
Miramón, General, 42
Mitterwurzer 323, 324
Moll, Ferdinand, 38
 — K., 265
Mollart, Peter von, 172
Monet, Claude, 277
Montague, Lady Mary Wortley, 99,
 286
Montenuovo, Prince, 130, 159
Montesquiou, Count Anatole, 131
 Countess, 131, 133
Monuments, Society for the preservation
 of, 150
Morand, General, 117
Moretto, 279
Mosaics, 93
Moser, Prof. Kolo, 262, 265
Mouse at a State concert, 168
Mozart, 96, 103, 281, 291-293, 301, 327
 monument, 252
Müller, Dr. F. H., 358
 George, 214
Mundy Baron 360
Munkacsy, 229
Murat, Prince, 110-117
Murillo, 274, 278
Museum, Austrian, 226, 259, 268, 277
 — City, 277
 — Imperial, 150, 182, 228, 235, 272
Music 282-314
Musikgraf, 286
Musikvereinsaal, 221
Myrbach, Baron, 270
 — Baroness, 267
NADASDY, Count Franz, 63
Napoleon, 26, 41, 50, 53, 106, 109-
 124, 129, 133, 272, 281, 296, 334
Napoleon's birthday celebrations, 122
Neidhart Fuchs, 11, 400
Neidhart von Reuenthal, 330

- Neipperg, Count, 130
 Nestroy, 326, 340
 Neubeck, Casper, 70
 Neuber, Karoline, 318
 Neuer Markt, 37, 42
 Neumann, Louise, 322
 — Prof., 357
 "Neun Chöre der Engel," 31
 Neupauer, G. C., 207
 Neusser, Prof., 357
 New Westminster Cathedral, 218 and
 note
 New Year cards, 240
 New Year's eve, 415
 Nexter, 327
 Nicolai, Otto, 300
 Nobile, 108, 228, 236
 Norbert, Father, 37
 Nothnagel, Prof., 357
 Novara, Battle of, 29
 Novelli, 329
 Nun gatekeeper, legend of the, 51
- OLBRICH, 262, 265**
 Opera, 104
 O'Reilly, Count, 120
 Oriental Academy, 99, 348, 352
 — Museum, 277
 Ostade, 274
 O'Sullivan, Count, 253, 322
 Ottakring River, 26, 35
 Otto, Archduke, 185, 258, 392
 — der Fröhliche, 11
 — IV., Emperor, of Germany, 30
 Ottokar, King of Bohemia, 4, 35, 42,
 51, 53
 Oudinot, General, 114
- PACCASSI, Nicola von, 174, 318**
 Pädagogium, 345, 352
 Painting, 255-258
 Palaces: Albrecht's, 112, 193
 — Amalienhof, 112
 — Archbishop's, 70
 — Auersperg, 207
 — Augarten, 14, 99, 182
 — Belvedere, 104, 186, 199
- Palaces: Czernin, 204
 — Eugene of Savoy (Finance Ministerium), 208
 — Harrach, 33, 204
 — Hetzendorf, 182
 — Hofburg, 79-97, 151, 214, 226,
 230, 236
 — Kinsky, 34, 199
 — Lanckoronski, 205
 — Laxenburg, 101, 182
 — Liechtenstein, 199, 278
 — Lobkowitz, 112
 — Pallavicini, 196, 236
 — — Art treasures, 197
 — Schloss Lainz, Hermes Villa, 190
 — Schönborn, 203
 — Schönbrunn, 101, 112, 116, 120,
 122, 125, 147, 171-182
 — Schwarzenberg, 288, 291
 — Sina, 53
 Palfy, Count, 327
 Pallas Athene, 221
 Pallavicini, Markgraf Alphons, 198
 Palma the elder, 274
 — the younger, 274
 Paltauf, Prof., 357
 Pan-harmonicum, 120
 Pantoia, 274
 Park Ring, 195
 Parma, Duchess of (Marie Louise), 130,
 133
 Passion plays in St. Stephan's, 4, 157,
 316
 Pausinger, Franz von, 258
 Payer, Julius von, 150, 257
 People's kitchen, 151
 Perger, Sigmund, 246
 Perugino, 274, 280
 Petronel, 77
 Pettenkofen, A. von, 206, 256, 280
 Peyfuss, Marietta, 267
 Philharmonic Concerts, Vienna, 300
 Pichler, Caroline von, 334
 Pinero, 329
 Pius VI., Pope, 31, 103
 Plunkett, Sir Francis, 378
 Poelenburg, 280
 Pokorny, Franz, 327
 Poland, John Sobieski, King of, 4, 16

- Politzer, Prof., 357
 Porcelain, Vienna, 239
 Poschickh, Peter, 14
 Pötsch, Maria von, legend of, 13
 Poussin, 274
 Pozzo, Andreas, 278
 Prater, 140, 371-372, 375
 Presti, Baron Lo., 318
 Preyer, 301
 Prince and Princess of Wales, 170
 Printing introduced into Vienna, 332
 Psoerk, Prof., 357
 Public execution, 100
Punch, 243
 Puschkin, Alexander, 243
- RACES, 368
 Radetzky, 26, 29, 178, 252
 Radetzky's statue, 252
 Raeburn, H., 279
 Raffalt, Ignaz, 245
 Rahl, Carl, 73
 Raimund, 242, 327, 328, 340
 — monument, 340
 Rainer, Archduke, 194, 259
 — Archduchess, 194
 Rampersdorffer, 15
 Ranftl, Matthias, 242
 Ranzoni, H., 266
 Raphael, 194, 274, 281
 Rathausky, Hans, 266
 Rathhaus, Old, 60
 — New, 221, 222
 Rathhauskeller, 266
 Redoutensaal, 84, 96
 Reginbert, Bishop of Passau, 1
 Reichsrath, 221
 Reichstadt, Duke of, 41, 50, 93, 125-141,
 236
 Réjane, 329
 Rembrandt, 33, 197, 203, 205, 206,
 274, 276, 279
 Renaissance, 232
 Reni, Guido, 274
 Restaurants, 372, 375
 Rettungsgesellschaft, 360
 Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 279
 Richard Cœur de Lion, 18, 30
- Richter, Hans, 300, 313
 — (painter), 199
 Riding School, the Winter, 96
 Riesenthor, 2
 Ries, Therese, 267
 Rigau, 274
 Ringstrasse, 149, 213
 Rittersaal, 96
 Rivière, Briton, 265
 — Henri, 265
 Rodin, 262, 265
 Rokh, 15
 Rokitansky, Prof., 357
 Roller, Prof., 265
 Rosa, Salvator, 274
 Rosenbaum, Franz Rottmayr von, 178
 Roslin, Alexander, 235
 Rossini, 318
 Rothenthurmstrasse, 70
 Rothmayer, Freiherr von, 25
 Rottmayr, 235
 Rubens, 34, 205, 273, 276, 278, 280
 Rubenstein, 300, 313
 Rüdiger, Count von Starhemberg, 4,
 16, 33, 36
 Rudolf II., 37, 249
 — IV., 2, 16, 74
 — von Habsburg, 3, 53
 — Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary,
 41, 178, 343, 358
 Ruysdael, Jacob von, 204, 274, 276,
 279, 280
 — Solomon von, 276
 Rysseberghe, 265
- SAAR, Ferdinand von, 340, 342
 Sachs, Hans, 333
 St. Nicolas' day, 412
 St. Stephan, Martyr, 1
 St. Stephan's Cathedral, 1-17, 157, 288,
 316
 — School, 76, 345
 Salieri, 299, 301
 Salm, Count, 43, 83, 196
 Salm-Erlanger, Countess, 366
 Salt-cellar, Benvenuto Cellini's, 275
 Salvato medal, 291
 Saltzangl, 142

- Sammartinis, 287
 Sandrart, 13
 Sarcophagus of Kaiser Friedrich IV.,
 14, 15
 Sargent, John, 265
 Sassoferato, 279
 Saville, Frances, Madame, 168
 Saxe-Hilurghshausen, Duchess of, 208
 Saxony, King of, 168, 169
 Scala, Hofrath von, 260, 268, 269
 Scales Sisters' nunnery, 230
 Scarlatti, 285
 Schäffer, C. August, 256
 Scheck, 295
 Schikaneder, 327
 Schimkowitz, 266
 Schimpfenfeil, Carl, 35
 Schindler, 206, 254, 256
 — monument, 254
 "Schlacht bei Vittoria," 97
 Schlegel, A. W., 334, 335
 — F., 336, 341
 Schlenther, Dr., 324
 Schliessmann, 258
 Schmidt, F., 8, 152, 214, 217, 218, 221,
 222, 248
 Schmutzer, 240, 266
 Schnitzler, 340
 Schnörr, Ludwig, 37
 Schödl, 280
 Schönbrunn, gardens at, 177
 Schöne, C., 322
 Schongauer, Martin, 274
 Schönö, Alois, 256, 280
 School plays, 332, 346
 Schotten Gymnasium, 33
 — Monastery, 32
 Schratt, Frau, 322
 Schreyvogel, 321, 322
 Schubert, 241, 251, 297-298, 384
 — monument, 251
 "Schubertbund," 297
 Schumann, 301, 304
 Schuselka, 341
 Schuster, Mr., 365
 Schwarzenberg, Prince, 288
 Schweizerhof, 79, 80, 83
 Schwind, 241, 248, 277, 297
 Sculptors, women, 267
 Sculpture, 250-255, 266, 267
 "Secession," 261-265
 Sechter, 301
 Seebach, Marie, 323
 Segantini, 277
 Seidl, J. G., 341
 Sellier, 317
 Semper, 84, 214, 221, 226, 228
 Serch, Nicolas, 14
 Servants' Sick Fund, 356
 Shah, 169
 Shakespeare, 198, 334, 353
 Sicardsburg, 214, 217, 218, 226
 Siegenfelder, Jorg, monument, 9
 Sigismund, Emperor, 76
 Silberer, Rose, 267
 Sina, Baron, 53, 73, 198
 — Palace, 53
 Skoda, Prof., 357
 Sledging parties, 43
 Sobieski, King of Poland, 4, 16
 Social Help Society, 363
 Society, 364
 — for the Preservation of Monuments
 of the Fatherland, 150
 — for the Prevention of Cruelty-to
 Children, 363
 Sonnenfels, J. von, 319, 334, 335
 Sonnenthal, Adolf von, 322
 Sonnleithner, Dr., 297
 Sonntag, Henriette, 295
 Sophie, Archduchess, 141, 343
 Spangler, Johann Michael, 288
 Spaun, 241
 Spiegl, Edgar von, 365, 393
 Spielgraf, 286
 Spinnerin am Kreuz, 77
 Stadterweiterung, 221
 Staël, Madame de, 335
 Staps, Friedrich, 123
 Starhemberg, Count R. von, 4, 16, 33,
 36, 253
 — Count Rüdiger von, monu-
 ment, 253
 Statthaltereı, 35
 Staudenheim, Dr., 140
 Staudigl, 327
 Steen, Jan, 204, 274, 280
 Steinfeld, Franz, 245

- Stephen III. of Hungary, 30
 Stern-Kreuz Orden, 83
 Stock im Eisen, 21
 Storek Prof. 269
 Stranitzky 317
 Strasser, Arthur, 250, 254
 — A., Art Collection, 254
 Strassgschwandter, Anton, 243
 Strauss, Edward, 300, 303
 — Johann I., 299, 311, 387
 — II., 300, 303, 306, 308-312,
 387
 — III., 312, 387
 — Josef, 310
 Strozzi, B., 274
 Strudl, 234, 235
 Struensee, 322 *note*
 Stubenthor, 77
 Student-tutors, 376
 Sultan, 168
 Sulzer, 302
 Summer holidays, 381
 Suppantichitsch, M., 266
 Suppé, Franz von, 302, 327
 Swan, John, 265, 277
 Swine Market, 50
 Swoboda, Rudolf, 257
 Sykes, Sir Tatton, 218
 Szandor, Prince, 371
 Sztaray, Countess, 165
- TADEMA, Alma, 277
 Talleyrand, 6
 Tannhäuser, 331
 Tappenberg, Karl Edler von, 131
 Technical College, 108, 254, 352
 Tegetthoff, 252
 Temple of Joy, 30
 Teniers, 34, 204, 205, 274
 Thalberg, 299, 301
 Theatres: An der Wien, 104, 327, 328
 — Ballhaus, 318
 — Burg, 118, 120, 226, 255, 315, 316,
 317, 319, 321-325
 — Carl, 326
 Theatres: Foreign Companies, 329
 — Hanswurst, 317-319
 — Hof and National, 104, 320, 321,
 334
- Theatres: Imperial, 150, 317, 325, 364
 — Imperial Opera House, 150, 169,
 214, 218, 226, 227, 316, 319, 328, 364
 — Jantsch, 41
 — Josefstädterstrasse, 328
 — Jubiläum, 329
 — Kärnthner-Thor, 317, 318, 326
 — Raimund, 329
 — Ring, fire at the, 152
 — Volks, 328
 Theodora, wife of Jasomirgott, 29
 Theresia Chapel, 67
 Theresianum, 99
 Theseus Temple, 214, 236
 Thoren, Otto von, 258
 Thurn and Taxis, Princess M. K., 258
 Tiapolo, 280
 Tieck, 334
 Tiefer, Graben, 26
 Tilgner, V 193, 199, 206, 227, 228,
 250, 252-254
 Tintoretto, 34 205, 274, 277, 280
 Titian, 205, 274 277, 279
 Todtenbruderschaft, 48
 Toleranz Patent, 104
 Tolstoi, 329
 Tournaments in the Burghof, 84
 Toynbee Hall, 353
 Trautmannsdorf's, Prince, "top-hat,"
 371
 Treasury, Imperial, 276
 Trinity column, 18
 Truxa, Frau, 304
 Tuchlauben, 69
 Tyrol, Ferdinand von, 272
- ULRICH, Master, 344
 Unger Elsa 267
 Karoline, 295
 Universities, 359
 University extension lectures, 353
 — New, 225
 — Old, 74
 — students, 352
 Urban, Josef, 266
- VALERIE, Archduchess, Christmas gift,
 152

- Valkenborch, 273
 Van Amsterdam, Jacob, 273
 — der Goes, Hugo, 273
 — der Null, 214, 217, 218, 226
 — der Weer, Aart, 280
 — de Velde, 204, 265
 Vandhall, 292
 Vandyck, 204, 205, 206, 273, 278, 280
 Van Ess, 279
 — Goyen, 280
 — Haarlem, 273, 279
 — Hals, 205
 — Leyden, Lucas, 279
 — Meytens, 206
 — Schoor, 206
 — Schuppen, Jacob, 234, 235
 — Stein, 279
 — Swieten, 288
 — Swieten, Gerhard, 100
 — Vliet, 279
 Velasquez, 34, 205, 274
 Vernet, Joseph, 279
 Veronese, Paolo, 274, 277, 279
 Verrochio, 280
Ver Sacrum, 262
 Victoria, Queen of England, 233, 253, 257, 281
 Vienna Opera Company, 169
 Viennese husbands and the summer holidays, 381
 Vieuxtemps, 301
 Vindobona, 53
 Violet festival, 11, 400
 Virgin, Miraculous pictures, Maria von Pötsch, 13
 Vivarhi, Bartholomeo, 274
 Vogl, 297
 Vonler, Abt, 288, 295, 296
 Wakes, 407
 Waldmüller, 233, 243, 277
 Waldstein Garden Restaurant, 372
 Wallenstein, 33
 Walter, Charlotte, 253
 Walther, Frederick, 330
 — von der Vogelweide, 30, 330
 Waltz, 30, 96, 300, 309, 383
 — as a funeral march, 309
 War of Liberation, 26
 Warm Rooms for the Poor, 361
 Waschmädllball, 394
 Water-colours, 274
 Watteau, 205
 Weber, 96, 296
 Weddings, 407
 Wedekind, 329
 Weenix, 276
 Weidner, Christine Friederika, 321
 Weigl, R., 266
 Welsersheimb, Countess, 366
 Werndl monument, 254
 Werner, Zacharias, 241
 Wertheimer, Prof. von, 125 *note*
 Wessely, Josephine, 323
 West, Benjamin, 206
 Weyr, Prof. R., 84, 193, 199, 227, 228, 250, 254, 339
 Wezl, Josef, 312
 Wheatley, E., 279
 Whistler, 262, 265
 Wieland's Shakespeare, 334
 Wiener Kaiser-Semmel, 142
 — Neustadt, 101
 Wijnants, 280
 Wilbrandt, 324
 Wilbrandt-Bandius, Auguste, 322
 Wülsel, Count, 258, 260

INDEX

431

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Wurstel-Prater, 408 | ZACCONI, 329 |
| Wydenbruck, Countess Misa, 366 | Zauner, 48, 196, 236 |
| Wynants, 279 | Zedlitz, J. Freiherr von, 334 |
| YACCO, 329 | Zoppo, Marco, 274 |
| Yellow apartment, Ministerium des | Zuckerkindl, Prof., 357 |
| Inneren, 67 | Zumbusch, 206, 228, 250, 251 |
| | Zurbaran, 280 |

THE END

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